SAM P. JONES.

THUNDERBOLTS.

COMPRISING

MOST EARNEST REASONINGS, DELIGHTFUL NARRATIVES, POETIC AND PATHETIC INCIDENTS, CAUSTIC AND UNMERCIFUL FLAGELLATION OF SIN, TOGETHER WITH IRRESISTIBLE APPEALS TO THE HIGHER SENSIBILITIES OF MAN TO QUIT HIS MEANNESS AND DO RIGHT.

BY

SAM P JONES

(THE GEORGIA EVANGELIST),

WHOSE WORLD-WIDE FAME PROVES HIM ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED PREACHERS AND PLATFORM SPEAKERS OF THIS OR ANY OTHER AGE.

INTRODUCTION BY JOSEPH S. KEY, D.D.,

ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:

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B. F. HAYNES,

Tennessee Methodist.

[illegible] HAYNES, SAM P. JONES, Editors

"FOR NONE OF US LIVETH TO HIMSELF."—PAUL.

REV. J. M. WRIGHT, Literary Editor
REV. [illegible], Epworth League Editor

VOL. V. NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, MAY 30, 1895.

BISHOP KEY'S TESTIMONY.

[illegible] Joseph S. Key writing to us [illegible], Texas, says of this wonderful [illegible]

[illegible] carefully over [illegible] The [illegible] clear, compact in [illegible] numerous, price [illegible] small, while the help [illegible] all one can ask. I most heartily recommend it.

Send [illegible] and get this Bible and "Tennessee Methodist" one year.

EDITORIAL.

It is cause for devout thanksgiving to know of the widespread and growing hunger for God in so many souls in the church. In many parts of the church which we have visited, and in many places from which we hear, there is an increasing number of people dissatisfied with their plane of spiritual life and are earnestly seeking something higher and better. This devolves great responsibility upon the ministry. It must not be attempted to feed these hungry people with denunciations of the food with which others are trying to feed them, and which has satisfied multiplied thousands on both sides of the great river.

Our readers must not fail to read Dr. J. M. Wright's articles on Wesley's position on entire sanctification. His third article appears this week. The doctor's treatment of the question is [illegible], temperate, judicial and judicious; indeed, it is a classic on the subject. No man in the Southern Methodist Church is better equipped to treat the subject exhaustively than Dr. Wright, and no man in the church could bring to the discussion a sweeter spirit and a mind freer from bias and prejudice. Read and preserve [illegible] his articles for future use. They ought to be published in pamphlet form and scattered broadcast throughout the church.

Is the Southern Methodist Church [illegible] ready to turn over her fifteen or twenty thousand pulpits to the absolute domination and dictation of ten men? We cheerfully yield to the bishops the right to name from year to year the men who shall labor in these pulpits, but we draw the line when it is claimed that they shall dictate to these pastors as to who shall and shall not assist them in their pulpit ministrations. Our system as it is sufficiently endangers the manhood of our ministry. This new stroke proposed to be made in the interest of ultra prelacy would be fatal to manliness in our ministry, and reduce our pastors to a degradation where they would neither command nor receive the respect of the [illegible] or the public. Our laity are noble and loyal in [illegible] our polity as it is, but we are very sure they will call a halt [illegible] new and absurd demand made of them in the strained construction of a new law. We are unwilling to believe our best [illegible] for a [illegible] paragraph [illegible] the Discipline.

Dr. R[illegible] the treatment [illegible] named [illegible] from the Rom[illegible] makes the [illegible] altogether [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible]

ROSY RHETORIC OF RAMBLING REASONERS

The wail of protest heard now and then against church controversy is not wise. It is always indiscriminate, and, therefore necessarily, is capable of partial application to actual or possible evils, but is never needed where it is most generally applied and where it is most injurious. On no subject can a man write more speciously than when he makes a plea for peace and an abatement of controversy. If it be *ad captandum vulgus* that one seeks, he is on the high and direct road to success when he assumes such a role. For it is a fact that the indifferent and uninformed classes within the church, added to the element outside the church who read such matter, form the large majority of the audience of church controversies. These classes will unite to crown with laurel the champion of peace, with little or no concern or knowledge as to the issues involved or the real grounds for controversy.

This indiscriminate protest against controversy proceeds upon the assumption that the subject matter of such controversy is trivial, and that the combatants are inspired merely by a love of fray. It is matter of astonishment that even a stranger in Israel could entertain such a notion. He must have been a very idle stranger and quite averse to observation and thought, not to have learned the gravity of the issues which have agitated our church these past few years. There is the peace of death, of inertia. There is the peace of conquest, of unruffled supremacy over error.

How would these wails of protest against controversy have sounded in the days of Martin Luther? How the multitudes of the indifferent and the uninformed, as well as the adherents of the errors resisted by Luther, would have rejoiced and applauded the advocate who would have entered the arena and eloquently pleaded for the abatement of the agitation of mighty principles which was shaking Rome and which issued in such benisons in that and all succeeding ages. The same spirit that would ridicule the discussion of grave questions of doctrine and church polity to-day would have rebuked John Wesley, the arch-controversialist and disturber of the church's peace, in his day. Indeed, the very same cudgel sought to be used now under the specious plea of peace was mercilessly handled against this great Troubler of Israel. The same spirit would challenge the lustre which the church has accorded the memory of saintly John Fletcher, who lived in perfect divine peace personally, but always amid the din and roar and clangor of the fiercest doctrinal controversy. His controversial works constitute one of our richest literary legacies as a church.

What we owe to controversy as a church is a sum whose magnitude neither men nor angels can compute. The cause of right and truth has never made an advance in the world save through controversy. Its great epochal movements forward have always been at the cost of long and strenuous conflict with error, and that error always ensconced within the church. Satan does not seek to impede the march of the church so much by instituting great systems of error or vice outside the church. The very ghastliness of these would offend and alarm the church and incite her resistance. He prefers to corrupt the church herself by inducing the acceptance of a standard of personal experience and life below the Scriptural, or by deceiving us as to our obligations to the world about us. If he can succeed in deceiving us as to what we should seek from God for ourselves, or as to what we should do for others, he will have succeeded in frustrating the benign purposes of the gospel of the Son of God. If we obtain less for ourselves than is our privilege in Christ Jesus, we cannot propagate saving truth, being devoid of it ourselves. If we become all God intends us, but Satan can inject error into our convictions as to what we owe to our race, he has accomplished the very same purpose—the defeat of the gospel in its conquering career over men. Another favorite method of the tempter has always been, as history shows, to corrupt church polities through the agency of human ambition and lust of power.

It is thus that the error which the church has always had most to dread and resist, has been the error within herself. Her controversies, therefore, have always been chiefly within her own enclosure. It is historically and philosophically true that the church's chief enemies have thus been they of her own household. Our blessed Lord's controversy was with the church of his day. The laments of the prophets were over the degeneracy of the church of God, and against her evils they had perpetual controversy by specific divine command. The rosy rhetoric of rambling reasoners against controversy will always, however, be a taking thing, and will secure the highest and the lowest commendation from within the church.

We extend our sincere condolence to Dr. J. E. Godbey, editor of the *Arkansas Methodist*, in the death of his daughter, Miss Lizzie, which occurred on the 15th inst. May the Good Shepherd tenderly bless and keep our brother and his family in this dark hour.

Neglect of prayer is the beginning of decline in devotion and piety and usefulness with God's people. Constant, daily secret prayer is essential to vigor of spiritual life and the abiding of the Spirit within. Peace and purity and power abide while prayer continues, but dwindle and subside when prayer fails.

A NOTABLE GATHERING.

The National Convention of the Order of Railway Conductors met at Atlanta, Ga., last week. A magnificent body of men constituted the gathering. I met many of them personally, and in my travels over this country I had met many of them before. A more respectable, intelligent, high-toned body of gentlemen, perhaps, never held a convention in the South, or anywhere else. Many of them are true Christian men. Many of them wear the white button, which is the emblem of total abstinence and sobriety. The Order of Railway Conductors enjoins sobriety and teaches that drunkenness is a crime. It is well that Christianity, sobriety and intelligence should characterize the men who have charge of our trains, loaded with husbands and wives, mothers and sons and daughters. The engineer at the throttle, the conductor in charge of the train, should be men of intelligence, sobriety and uprightness. All hail to the Order of Railway Conductors. They move their trains with precision and safety according to their rules and special orders. I hope the day is not far distant when they will adhere as strictly to the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments as they have ever done to their time cards and schedules. They were pleased with the hearty reception given them, and Atlanta will always welcome such a body of men in their midst.

S. P. J.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE CHURCH.

The Christian Endeavor, interdenominational, the Epworth League, specifically Methodist, and the Young People's Union, of the Baptist church, embrace quite a large body of Christian workers in the church. This is rather a change of schedule and transformation of methods. The old people of the church have been largely stewards, deacons, elders, class leaders, and leaders in all efforts looking to the maintenance of the church and the conquest of the world. But things have changed about. The young people to-day are leading the procession. The Christian Endeavor, interdenominational as it is, is a mighty organization and has accomplished much. It was organized Feb. 2, 1881, in Williston church, Portland, Maine, by Rev. Dr. Clark. It has been phenomenal in its growth and work, numbering more than two millions in its membership. Its annual conventions are the most mammoth known in the history of this country or the history of the church. Forty to fifty thousand at Cleveland in their last international convention. New York never entertained such a convention as the Christian Endeavor meeting there in 1892. This organization of young people is the mother, so to speak, of them all. Some of the children seem to be a little estranged from the mother, but it is not the first daughter in history who thought she knew more and could do more than her mother, and could do it in a better way. But old mother seems to be kind and gentle and good to the children, and loves them in spite of the fact that the children misunderstand her.

If I understand the work and methods of the Christian Endeavor, and the pledges that its membership takes, each member is pledged to loyalty and fidelity to his own church and to its local interests. A society of Christian Endeavor organized by any pastor of any church, is as much under the pastor's control, and is as much a working force in his church, as it could be by any other name.

The great object of the Epworth League organization is the point of unity. When a pastor's working force of young people shall step out of the realm of their effort within legitimate lines of his church work, then they can shake hands, as the interdenominational spirit of the Christian Endeavor unites with them all other young people of the name as they work in the interest of good government, enforcement of law, and for whatever is for the public good. In other words, the Christian Endeavor proposes to unite the world on any proposition which looks to the betterment of mankind or the conquest of the world without disturbing the denominational autonomy. But old split-foot will not have it so. The devil knows he has got to emigrate whenever the Christian world unites.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church is raising large amounts of money for the various causes to push forward the work of the church. They are caring for the sick, helping the destitute, paying the salary of missionaries, and the pastor who has a first-class Epworth League in his church has a live, organized force at his command that he can marshall at any hour of the day and charge upon the breastworks of the devil, or take care of any part of the work which Christ has called on to do.

The Young People's Union of the Baptist church is Baptist in every sense, just as the Epworth League is Methodist in every sense, and is accomplishing for the Baptist church in a measure what the Epworth League is doing for the Methodist church.

We know not how large these bodies of young Christian workers are until district, state and international conventions are called, and then they swarm like bees and seem to multiply like the locusts of Egypt, coming from all quarters, cities, country places, mountains and plains. In the course of a few years we will have a mighty army of trained workers in the vigor of life to do the Master's work. I regard this as a hopeful sign of the times. We can gracefully retire the old people who have borne the burdens and heat of the day, and we can take up their work and carry it on with renewed life and active vigor from day to day.

S. P. J.

MEETING AT OWENSBORO, KY.

I began the meeting at Owensboro May 19, and closed May 26. For the first time in the six years of our association Bro. Stuart was not on hand at the opening service. He was detained till Tuesday on account of illness. Bro. Excell did not get to the meeting on account of the sickness of his wife. Bro. Stuart and myself were royally entertained at the elegant home of R. P. McJohnston, the leading wholesale grocer of the town. In a lifetime of travel one rarely meets the equal of the inmates of this home. Bro. McJohnston is a brave, broad, clean, noble, generous man, with a helping hand and open purse for every good work; and Owensboro has no more genuine, hospitable, zealous and pious woman than our hostess. With our delightful home and the visits daily to the homes of other royal church families of the town, our visit to Owensboro was a great social blessing.

Owensboro is one of the biggest little towns in the country. Situated on the bank of the Ohio river, with good railroad facilities and a river rate, it is a fine commercial point, full of push and enterprise. It is a beautiful and prosperous town, surrounded by a very fine section of country. It is, unfortunately, a strong whiskey town, which has detracted from its general prosperity. The distillers are the nabobs of the town. Their suburban residences are pointed out to the visitor as the most magnificent residences of the town. Every brick in these mansions is laid in the blood of the best women and children of this country. They build their homes and fortunes by tearing down the homes and fortunes of others. They are the devil's fattening hogs.

Some of the best temperance people in the world live at Owensboro, and during our meetings Bro. Stuart and I poured the shot and shell into the liquor traffic until the sentiment against the damnable traffic rose to a very storm, and the preachers and good people put the liquor men on notice that a war had been started, the black flag had been raised, and they meant victory or death.

We had uniformly the best day crowds we have preached to during the year, and the building, with a seating capacity of seven thousand, was not sufficient to hold the crowds that packed the doors and windows at night. The doors were barred and policemen and ushers placed as guards to keep the crowd from crowding into the great building to suffocation.

The children's service held by Bro. Stuart was a scene that moved everybody—two thousand children together with their parents bowed with them was a touching scene. We are giving more and more attention to children. After all, if the children are saved the destiny of our country is settled.

All the pastors were heart and soul in the meeting, working, praying, exhorting. Often after the sermon while the anxious were coming forward, Dr. Kelley, of the First Methodist Church, or Dr. Hale, of the First Baptist, or Dr. Maloy, of the Presbyterian, would step to the front of the platform and deliver a red-hot exhortation appealing to their friends and neighbors to surrender to God. We have never had stronger co-operation by more effective men. Dr. Kelley is one of the strong men of our church, and his people are in great grief that this ends his fourth year with them. Men are scarce who can take his place. He has a head and a heart and a character, and better than all a mission to save souls and not take care of a stove pipe hat, a walking cane and a ministerial reputation.

The Baptist Church has few stronger men than Dr. Fred Hale. And Dr. Maloy, of the Presbyterian Church, continues in great favor after eighteen years as pastor of the same church. Brother S. X. Hall, the presiding elder, was on hand to back up every onward movement, as were the other efficient pastors: Danley, of the Cumberland, Terrel, of the Christian, Barrow, of the Baptist, and the pastor of the German Lutheran Church. The last night of the service we raised $22,000 to put up a magnificent building for the Y. M. C. A. This large amount was raised amid great enthusiasm—the feeling, as a number of pastors expressed it, that they need for their young men—something to counter-act the influence of the saloon, the club, and the gambling hell. At the last moment of the service Dr. Kelley arose, and, with great emotion, brought out a storm of applause as he said: "Brethren, this has been the greatest week of my whole life; it has been the greatest week in the history of Owensboro; it has been the greatest week in the history of Daveiss county, and I believe it will effect our history for all years to come."

Hundreds of people gathered at the depot to see us off, and sang as a great congregation as the train moved off: "'Tis the old time religion."

We were royally treated in every way. May God richly bless the good people of Owensboro.

S. P. J.

It has reached the point these latter days, that we cannot make mention of little men without Dr. Poney taking the whole thing to himself. He is not the only little man in the church by a jugfull.

S. P. J.

After the Holy Spirit descended on the Savior, the first temptation the devil offered had in it self gratification, and the second had in it self-parade before the public. [illegible] Holiness brethren watch lest the devil get them [illegible] self-parade. [illegible] at once, brethren, and spend the rest of your time living it so that your neighbors will believe it.

S. P. J.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THIS volume contains the best product of the fertile brain of that marvel of pulpit oratory, Sam P Jones. We have endeavored to include nothing which has appeared in any preceding volume by this author. From a vast mass of hitherto unpublished material, sufficient to fill a number of books the size of this one, we have sought to select the strongest, brightest, and most forceful products of Mr. Jones's pen and tongue for these pages. This is the book of Mr. Jones's life, and its perusal will develop to the mind of the reader the fairest and most satisfactory impression of the heart and mind of this versatile and gifted man of God.

The illustrations in this volume have been selected with care, and add greatly to its value as well as its attractiveness. The large folded picture of the interior of the Union Gospel Tabernacle was taken during Mr. Jones's last revival in Nashville, in 1895, at a meeting for women only. It is a very fine picture of an auditorium filled with some five thousand women.

The introduction by Bishop Joseph S. Key, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is a characteristically strong, discriminating, and just delineation of the character and mission of the author by one from the same State, and who has known him from early life most familiarly.

It is needless to speak of the mechanical execution of this book. The reader will need no assurance from us that the workmanship will be of the very best when it is known that the Publishing

House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Nashville, Tenn., does the printing, plate making, and binding of the book.

The volume is sent forth in the devout hope and with the prayer that it may bring cheer and gladness and strength to many a weary pilgrim of the cross, tone up moral conviction along the line of domestic, social, and civic responsibilities, and in manifold ways make for righteousness with its thousands of readers.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. JOSEPH S. KEY,

ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

THIS book and its author need no introduction. A lifelong intimacy and love alone prompt this writing. For twelve years or more this unique man has been conspicuously before the people as pastor, evangelist, reformer, benefactor, leader of men, and private citizen. Never has the search light of scrutiny been more severely used. Friends have watched his upward course with an interest born of love and fear; while enemies have exhausted all agencies to find his weak points, that they may overthrow him.

At first he startled and confused his hearers. His abrupt and intense manner divided every congregation. Some praised and some blamed. Both perhaps were, and still are, extreme. But applauded, hated, ridiculed, or feared, he still holds his place, and the multitudes flock to hear him.

Some with sensitive ears condemn him as unconventional, irregular, and in violation of all rules. Much of this is just. He is eccentric, rugged, unharnessed, and uncontrollable. But this is just equivalent to saying: *He is himself*. Without college training, without reading (no time to gather knowledge from books), with no habit of the student, and with apparent recklessness as to schools and critics, he has used his marvelous personality, his intuitions, and his observation, and with these alone and God's anointing he has wrought his work.

The divine call to the ministry gives emphasis to the value of personal qualities and individual gifts. Else, why prefer one man to another? Aaron was called because he was Aaron. So Paul, and Peter, and John. And so are we all. Each man has in his constitution and temperament and style and manner that which

God can and means to use. Only let the unaffected man be consecrated to God and his work just as he is.

The lesson of Sam Jones's life is pertinent. He accomplished what he did because he was what he was. Fidelity to his divine call in its original conception was the only condition. That differentiated him, isolated him, drew upon him scrutiny, criticism, and persecution; but it lifted him up above his fellows, endowed him with a measure of omnipotence, and crowned him with glory and honor. So long as he is single-eyed, devoted, and true to God and his one mission, there will be work for him and a place. God can always use such a man, whether he be gifted, learned, eloquent, or the contrary Alas! if education, timidity, indolence, or ambition denaturalize and pervert, and thereby defeat, the divine purpose! Those who have had knowledge of him from the beginning know that Sam Jones is to-day what he was in the outstart of his ministry, unchanged by flattery or criticism.

The time of his coming was propitious, and probably had much to do in fixing the style of his address. In a very important sense he came "in the fullness of the time." For near fifty years peace had reigned—ecclesiastical peace. The theological strife of the Fathers was a terrific reality It was truly the battle of giants. For years, and desperately, they wrestled over doctrine and ordinance and polity, until at length exhaustion ended the conflict, and brought quiet. The change was marked, and its effect on the internal and external life of the Church was very decided. Doctrinal preaching largely ceased; controversy came to an end, and an era of fraternity followed in which people and preachers largely lost sight of their differences, forgot their peculiar doctrines, cultivating fellowships and seeking the sunny side of religion. Prosperity brought wealth and social position to the Church, and thereby blinded and complicated her, especially in the cities and great centers. The situation was serious, and men of God pondered and prayed how they might arouse and restore the slumberers. A

John the Baptist was needed—some fearless, unusual man, with a message all his own and manner unheard and striking. He came. The people soon saw that he was a man with a mission. He had a work to do all his own. It was the work of awakening and reformation. The guilty must be convicted, shamless sin made odious, the liquor traffic overthrown, municipal corruption exposed, and an enfeebled Church aroused and fired.

To succeed, extraordinary and desperate means must be employed. The preacher must be understood, hence he must use plain, strong words. The lost must be found and reached, hence he must come with a shepherd's heart. Some have gone down to great depths, and he who rescues them must go down to them and encourage by telling that he had been there before, but the Mighty One saved him. *The fallen must be lifted up.* Precedents and forms and appearances must not stand in the way The end is salvation at all cost and by all means. If the love of Christ fail, the terrors of the law must be tried; if a "son of consolation," then a "son of thunder;" if smooth speech and polite, then rough and strong; if the multitudes come not to the churches, the man sent of God must go after them and corral them in field or tent or tabernacle. *Lost men must be saved.*

The successful man must have convictions. He must believe in sin and wrath and punishment in hell, in atonement, in regeneration and holiness and heaven. This belief must master him. It must fill and drive him. Upon no great issue can he afford to be neutral or equivocal. Timeserving and policy he will despise. What men think or say is as the wind that bloweth. Convictions give courage and enthusiasm and will power and patience and triumph over self, and all these are indispensable in him who would arrest the downward current of fallen humanity, and turn it back Godward and heavenward. O this is superhuman work! and he who does it is lifted high beyond the reach of petty criticism and envy and spite. Read this book!

JOSEPH S. KEY, D.D.,

ONE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SAM P. JONES.

IT seems an indelicate task to write of oneself, but as Mr. Charles G. Finney, one of America's greatest revivalists, said, "It has pleased God in some measure to connect my name and labors with an extensive movement of the Church of Christ;" and as I am a Methodist, a sketch of personal experience may be in order.

I was born in Chambers County, Ala., on October 16, 1847. My father, Capt. John J. Jones, was the son of a Methodist preacher, and my grandmother on my father's side, a most godly, consecrated Christian woman, was the daughter of Rev. Robert L. Edwards, one of the pioneer preachers of Georgia, and a giant in his day. I came through a pious line of Methodist stock. Four of my father's brothers are now ministers of the gospel of Christ. I am a Methodist just as I am a Jones; and if it is a sin to be either, it is a sin that is visited upon the children from the parents. Methodists and Joneses are getting to be very common in that they are very general everywhere.

My mother was a kind, painstaking, sweet-spirited Christian woman, but her gentle hand led me but a little ways. I was only nine years of age when I stood by her casket in the parlor at home and stooped over and kissed her cold lips in death. I shall never forget that hour. The saddest hour in any one's life is the hour they kiss mother good-bye. She sleeps in the old cemetery of Oak Bowery, Ala.

At my mother's death our family consisted of a brother older than myself, a sister and a brother younger than myself, and my father. We four children, with our heartbroken father, left the cemetery for our home to answer the oft-repeated question: What is home without a mother? No one can take her place. A boy never recovers from the loss of a kind, loving Christian mother.

For four years after my mother's death my brothers, my sister, and I remained at our Grandfather Jones's home, at the end of which time my father married Miss Jennie Skinner, of Cartersville, Ga., and moved us there in the year 1859. Our stepmother was kind and good, and did all she could to instill into our young hearts the principles of virtue and right. Controlled and guided by a father's authority and counsel, and guarded by a watchful mother's eye, our lives were preserved from the evils that surrounded us up to the year 1861, at which time our father joined the Army of Virginia. In spite of our mother's efforts, in the disordered state of society and country due to the presence of war, and for want of the stern hand of a father, I wandered away from the teachings of my sainted mother and the rules of my home, and when my father returned from the army I had already taken the first steps in a worldly and wicked life. I had gathered words of profanity from my associates and had begun the fatal habit of social drinking, and had reached that point in a young man's life where it is so much easier to drift on with the tide than to heed the warnings of loved ones; and in spite of the loving efforts of my noble father I drifted on until at the early age of twenty-one I was physically wrecked and morally ruined. But for the absence of my father, which gave me liberty to associate with the wicked, I am sure I should never have gone to such excesses in vice.

My early home life and school life were surrounded by the tenderest and sweetest influences, and my little feet were started in the right way From the beginning of my school age up to the time of my mother's death I had been a student in the excellent school of Prof. Slayton, afterwards superintendent of the public schools of Atlanta. I have vivid recollections of those bright, sunny school days. I remember that at one of his Commencements he wrote for me a parody on the oft-repeated juvenile oration:

> You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage.

With my mother's patience and help I had committed it to memory. The exercises were held at night, and when the time came for the delivery of my speech I was asleep in my mother's lap. My mother awoke me and the Professor carried me in his arms and

MRS. SAM P. JONES.

stood me on a table on the stage, from which I delivered the speech, the last two lines of which, I remember, were these:

With thundering peals and Thornton tones
The world shall hear of Sam P Jones.

I remember that for months after the delivery of this speech I kept my little companions and myself in candy, for whenever and wherever I would repeat it I could name my price in candy.

The faithful tutorship of Prof. Slayton was worth much to me, as he laid the groundwork of an education before I was seven years of age. During my father's absence in the war my studies were grossly neglected. On his return I was placed in an excellent school conducted by ex-Congressman Felton and his intelligent wife. Here I took interest in my books and made excellent progress. A little later I was taking great interest in my books under the professorship of Ronald Johnson in the high school of Euharlee, Ga. In this school my health broke down. I suffered from the worst form of nervous dyspepsia, and on this account my father was forced to relinquish his hope of giving me a complete collegiate education.

With my health wrecked, with sleepless nights and restless days, I became discouraged and despondent and sought relief in the intoxicating cup, with no object in view but to destroy my despondency, to get through the weary days and find some sleep at night. O the horrors of nervous dyspepsia! O the folly of seeking relief in the intoxicating cup! It was in this state of health and condition of mind that I began the study of law, and in twelve months I was admitted to the bar, becoming more and more dissipated all the while

In November, 1869, at the age of twenty-two, only one month after my admission to the bar, I was married to Miss Laura McElwain, of Henry County, Ky I brought her to my Cartersville home, and continued in the practice of law with rich promise of success; but notwithstanding the remonstrances of my good wife, notwithstanding her tears and pleadings, I continued my social drinking, often returning home intoxicated. The habit of drink was gradually established, and all the ambitions and vital forces of my life were being undermined by the fearful appetite, which was

stronger than the tears of my wife, the advice of my friends, and the dictates of my own better judgment.

My faithful wife, with a courage born of despair, with a strong faith in God, and with a bright hope for better days, clung to me in the darkest hours of our married life, and never ceased her efforts or surrendered her faith in the promises of God until the day had dawned, and she realized that God is not slack concerning his promises. Though her tears and prayers often moved me, and though I promised time and again to give up drink; yet in spite of myself and every effort to stop me, I continued in my dissipated life until the month of August, 1872, when I was brought to face the fact that my noble father, my best and truest friend, was bidding this old earth good-bye forever. As I stood by the bedside of my dying father, I grasped his bony hand to bid him a last farewell. He looked up into my face and asked me to make him a promise to meet him in heaven. Sinful, wretched, and ruined as I was, I made the promise; and every willful step of my life from that bedside to this hour has been an honest effort to redeem that promise. No man could feel as I felt, or see what I saw in that death chamber, and resist the power of God. As my precious father triumphantly shouted his way through the gates of death, I cried out from the depths of my heart:

I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

When peace and pardon were given after days of seeking, I was impressed that I should preach the gospel. I did not know from whence those impressions came. I sought the advice and counsel of several faithful preachers, with this reply, in substance, from each: "You are called to preach. You can come willingly into it, or you will be whipped into it, or you will lose your religion if you refuse." The last point was always the most powerful in the argument. I felt as did Gideon Ouseley when the voice said: "Gideon, go and preach the gospel." "How can I go? O Lord, I cannot speak, for I am a child."

I conferred not with flesh and blood. I began immediately to preach the gospel as only a man could preach it who knew but two

things: God is good, and I am happy in his love. But, like Gideon Ouseley again, I knew the disease and I knew the remedy, and this gives a physician complete control over the patient, and so I took my Bible and started for the sin-sick soul. The first sermon I ever preached, I believe, was the week after my conversion at old New Hope Church, two miles from Cartersville, my home. My Grandfather Jones was then pastor in charge of Barton Circuit, and this was one of his churches, and I had accompanied my grandfather for the purpose of hearing preaching. After we arrived on the ground about the preaching hour at night, my grandfather, learning that the Rev Mr. Sanford, who was to preach on that occasion, could not be present, said to me, "My grandson, you must preach for us to-night." I replied that I thought the call was first to get ready, and secondly to preach the gospel. He said: "If God has called you to preach, you can preach; come on in the pulpit." I did so with much fear and trembling. After the singing and prayer, I rose and read the text: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." I looked out over a congregation every member of which knew me. They knew what my past had been. They knew me only as a wild, reckless boy I began my talk with much fear and trembling. I do not remember my exegesis or analysis of the text. I doubt if either came in on that occasion. I think that before I had proceeded far into the text I adopted the plan of a good old Methodist preacher "in the brush," who shut up his Bible and said: "Brethren, I can't preach the text, but I can tell my experience in spite of the devil." Out of a heart gushing full of love to God and to men I told them of God's gracions dealings with me.

Hundreds were melted to tears; and when the invitation was given for penitents to come forward, they thronged the altar, and I believe many were converted. After the service, my grandfather laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "Go ahead, my boy; God has called you to the work."

Much of my time in those days was given to prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. It was three months until the meeting of the Annual Conference in Atlanta. I began preparation by reading the course of study prescribed by the bishops of our Church

for applicants for admission to the Annual Conference. Rev. George R. Kramer was my pastor and my spiritual instructor. He did much for me. He was a saintly man, and was afterwards pastor in Brooklyn, N. Y.

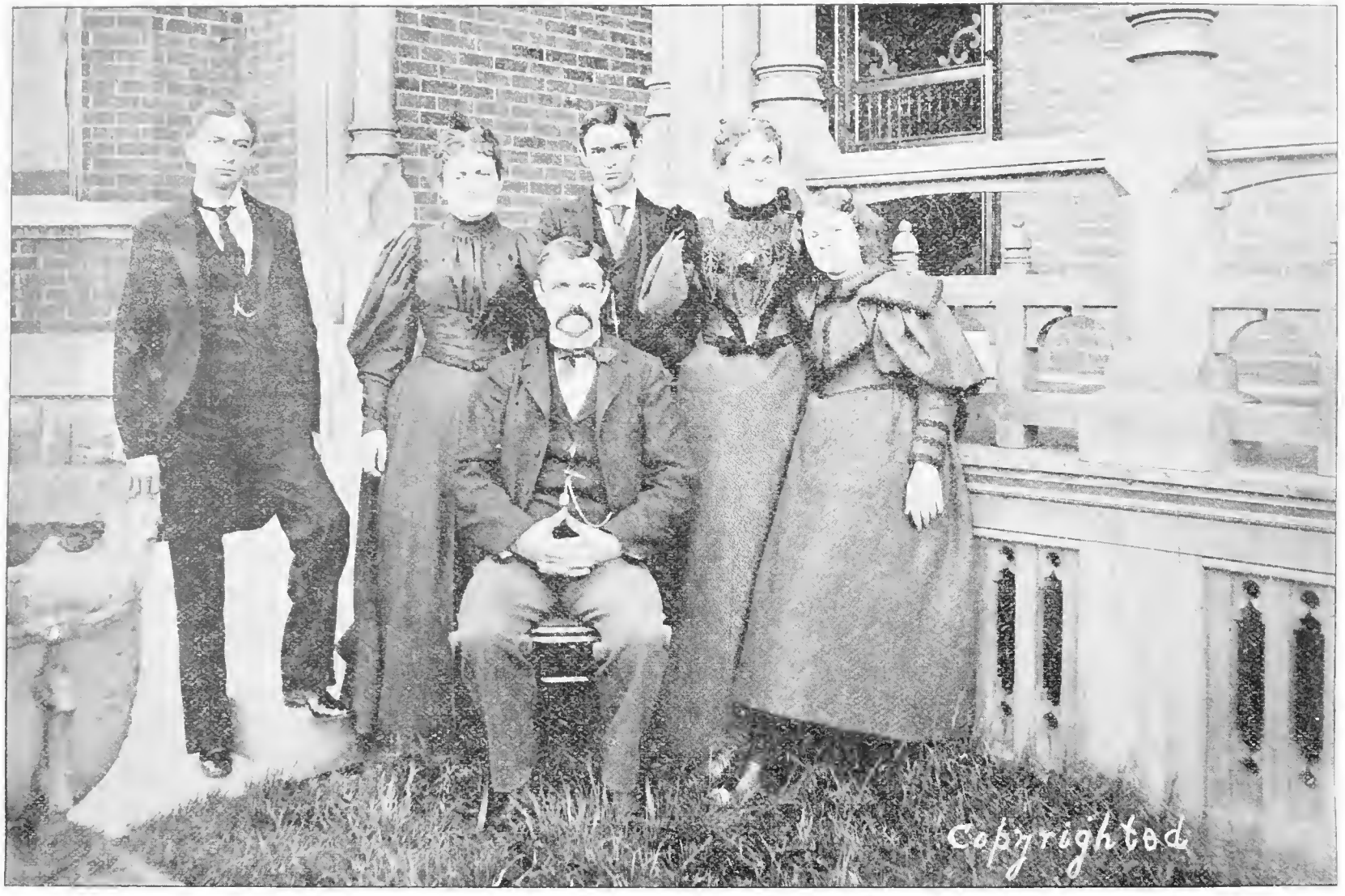
I preached around through the community as opportunity offered until the meeting of the North Georgia Conference. I went to that Conference and offered myself, with all my ransomed powers, as an itinerant Methodist preacher. They accepted me, and appointed me to the Van Wert Circuit. No gladder man ever accepted an appointment. My heart leaped for joy, and I said: "Thank God! I have now a place to work for Christ." On my way home from the Annual Conference a good preacher asked: "Jones, do you know what your circuit paid its pastor last year?" I replied: "No; I have not thought of that." "Well, said he, "it paid the preacher for his year's services $65." I laughed, and told him that I did not care what they paid or did not pay; that I had a field to work in, and I was going to it gladly

This circuit was in Polk County, only twenty miles from my home, Cartersville, Ga. I went down and took in the situation before I moved my family The brethren were kind, and yet I could see that Burns was right when he said:

> A man may take a neighbor's part,
> Yet have no cash to spare him.

But I was not discouraged. Raised in a Methodist home, my idea of an itinerant preacher's life was that it was one of hardships and privations. The brethren directed me to a house that I could rent for my family, but did not propose to pay the rent or be in anywise responsible for it. I rented the house and gave my individual notes, twelve of them for $10 each, payable monthly, for the rent of the house. This made a sum of $55 more than the entire salary paid the year previous. Two weeks later I moved my family, consisting of wife and one child, into this house in the town of old Van Wert.

At the time of entering the ministry I was much in debt, and on leaving Cartersville I sold everything that would bring money, and applied the proceeds to my debts, and still I was hundreds of dollars in debt. I entered upon my work with faith in God and in the people, believing that if I would do my duty I should not want



ROBERT. ANNIE. PAUL. MR. JONES. MRS. JONES. LAURA.

THUSS, PHOTOGRAPHER, NASHVILLE.

MR. JONES AND FAMILY.

any good thing. I was reappointed to this work until I had served it three successive years. These three years spent on my first circuit were happy, successful years, and according to my memory the salary and perquisites of these three years amounted to over $2,100, or over $700 a year.

When I entered upon my work in this circuit I had three books: the Bible, the fifth volume of Spurgeon's "Sermons," and an old volume of "Skeletons of Sermons." Of course my Bible was the book of all books to me, but I read and reread that volume of Spurgeon's "Sermons" until my soul was stirred with the spirit of the man. I owe much to this one volume of Spurgeon's "Sermons." I remember how I have frequently read the text of one of his sermons and then read his sermon, and then I would read my text and say: "If Spurgeon treated his text that way, how shall I treat mine?" If what a man does is the test of what a man is, Spurgeon was one of the grandest preachers of his century; and if I have directness and earnestness of style, I owe much of it to the sermons of this great man.

My preaching the first few months, and even the first years, was what my brethren called earnest exhortations; but whether I preached or exhorted, I have always been in earnest. I have believed that poor sermons and poor exhortations with the spirit of earnestness behind them yield richer fruits than the most powerful logic and ornate rhetoric without the spirit of earnestness. Earnestness cannot be feigned. It is like the natural and healthful glow on a maiden's cheek compared to the artificial coloring produced by rouge. Earnestness can always be distinguished from emotional gush or bellowing hurrahism. Earnestness is a thing of the eye and face, more than of the voice or of the words. It is a great compliment to any preacher when the people shall say: "Let us go and hear that fellow He is an earnest fellow." Earnestness in the pulpit is born of the experience which conscious pardon and complete deliverance from sin gives to the speaker.

In a gospel which has done so much for him he sees that which will do as much for others, and he presses the gospel with its wooing voice and its pleading tones squarely upon the consciences of those who hear.

There are many who are faithfully preaching the truth, but with

earnestness only can they preach the truth efficiently. I have always had an inborn, constitutional hatred for shams, and especially for religious shams. Heaven and hell, one topless and the other bottomless, are real to me. Truth is real. Life is real; and no man can be a sham or a hypocrite without getting out of line with God and truth, and hell itself will make real devils out of religious shams before it will receive them. I have always contended there is no hoof nor horn, fang nor poison attached to theoretical infidelity, but practical infidelity has all these things. I had rather be an Ingersoll and disbelieve the Book, than to be a Methodist believing everything and living just like Ingersoll.

I saw upon the first round on my first circuit that there were either two distinct kinds of Christianity, or else a majority of my people had Christianity and I did not have it, or *vice versa*. They had indifference and carelessness and prayerlessness, and I found no room for any of these in my religious life. O how many hours I spent as a youthful pastor trying to solve the problem and to know my duty toward my people. It was more than three years before my courage was screwed up to the sticking point, where I could preach the truth in such a pointed way as to leave no one to doubt that I meant him. In other words, in the fourth year of my ministry I began to preach to my people just as I thought about my people. I may preach the truth as it is in Christ; but a dissertation on truth is one thing, and the application of truth to the lives of men is another. A dissertation on mustard—where it grows, how it grows, and how it is prepared for market—is one thing, and that one thing does not help the colic; but it is the spreading of the mustard upon a thin cloth and applying it to the stomach that relieves the aches and pains of the agonizing patient. Abstract truth may influence the mind to some extent and bring out the brain sweat, but consecrated truth, vigorously applied to the conscience, arouses the mind, produces conviction—and all upward movement is from conviction, from first to last. The bootmaker who makes the best fit gets the most customers. The preacher who fits the most consciences will get the most hearers. I have known for a long time that men *knew* better than they *did*. It is not in the pointing out of new paths, but it is the power to make them walk in the old paths; therefore my preaching has been at the con-

science. The intellects of men, when taken in the whole, vary in altitude like mountains and valleys; but the consciences of men form a vast plain, without an undulation from shore to shore, and he who stands on a level like this will move not only the peasant and laborer, but the intellectual giants of earth alike, for the conscience of a Webster is on the same plane and level with the conscience of a brakeman or any other common laborer.

In preaching at conscience there are three essential requisites: first, clearness; secondly, concentration; thirdly, directness. He who conceives truth clearly will express it clearly Show a man all sides of the truth, and then open it out and bathe it in a sea of light; then take a whole lead mine and run it into one bullet, and then aim where you want to hit, and your work is done. When you arouse the conscience, amid its ferocious lashings the only alternative left is a better life or complete abandonment. Very few men will choose the latter. I remember this incident, which illustrates the point: In —— City one of the leading merchants sent for the pastor at whose church the union services were being held. I was preaching directly at the conscience. When the pastor went to his countingroom, the merchant excitedly said: "I don't like this preacher you have."

"Why?" said the pastor.

"Why, he makes men's wives jealous of them."

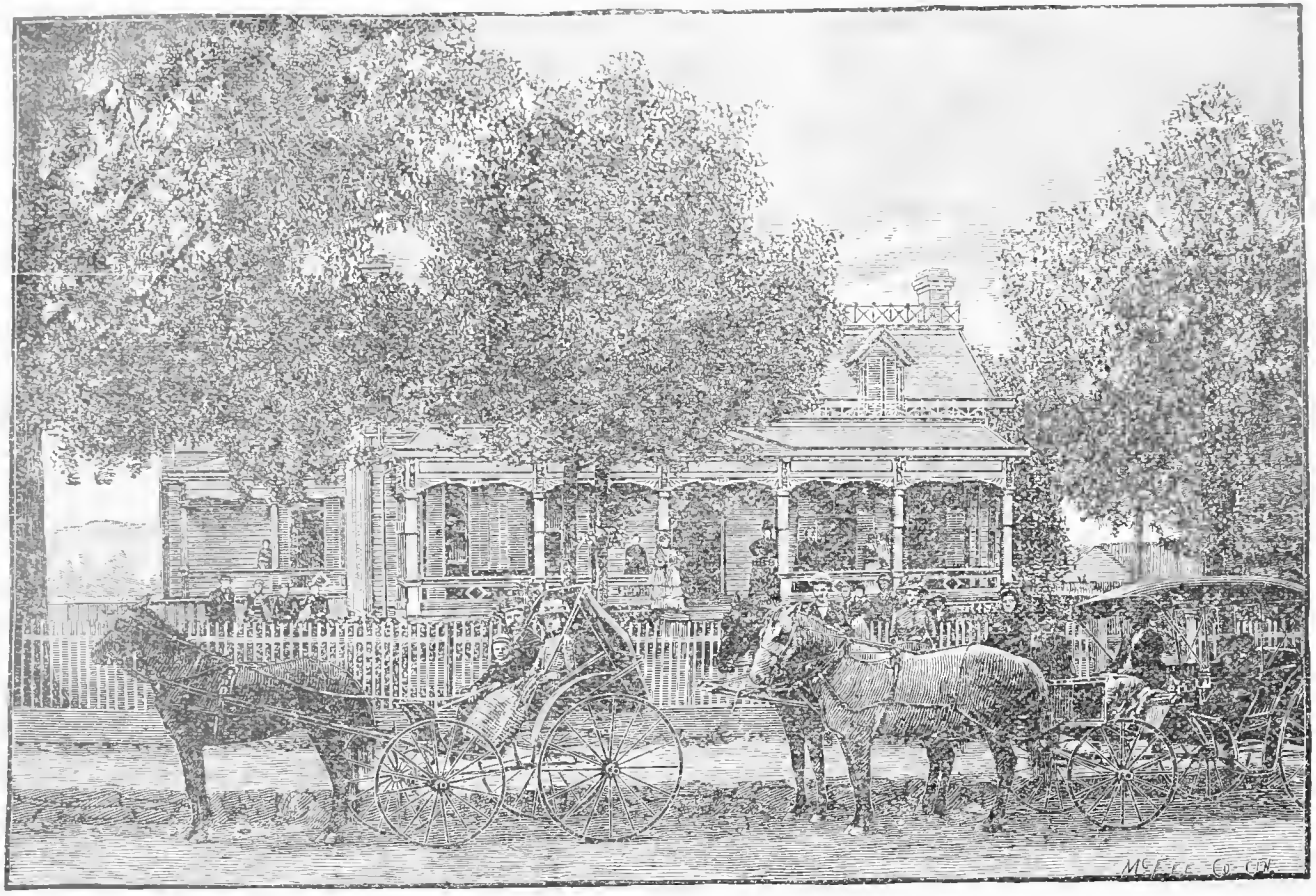
Said the pastor: "My wife has been in regular attendance, and she has not grown jealous of me."

"Well, mine has with me," said he. "Last night, as I rolled upon my pillow, wife saw that I could not sleep, and she asked me what was the matter. I told her nothing. She replied: 'I believe something that preacher said has taken hold upon you.' Of conrse I said, 'No, no, nothing he said affected me;' but," said the man, "I am miserable because my wife is jealous of me, and d—— such a preacher."

"Well," said the pastor, "maybe she has reason to be jealous."

"Ah!" said the man, "that's the trouble. My mistress is boarding at a first-class hotel, and I have sent for you, sir, to know what I must do."

"Well," said the faithful pastor, "abandon your adulterous life, and confess it to your wife."



HOME OF REV. SAM P. JONES, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

The man replied, as the great drops of sweat gathered on his face: "Such a confession would be death to the happiness of my home, and I am in mortal agony."

Not twenty-four hours after this conversation this man was a humble, earnest penitent at the altar, as his wife knelt at his side; and I trust that he was among the number of converts of that meeting. I touched his conscience that night with the one allusion that when Christ came down from the mountain side the multitude thronged him, and a leper walked up, and the multitude fell back and gave the leper plenty of room; and I said: "If some of your wives knew you as God knows you, they would give you the whole house to yourself." Perhaps this man was only one of the many whose consciences were stirred by that remark.

Whenever I take off at a tangent like that, I generally find fish up that stream. When a minister earnestly preaches and applies the truth, he may rest assured that he has the consciences of men on his side. While they rebel with their wills and curse him with their tongues, yet their consciences are on the side of the preacher and the truth. Applying the truth to every phase of life is the general work of the preacher. Let him get this truth either from the oldest Testament or the Old, the newest or the New. All truth is God's truth; all that is false is frustrated and driven in confusion before the truth. When Nathan told David the truth, David replied: "The man that hath done this thing shall surely die." But when Nathan dropped his finger on David and said, "Thou art the man," the next we hear of David he was on his knees uttering the words of the fifty-first Psalm, in the most abject penitence and thorough conviction. It is the "thou art the man" that brings humanity to its knees.

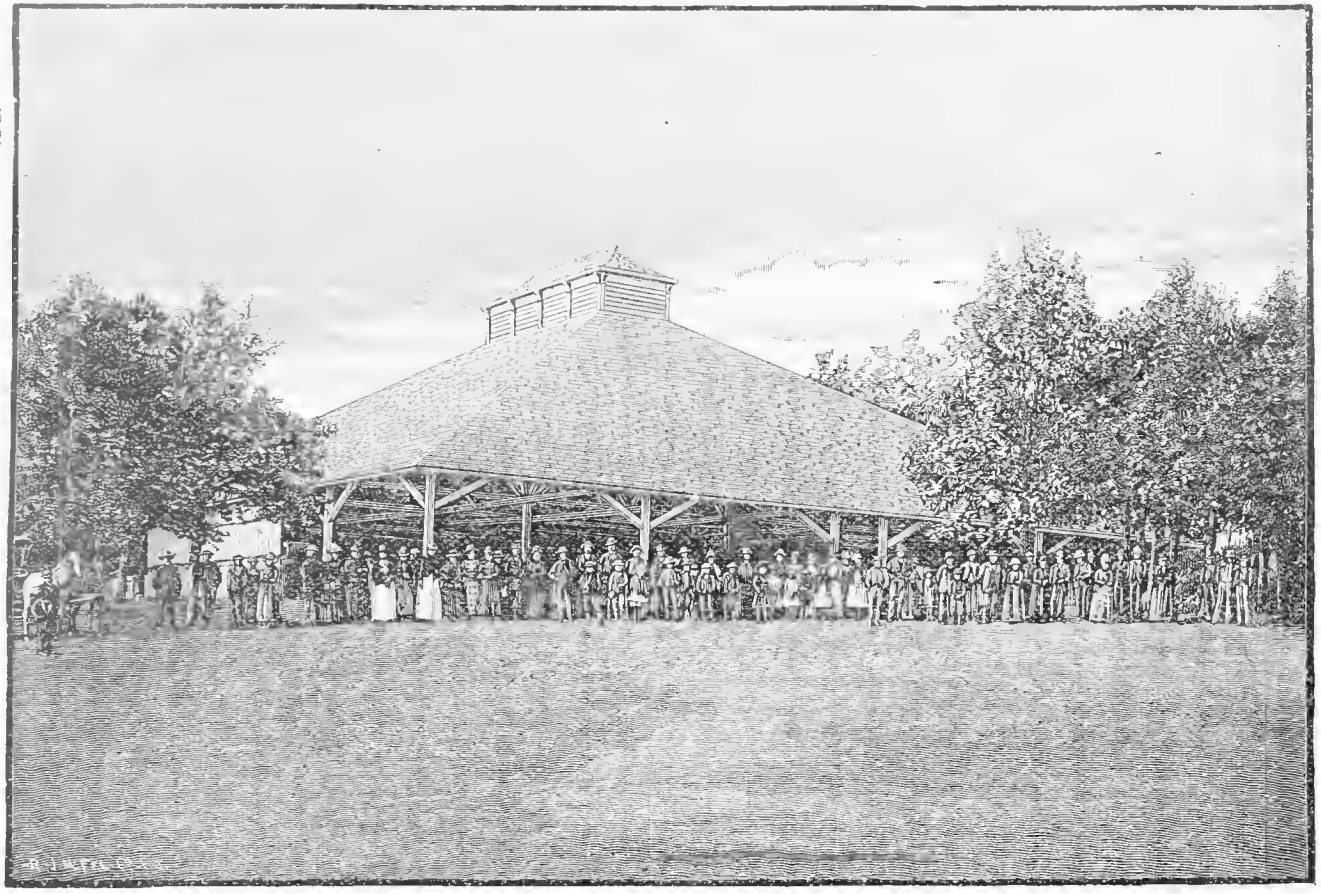
Thus, for thirteen years, I have not only tried to preach the truth, but so to apply the truth to the consciences of men that there could be no mistake as to whom I meant; and amid all the harsh and seemingly unamiable expressions by which I have reached the consciences my heart has always looked in sympathy and love upon the man whose life I laid bare by truth. I do believe where love expresses itself in sympathy, the subject will submit to any treatment at your hands; where love exposes guilt, the man falls out with himself, grows angry with himself, and loves the one that

discovered it to his own eyes; and you have done a bad man a good service when you make him despise himself. The object of all true gospel preaching is to make sin odious and holiness attractive; to make goodness as beautiful and as fragrant as a rose, and sin and hell inexpressibly horrible. O, the hideous deformities of sin, and the symmetry and beauty of righteousness!

The first three years of my ministry, as before stated, were spent on the Van Wert Circuit. They were three joyous years, and by God's help and grace they were successful years, a gracious revival of religion at each church (there were five churches forming the circuit). I believe the aggregate increase of membership in the circuit was not less than two hundred a year, while all my churches were quickened into new life and spiritual growth. From there I was moved, and placed in charge of De Soto Circuit, in Floyd County, Ga., with seven churches forming the circuit. I had two happy, successful years on this circuit. Hundreds were converted to God, and all the churches quickened. These were the years that I was fortunately placed under Rev Simon Peter Richardson as my presiding elder. At that time he was the most powerful, and at all times the most entertaining, guest I ever saw The great nuggets of truth thrown out by him in pulpit and parlor were food to me. He saw some great truths more clearly than any man I ever heard talk. He was a father and brother and teacher to me. I learned more from him than all other preachers I have ever come in contact with. I first learned from him that the pulpit was not a prison, but a throne; that instead of bars and walls and boundary lines, I might have wings and space as my heritage. I can recollect as well when my involuntary confinement ended and liberty began, as any fact in my history, and for years I have enjoyed this liberty and never consulted the theological landmarks or visited the orthodox prison. To think the thoughts of God is a freeman's right, with as little reverence for the Nicene Creed as for the resolutions of the General Conference or the Baptist Convention on the prohibition question, assured of the human origin of both alike. To stand on some mount of freedom and see that God is love, and see that Christ is the manifestation of that love—how transforming the vision! How unlike the picture we have looked on so often—God angry with a world, and

with the weapons of his anger drawn, he poured his wrath and anger upon the victim on the cross! To see in Christ a Saviour loving a sinner and saving a sinner, rather than a victim scarred by divine vengeance and abandoned by divine sovereignty; to see that the pierced side was an open doorway; to see in his hands prints made by the cruel nails, the marks of his sympathy, and in his cross my death to sin, and in his resurrection my hope of eternal life; and realize that in all his works and sufferings and death there is to me power given to begin, and grace given to continue, and help and weapons with which to conquer, and crowns and harps for my reward!

From the last-named circuit I was moved to Newberne Circuit, in Newton County, Ga. There I had two more pleasant, delightful years, with greater success, perhaps, than any two years previous, in building up my churches, and adding to the Church hundreds of souls. At the end of my second year in the Newberne Circuit I was moved to Monticello Circuit, Jasper County, and there I had a remarkable year among the noblest people in my State. Thus eight years of my ministry were given to four different circuits in my Conference. In the eight years I suppose that not less than two thousand members were taken into my churches in these circuits, and I did a great deal of revival work in other circuits and stations. In some of those revivals there were near five hundred conversions. In scarcely any of them did the conversions aggregate less than one hundred. I suppose that I might safely put the figures of the first eight years of my life as a pastor, of those who professed conversion under my ministry, at not less than five thousand altogether. I say these things, not because I am proud of them especially, for I believe that with the appliances which God affords to us as his ministers, five thousand souls in eight years is very poor work. It seems to me, as I look back over those years, that I did my best, and yet I am sorry that more was not accomplished. I think that last year alone I saw more souls than that brought to Christ in our various meetings. I am trusting and believing that I shall live to see the day when I shall see a thousand souls born to God at one service, and I pray that God may make me the instrumentality of bringing fifty thousand souls to him in one year. If St. Peter, with his meager appliances,



CARTERSVILLE TABERNACLE.

especially on the human side, could win three thousand souls in an hour with all Jerusalem against him, why might not a consecrated minister, with a hungry world and almost a despairing world of sinners about him, take them by the hand and lead ten thousand a day to Christ? I verily believe that I have seen five hundred souls converted at a service. There were three thousand praying Christian people present; there were a hundred consecrated preachers present; there were in the aggregate ten thousand people present; God was present; a thousand penitents were present; then doubt the statement, if you will, that five hundred of those who stood up accepted Christ and were converted.

When I began to preach I was brought face to face with this fact: that to succeed as a preacher, one must be a great thinker or a great worker. Affinities made me choose the latter. I had serious doubts as to whether I could think above the plane where the masses stood. I knew that I could work under God, and be a constant, persistent, and indefatigable laborer. I started out, determined that I would do my best.

I suppose that during the eight years of my life as a pastor I preached not less than four hundred sermons a year; and I have preached four times a day for weeks and weeks; and when my good friends would tell me that I was working myself to death I would laugh them off by telling them what Whitefield said when a physician told him he must stop working so much, that he must preach only four hours every day and six hours on Sunday, and he rebelliously asked: "Doctor, do you want me to rust to death?" No doubt I would have preached better sermons if I had preached fewer sermons; but a square or an oblong bullet will do as much execution as a polished, round one.

I have never made theology a study. The great doctrines of depravity and repentance and justification and regeneration and of the judgment and final award, I have preached with all the clearness of my mind and all the unction of my heart. I have never tried to show a congregation the difference between evangelical and legal repentance. I have never discussed whether depravity was total or partial, or simply developed. I have never tried to prove there was a God, or that Christ was divine, or that there was a heaven or hell. I have made these things not an objective point,

but a starting point. They have furnished the basis for all I have said, and they are either the inspirations of my hopes or the groundwork of my fears. I have left the proof of the inspiration of the Bible, the demonstration of the fact that there is a God, the settlement of the question as to heaven and hell, to those who make a specter of such things and then speculate upon them, to the "muddy physicians." My idea has always been that Christ meant what he said when he said, "Preach the gospel," not defend it; "Preach the Word," not try to prove that the Word is true.

A very laughable, and yet forcible, incident occurred during the revival at Memphis, Tenn., in Court Street Cumberland Presbyterian Church one morning. The services had been going on for nearly three weeks with great power; hundreds had been converted and Churches awakened. The meeting was a union meeting; thirteen pastors and congregations, representing five different denominations, were united in the fight, and on this occasion we had what we called a talking meeting. The pastor of the First Methodist Church made a short, pointed talk, in which he told how the meetings had been a blessing to him. Other pastors followed, and when the pastor of the First Baptist Church told how he and all his church had been blessed he continued his talk by saying that he had learned something also about how to preach. He said that in the three weeks' preaching of Mr. Jones in that city he had not heard a single attempt on the part of the preacher to prove that there was a God, or that Christ was divine; there had been no hair-splitting on theology, nor an effort to prove that heaven was real or hell existing, and so on. After he sat down, old Uncle Ben, the faithful old colored sexton of the First Methodist Church, stood up in the rear of the church and said: "Brethren, you all know me. I have been trying to serve God from my childhood, and I have been greatly exercised in the last few years for the salvation of the perishing souls of Memphis. On my knees I have begged God to send just such a preacher as this to Memphis, though I didn't know who he was or where he was. Now he has come, thank God for him! He preaches the gospel so that every one can understand it; he feeds me, he feeds the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned. Our pastors have been putting the fodder too high. I remember that when Brother Mahon was our pastor

last year, I looked into his study one morning, and he had five books lying open around him on the table, and I said, 'Brother Mahon, if you get one sermon out of five different books, you are going to put your fodder up Sunday morning where I can't reach it, for,' I said, 'I've gone to Church hungry on Sunday morning and come away hungry; fodder too high for me.' But this man of God scatters the fodder on the ground, and we can all reach it, and we also relish it." And so Uncle Ben went on in his rambling talk until he had made as fine an argument on homiletics as many of the preachers said they had ever listened to.

The finest compliment I have ever had was in the second year of my ministry, when a little son of one of my members said: "Father, will Mr. Jones be returned to this circuit next year?"

The father replied that he hoped so, and asked: "Why?"

"Well," said the boy, "I want him to come back, because he is the only preacher I ever listened to that I can understand everything he says."

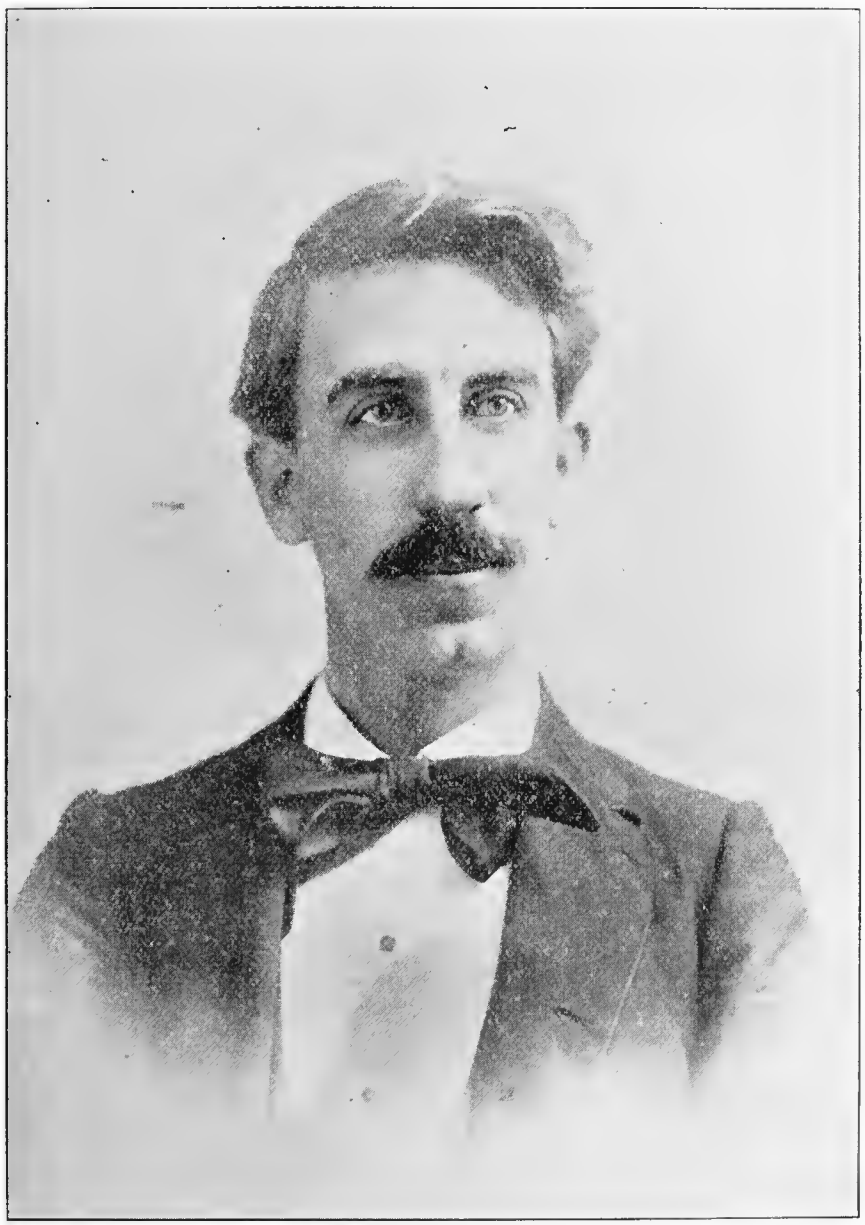
I believe it is possible to preach our best thoughts and highest conceptions of God and truth so that children may understand us. The fact that they do not understand us is better proof that we are "muddy" than that we are high, for truth is like the water of the river of life: clear as crystal.

Of course, in all these years of my life as a pastor, I was the object of a great deal of criticism. If no truth furnished others material with which they could assault, there was no lie that earth or hell could concoct that they would not take and circulate against me—some very ridiculous lies, some venomous lies, some very lying lies. O, how have I looked at my wife sometimes and seen resentment written upon every feature of her face; for instance, when she read the well-credited story of how I had abandoned my "first wife," and of how I was unkind to my "second wife." They have reported me drunk on a hundred different occasions; they have reported me as a wife beater; and rumors that I afterwards thought the devil himself must have felt ashamed of, they have circulated time and again on me. I found out, after all, this world does not give a man the right of way, and the devil has rights, he thinks, that even preachers must respect; and frequently, after you have procured the right of way, the change of a switch, a washout, a

cross-tie on the track, and sometimes an innocent cow, plays sad havoc. The faster you run the more dust you raise, the more noise you will make, and the more stock you will kill; and yet it is wonderfully true, the more passengers you will haul. All other railroad men who cannot make the same schedule time will talk of danger and disaster that must overtake those who patronize the lightning express, and thus help advertise to the world that there is a lightning express—and thus keep its cars packed. Still, the slow-schedule trains get a great many passengers. Some people like to ride all day for a dollar and still pay the just fare of three cents a mile; just as a gentleman remarked of the Rome railroad in Georgia, sixteen miles long. He said it was the cheapest road he ever saw, the fare being one dollar from Kingston to Rome, and he could ride all day for that amount, as it took a day to make the trip. But these are, after all, the days of the telegraph and the locomotive engine and rushing commerce. Everything has quickened its pace, except the Church. The world and the devil can run a mile before the Church can tie its shoes.

I believe in progressive theology, in aggressive effort, in agitation, in conflict, in conquest, and in crowns. It was God who said: "Fight, and I will help you; conquer, and I will crown you." David saw four thousand years ago that he ought to make haste. Jesus said: "What thou doest, do quickly" St. Paul said: "I run and press toward the mark." What if some men live only two score years, and die in the prime of life, after accomplishing much? How much better is it than to run the Christian race of sixty years, and die before they reach the first milepost toward the kingdom of God!

There can be no movement without friction, no battle without an issue, no issue without the drawing of lines. When the line is drawn then comes the tug of war. The world and the Church walk together, because in many things they are agreed; but when, like Joshua of old, we draw the line, and say, "Those who are on God's side come over here," then it is that they are separated; and as surely as Mason and Dixon's line was drawn, and the South separated from the North by the acts of secession and the war began, just so surely when a faithful preacher draws the line the issue is made and the good fight of faith begun. The devil has rights in this world, but they are



REV GEORGE R. STUART.

the rights of conquest; and only by that right does he hold it, and never will he surrender an inch of his dominion until it is covered with blood. I have never seen the lines drawn anywhere that those who were loyal to God did not take a stand for truth and right; and God fought with them, and through him they did valiantly, for he said himself: "One can chase a thousand, and two can put ten thousand to flight."

The greatest triumphs of the cross I have ever witnessed have been when the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry and smoke of guns almost drowned the voice of God and hid his face; and yet when the din and smoke of the battle blew away, we saw that God was with us and the angels had pitched their tents about us. The Bible has much to say of warfare, and we sing much of "soldiers of the cross." This is truly a warfare, and while victory means crowns and palms and harps, it also means scars and hardships and fears and tremblings and at times defeats; but the command is: "Fight the good fight of faith," and "lay hold on eternal life."

I believe it is possible to preach the gospel and live in peace with the devil, with an armistice unbroken, but woe be to the preacher when all men speak well of him.

Rowland Hill was a target for men and devils; they scoffed, they called him a mountebank, they derided him as a flippant wag, and declared he brought the pulpit into disrepute. I have laughed as men of to-day would eulogize Rowland Hill, and then call me the same things that Rowland Hill's generation applied to him.

Charles G Finney, the most omnipotent preacher of this nineteenth century in America, seemed to be the worst-slandered and worst-abused man in America. Read his autobiography, and see what the dignitaries of the Church and hypocrites said of him. He was tried, he was condemned, he was excluded from the pulpits of his own Church.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and it succeeds in projecting its favorites on a stormy sea of abuse and criticism. Where is there a successful man in any calling of life who has not been either swallowed by a whale or nibbled almost to death by minnows? I sometimes envy Jonah. Criticisms, when wisely administered, are helpful; but I never could endure these little spelling-book critics, who were utterly incapable of appreciating a thought or catching

an idea, yet they could see and recognize a grammatical error or a rhetorical blunder in the distance. It has been the source of much pleasure to me to see with what avidity they would pounce upon a disjointed sentence, and how their eyes glistened and gleamed as they caught it, and silently said: "We have got something to talk about now."

I have been interested in the reading of natural history, and especially as it treats of the habits of some animals and what they feed upon. My knowledge of natural history has frequently helped me in the right understanding of human nature. I have been called vulgar by barkeepers, obscene by women who loved the german and the ballroom, and a religious jester by those whose only stock in trade was a solemn countenance and a diseased liver. When a child suffers you can generally locate the pain, because the child puts its hand where it hurts. I have seen the hands fly to a thousand different places on the moral body, and I knew where each man was hurt by where he put his hand.

There is a great deal in taking aim, and yet, as Brother Richardson used to say, "there's nothing like holding the gun all over the tree." As with the old palsied father who went out with his son squirrel hunting; the old man's part was to shake the bush, and he had but to take hold of the bush and it would shake without any effort. On one occasion when he was to shake the bush and turn the squirrel, after he had turned the squirrel for four or five different shots for his son, all of which failed of their mark, the old man said: "Give me the gun, and you shake the bush." The boy gave up the gun and shook the bush and turned the squirrel. The old man held up the gun in his palsied hands, and as it "wobbled" all over the tree "bang" went the gun and down came the game, at which the old man remarked joyfully: "I told you I'd git him." The boy replied: "Anybody could kill a squirrel up a tree who would hold a gun all over it, as you did."

Of course in all these years, as I have tried faithfully and persistently to preach the truth to others, I have never forgotten for a single day that I had a soul in my own body, to be saved or lost, and I have prayed earnestly for God's help so to live the truth I preach that I shall never be among that number who shall say, "Lord, Lord, have I not prophesied in thy name, and done many

wonderful works in thy name?" and then have him say to me, "Depart, ye accursed, I never knew you."

I have been sorely tempted and fearfully tried; I have fought the battles of temptation and the devil has left me covered with blood. God has put me in the fire at times until the sparks flew all around me, and I thought he would burn me up, soul and body; but I found, as he took me back into his arms, that the flying sparks which he caused to fly off me in its intense heat were but the burning off of a fungus growth.

Frequently, as the great congregations have waited on my ministry, I have been warned to keep humble—not to take the "big head," and so on. Thank God, I have never forgotten "the pit from which I was dug," and my only reply has been: "If you knew how many things I have to give me the 'little head,' you never would be uneasy about my taking the 'big head.'" They have talked about my heights, and of my falling from those heights. To the top of Calvary is not very high, and lying down at the foot of the cross is not a very dizzy altitude. The overwhelming responsibility, that there are ten thousand immortal souls now listening to your words, to be faithful to those souls and to God, precludes all possibility of being puffed up. The checks and balances work in all phases of life, and the responsibility is commensurate with the altitude; really, "Love vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up." Wherever love predominates, the man is safe—love to God and love to man.

I am frequently asked the question: "How long have you been an evangelist?" I am not an evangelist, except in the sense that every Methodist preacher is an evangelist. There is no order of evangelists in the Methodist Church. I have been doing revival work, however, since the second or third year of my ministry—I mean outside of my own charge as pastor.

I was always, in my younger ministerial life, diffident and very much embarrassed when I tried to preach outside of my own pulpits; and not until the fifth or sixth year of my ministry could I preach in another's pulpit with any ease or liberty.

The first revival work I did that gave me any notoriety in my own State was in 1879 and 1880; then the calls to work in revival meetings multiplied upon me, and I soon found that I was giving

MR. E. O. EXCELL.

half of my time to outside work. In the fall of 1881 I was appointed Agent of Decatur Orphans' Home, the property of the North Georgia Conference. I accepted this appointment mainly because it gave me more tether line, and from then until now I have been almost constantly in revival work. Atlanta, Griffin, Macon, Columbus, and Savannah, Ga., including many of the towns, which I will not mention, furnished a field for my work in 1881 and 1882.

In the First Methodist Church, Atlanta, I have repeatedly worked in gracious meetings. That church has many of the most consecrated men and women I have ever known. My first revival work there was when Gen. Evans was pastor, and again when Howell H. Parks was the pastor.

Trinity Church, Atlanta, has been a field where I have also worked repeatedly during the pastorate of Dr. T. R. Kendall, a faithful man of God, who loves Christ with all his heart, and loves humanity with all his soul. I have seen many conversions in these two old Methodist churches in Atlanta.

At St. Luke's, in Columbus, Ga., when Rev J O. A. Cook was pastor, we had a glorious meeting. For three weeks great crowds gathered at this church, and many were brought to Christ. At old St. John's Church, Augusta, Ga., during the pastorate of W. H. La Prade and Warren A. Candler, the Lord was gracious to us. In Trinity and Monumental Methodist Churches, Savannah, Ga., God blessed me in my work. In Mulberry Church, Macon, Ga., Dr. Key, pastor, we had a gracious revival; and so in a score or more of the leading Methodist Churches in Georgia I have worked under the blessings of God, and many of the dear brethren of those churches have borne me on their faith to the throne of God, and in answer to their prayers for me in my work God has greatly blessed me since.

The first revival I ever held which gave me newspaper notoriety was in Memphis, Tenn., in January, 1883. Since then I have worked in most of the States, and in some with marked success, including the cities of Brooklyn, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Brooklyn, Washington (D. C.), Indianapolis, St. Joseph (Mo.), Waco (Tex.), Mobile, Nashville, and Knoxville (Tenn.), and in other cities; and in no place where I have ever preached has the building or tent been

sufficient to hold the multitudes who attempted to get in. I have repeatedly preached to ten thousand people at one time who sat under the sound of my voice. At Plattsburg, Mo., there were at least twenty thousand who were trying to hear. Parties who were capable of estimating the numbers said that in Cincinnati there were not less than three hundred thousand people who sat or stood under the sound of my voice in the five weeks of our meeting there. In Chicago there were, perhaps, an equal number.

I regard the meeting at Nashville, Tenn., as one of the most remarkable in my life as a preacher. Some of the papers and many of the people of that city had persecuted and denounced me with a persistency such as I had never seen; and wherever I have been most persecuted and denounced, I have been most successful in winning souls to Christ. In looking over the past twenty-four months of my ministry, I dare believe that in these months not less than twenty thousand souls have been brought to Christ. The converts were not only among those who heard the gospel from my lips. Even the newspapers that denounced me editorially printed my sermons in full in their columns.

Take the work in Chicago, for instance. In the *Inter-Ocean* and *Tribune*, the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* and *Enquirer*, and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, all of them with an aggregated circulation of three hundred thousand, and with the reasonable calculation of five readers to a copy circulated, I enjoyed the privilege of preaching to a million and a half of persons a day—a wonderful congregation for one preacher, and a privilege, I dare say, that no other man in the history of the Church has ever enjoyed. Think of it, nine thousand words each night, as they flashed out on eighteen different telegraph wires to the cities of St. Louis and Cincinnati, while they were being set in type by the papers of Chicago! Thus at the breakfast table the next morning, in these three cities, I was greeted by three hundred thousand readers, and before the sun went down that day a million and a half more had read the words. From the statement of newspaper men, I suppose that is a reasonable estimate. The secular papers are so much more alive and aggressive than the religious papers that when they fall into line with a good work they are a power we scarcely know how to estimate.

To the newspapers I owe much. They have been kind to me in

their reportorial columns, and I can cheerfully overlook any criticisms in the editorial columns. After all, criticisms of a man and his work only go with him up to the edge of the tomb. Every man will have his hands full "toting his own skillet" beyond that point; but I suppose the strongest temptation of a man's life, a temptation like that which a boy feels when he stands with rock in hand and sees the dog as he jumps the fence—I repeat it, the strongest temptation of my life, and to it I have frequently yielded, is to hit back and criticise some of the critics, and especially as some of them "set so fair" that to keep from "hitting back" requires an immense effort. Yet I am sure it is best not to do so. If it is the truth they tell, we should amend. If it is a lie, we should let the lie run on and run out of breath and die. After all, there has been more good said of me than evil, and as long as that is true the balance sheet shows something in my favor.

My correspondence for the past several years has furnished me *data* out of which I have gotten a great deal—letters from those who have been brought to Christ through my ministry, telling of their happy experiences and their consecrated purposes. These letters have been a source of great thanksgiving and joy to my heart. A wife thus writes: "Our home has been an Eden since you were here." Children would write: "What a change there has been in papa!" Letters like these have a thousand times gathered me up and carried me back, in memory, to the home of my dissipated days, cheerless, starless, rayless—the sad face of wife, disappointed ambition, and a hopeless future—and then how Christ transformed my life, thereby transforming my home; and O, what a change was there! and as memory looks upon the picture, how dark and then how bright, what a privilege to

Tell to sinners around
What a dear Saviour I have found!

What a field of this description is open for the work of an earnest preacher: how many thousands of ruined homes, made desolate by the presence of sin and the absence of Christ; and how blessed to know that when the strong man is come, he binds the wicked one and casts him out forever! How many broken hearts and disappointed lives and wretched homes, and worse than widowed wives and orphaned children are calling to-day for Him of whom Moses,

in the law and the prophets, did write. Not only is he in himself the "chiefest among ten thousand" and the One "altogether lovely," but he is the comfort of ruined hearts, and can make a home like himself, "altogether lovely"

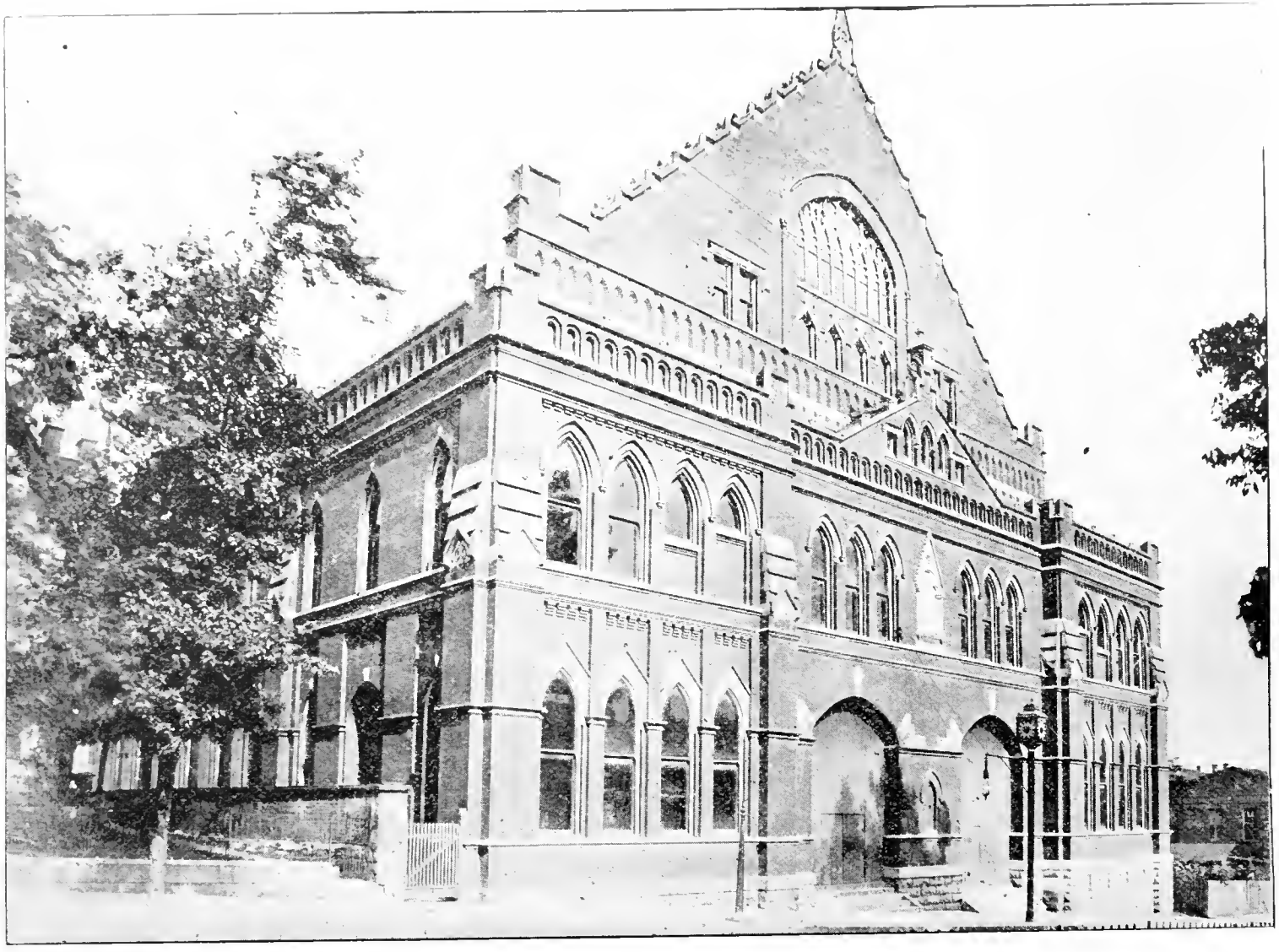
Blessed fact, he is seeking open doors. O that the world might open the door to him and bid the heavenly Guest come in; and how sweet the reflection, Jesus himself said to all true disciples: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!" By virtue of that fact, in going upon errands of mercy, Christ goes upon those errands with you, and he goes to cheer, to comfort, to bless, so full of sympathy and love and tenderness is he. He it was who told us when he found the lost and hungry sheep, tired and ready to die, how there was no room for clubs and kicks, but he gathered the tired and hungry sheep upon his own shoulders and brought him back to the fold. The gladness of his presence cheers myriads of hearts and millions of homes.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music to the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

There is music in his name, a charm in his presence, and life in his touch; and amid the throes and agonies of a world steeped in guilt, but for the cross of Christ the great heart of the world would break. My most lonely hours are when he is absent, and my happiest days are spent in company with him.

Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

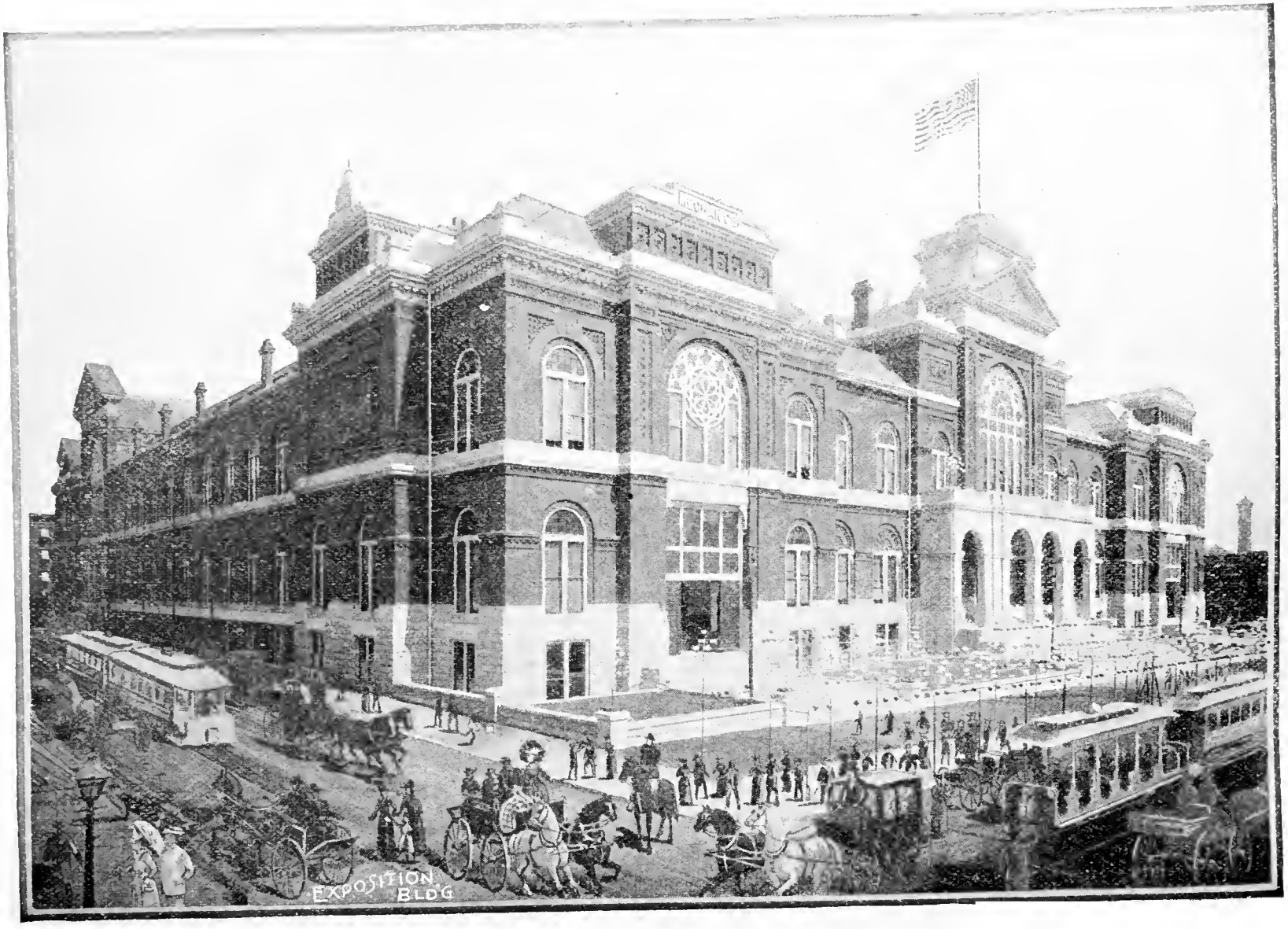
The object of all my preaching, of its harshness and denunciation of sin, and its exposure of sham, has been simply to make men fully realize the truth that "all the fitness Christ requireth is" that we feel our need of him; or, in other words, it has been the object of my life, as a preacher, to make sin hideous and righteousness attractive, and I have but shown sin up in all its deformity, that I might better show righteousness up in all its beauty, and drive men from the former, and attract them unto the heights and beauties of the latter.



UNION GOSPEL TABERNACLE, NASHVILLE.

THE ST. LOUIS SERIES OF SERMONS.

IN March, 1895, Rev. Sam P. Jones held one of the most successful meetings of his life in Music Hall, St. Louis, Mo. This magnificent hall was filled night after night, so great was the interest aroused by the preaching of the evangelist. Many who had heard him at other places thought that he did his best preaching on this occasion. The themes are well chosen and are certainly in his best vein. We have here seventeen of the sermons preached at this meeting.



WHERE THE ST. LOUIS MEETINGS WERE HELD.

CRUSADE AGAINST SIN.

BEFORE a vast congregation occupying all the seats and a great deal of the standing room of the Exposition Music Hall, Rev. Sam Jones yesterday afternoon opened a revival meeting which will last for the next three weeks. The large attendance on the initial day, and the manifest sympathy with the evangelist on the part of those present, indicate that the revival will be a remarkable one, and those well able to judge predict that there will be a series of overflowing audiences, such as the great hall has rarely if ever contained.

The interest attaching to the revival was evidenced yesterday afternoon by the crowds that began to pour into the hall as early as two o'clock.

While the first hymn was being sung, Rev Sam Jones passed down the west aisle of the hall and ascended to the stage. By that time every seat in the entire Music Hall, except a few in the upper gallery, were occupied, and these latter speedily filled up. Before many minutes a row of standing men—seats being everywhere vacated for ladies—then a double, then a treble row was formed at the entrance. There was no crush, no excitement, everything being orderly as in a place of worship; but the first service had handsomely filled the great hall, with its seating capacity of 3,600. Including those content to remain on foot throughout the afternoon, the attendance was something over 4,000. Immediately after the hymn Mr. Jones called upon Rev Dr. Jarrell, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, who offered an impressive prayer. The evangelist then rose to make a preliminary announcement. He was in excellent voice and in a characteristically cheerful mood. As he stood in front of the little reading desk, scanning the audience, his eyes sparkled with good humor. He wore a black sack coat and vest, with dark-gray trousers, and his inevitable thin black silk tie, in a bow.

Rev. Sam Jones preached as follows. He was frequently interrupted by applause. He took especial pains to make his words audible throughout the hall, in which respect he was phenomenally successful, being greatly assisted by the absolute quiet and decorum that prevailed.

THE SERMON.

I think it has been about ten years this month since I stood upon this platform, championing what I believed to be the right, and denouncing what I believed to be the wrong. In perhaps forty States of this Union, since that time, I have been constantly, zealously, and earnestly doing the same thing everywhere. I have lifted my voice, and for twenty-three years, since I was ordained a minister, I have never championed anything but the right, never denounced anything but the wrong. I am in this city, standing upon the same platform, meeting the same issues, fighting the same battles. If you are on the right side, brother, you and I will get along all right; if you are on the wrong side, you and I are going to have trouble. [Laughter.] I have found out at last, my brother, that it is not so much what your name is, nor where you live, nor how much you are worth; it is all settled at last by the side you are on. Which side are you on? Now, there is a wrong side and a right side for everything. If you are on the right side, you and I will be as thick as seven in a bed all the time I am here. There will be no trouble about that. If you are not on the right side, we will differ; and the longer we sit together the worse we will differ. I am not here to preach to suit you, nor to suit this city, nor to suit members of the Church, nor to suit any man, living or dead. I am here to preach the truth as it applies to you. I am going to hew straight to the line; and if you are on that line, I will just chop on right through you; not because I have anything against you, but because you are sitting on the line, you fool you [laughter]; there is where your trouble comes in.

I have no personal quarrel with any man. Like St. Paul, in this respect at least, I know no man after the flesh. I champion that which your own conscience approves, for the most consummate drunkard in this town recognizes such a thing as sobriety, and will advise other people to be sober. The lowest-down thief in this town recognizes such a thing as honesty, and wants other people

to be honest. The most abandoned, licentious wretch in this town recognizes such a thing as virtue, and demands of his wife and his mother and his sister that they be virtuous if they would maintain his respect. The most consummate rascal in this community recognizes the fact that a man can be a gentleman and a Christian and noble, and he recognizes the fact that it is better for his boys to do like noble men and Christians do. And if you believe that it is better to be good than to be bad, better to be a sober man than to be a drunkard, better to tell the truth than to be a liar, better to be honest than to be a thief, better to live right than to live wrong, better to go to heaven than to go to hell—then let us talk about these things in the days to come. I am not asked to discuss the theological dogmas. We have been dogmatized and theologized too much. I am not running on creeds nor theologies; for I say to you, my neighbor, in all kindness, that the day has passed in American history when we want discussion of baptism. I never ask a man how he was baptized; I am asking him about the sort of a fellow they put the water on. [Laughter.] There's where the rub is. I never ask a man, "What Church do you belong to?" I ask him what sort of a fellow came in when he joined. There is where the rub is. [Laughter.] The time is coming in this country when we will get the gospel of backbone, of life, of ethics, of gospel bottomed on the Ten Commandments; that will make you a good husband, make you a good father to your children, make you a good citizen in your community; that will make you pay your debts, and tell the truth and live right, and I wouldn't give a flip of my finger for any man's gospel, for any man's profession, unless it made him a good citizen and good husband and a good neighbor, and made him truthful and upright and honest. If all the members of the Church in this town were to go to heaven, you would have to sleep with your breeches under your head every night. [Laughter.] They will rob you. [Laughter.] And I but speak the truth, the words of truth and soberness, to you, when I say to you this: The time has come in this country when character and right doing are the only basis for confidence and self-respect.

Now we will disagree sometimes about method, and if you have got any better method than mine I will swap with you and pay you the difference [laughter]; but if you are doing nothing yourself and

tinkering away your time doing nothing, you needn't come around me wanting me to swap with you. The greatest war that has been made upon me is that I am vulgar and I am blasphemous and I am a mountebank. Well, now, I will promise you this much: I will preach you as decent a sermon every time you come as my crowd is decent. [Laughter.] Now, do you get onto that? [Laughter.] So help me God, my sermon shall be as decent as my crowd, and I will always have some of the best people the sun shines on right here, and some of my sermons, some parts of my sermons, will be as nice, as elegant as any sermon they ever heard; then there won't be a service that there won't be some of the greatest rascals and consummate hypocrites in town here. Well, I have to drop down to you, bud, to get you; and I always adapt my style to my crowd, everywhere and everywhen. Now, first and last, and always, will every Christian in St. Louis give us their prayers? "God bless the mission of those men to this city; God bless them in their work; God help them to do for St. Louis the grandest work of grace that has ever been done in this century!" Let that be your prayer. Pray for it brethren, and work to that end; and may the God of all grace save us from mistakes of head or heart! May we, in these meetings, see the power of God, so that we shall ever after feel the influence and acknowledge the power that has reformed and blessed and saved so many people!

Now I have selected as the text for this afternoon these words, in the last chapter of Second Timothy I take this text and quote it: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." These are about the last words the greatest man of our history ever uttered. Whatever was said by father or mother or friend while they lived may have been often forgotten, but the last words of a noble father and a good mother and a faithful friend linger with us like the memory of a fresh dream. These were about the last words of St. Paul, and, as I said, God never made a grander man than Saul of Tarsus: great in head, great in heart, and it takes both to make a man. An intellect strong, vigorous, with perception, conception, memory, reason, judgment, imagination, with every faculty of the mind in its full play, as the machinery of a locomotive engine; and then a great sympathetic heart pouring itself out like the gushing of a river through every

avenue of the mind. It takes the two to make the man. St. Paul was great in himself, and then great in achievement. I love a man and honor a man that is great in himself. Then I doubly honor that man who is great in achievement—in other words, a man who has done something for his day and generation, and something for this world. But selfishness has well-nigh made pygmies out of us all, and there is scarcely a broad, genuine, noble, unselfish, patriotic man alive upon the face of the earth to-day

Now when a man who is something, and who has done something, has a word to say, he will get my attention. I will listen to that sort of a man; I never have had the patience to sit down and listen to a fool. I don't care how smart the fool is; if he has never done anything, I don't want to hear from him. But the fellow who is something, and who has done something, will get my attention, and his words shall weigh tons as they fall upon my ears and ring down through the chambers of my soul. A man, a man in himself, a man in achievement! Now hear ye him. He had lived and worked and achieved, and the end came to him as it will come to you, as it has already come to millions and millions of men. The end came to St. Paul. He turned his back toward his coffin, and his face upon his life from the cradle to the coffin, and, looking over the field, said: "I have fought a good fight." And when St. Paul said that he said two things in the one utterance. First, I have come over on the good side, fairly, squarely, uncompromisingly, eternally I have come over on the right side, and he had come over on the right side through his weapons of faith, with all his ransomed powers. Now there can be no sides without an issue; there can be no issue without lines are drawn. I remember that when I was but a boy our daily press was filled with the discussion of the question involved in Mason and Dixon's line. In my boyhood, then, I wondered what that could mean, Mason and Dixon's line. Now we know what it meant: the line drawn between the free and the slaveholding States. That line was drawn, the issue made. The next we heard, Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter. The next we heard, every Southern man in the North came back home, and every Northern man in the South went back home, and then commenced four years of the bloodiest war this world ever saw. First draw a line, make the issue, fire your gun, let every one that

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is on that side go there; every one that belongs over here, come here.

You know what we want now in St. Louis. We want the lines drawn. There is no line here between the Church and the world. You members of the Church have gone to the theater with the world, and they have gone to the church with you; you have gone to the dance with them, and they have gone to the prayer meeting with you; you have gone to the saloon with them, and they have gone to the church with you; and you have locked arms and run back and forward over the line until the last vestige of it is wiped out by you. [Laughter.] No line between the Church and the world! Joshua drew the line, and said: "All of you on God's side, come over here; and all of you on the devil's side, stay over there." He drew the line; and may God help us this afternoon, with the thousands present in this building, to draw the line [responses of Amen"] and to make the issue, whatever else happens!

I will tell you this: You can't have a victory without a fight; you can't have a fight without an issue; you can't get up an issue without drawing your line. Draw your line, make the issue, fire your gun after the crowd separates, and before the battle is over there will be a victory for God or a victory for the world and the devil.

Now give me your attention right at this point, brother. I want to say to you—to each man of you—that I love God, I love his Church, his cause, and his kingdom; but the difficulty in the way of the conversion of the world is not the wickedness of the world. Mark my expression. The difficulty in the way of the salvation of men is not in the men outside of the Church; it is in the Church of God itself. I say this as an historical fact. When Jesus Christ walked among men and preached his own revival, every time he was hurt or hindered it was by some professed follower and some professed friend. Judas Iscariot sold him for thirty pieces of silver. Simon Peter denied him; Pontius Pilate, his professed friend, signed his death warrant; and every time Christ was hurt or hindered it was by some professed friend, and for eighteen hundred years it is a fact that every time the Church has got a fatal stab, or the gospel has been impeded, it has been by professed friends of Jesus Christ. Not a real friend hurt him. Now, what we want

is the issue made and the line drawn. You have got too many in this town that won't run with either side, or won't claim either side as theirs; they sorter belong on both sides; they are afraid they will hurt your feelings; they have got friends on both sides. My Lord! I have got a dozen times more respect for a saloon keeper who will take sides for his liquor, and work and fight for it, than I have for the deacon in the Church who says he has friends on both sides, and ain't going to hurt their feelings. That is right, and the curse of the country is the fact that with a large majority of the membership of the Church in this country God can't count on them, and heaven can't count on them. It won't do.

I was up in Springfield, Ill., sometime ago, sitting in my room at the hotel. The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. called at my room and said: "Mr. Jones, if you please, sir, have you a few minutes you can spare for me to talk with you?" I said: "Yes, talk ahead." He said: "Well, Mr. Jones, ain't this world getting worse?" I said: "I don't know." He said: "Ain't there more saloons now than ever?" "Yes." "More gamblers?" "Yes." "More race tracks?" "Yes." "More lack of virtue among men?" "Yes." "Well," he said: "Mr. Jones, ain't the whole thing going to the bad?" I said: "No, I reckon not." "Well," he said, "what is the matter?" "O, well," I said; "I know what is the matter." "Well, what is it?" Said I: "Listen: Never since God made Adam, up to this hour, have the devil's forces been so organized and unified and aggressive as they are to-day. The saloons and the breweries and the distilleries of the country are a unit, and when you hit one saloon keeper you hit them all, when you hit one gambler you hit them all, when you hit one shameless house you hit them all, when you hit one race track you hit them all. When you hit the devil's crowd anywhere you hit them all." And I said: "You come up and tap that preacher, and all the other preachers in town will say: 'Give it to him; he has no business sticking his mouth in it, anyhow?'" [Laughter.] These are facts. You call up a question that involves the well-being of the saloons in town, and will you find a saloon keeper against it? Will you? They would aid him on the spot, they would. You find something, perhaps, against a gambling hell of this town, and then every gambling hell will stand up and defend it. The result is, the devil is getting there with both feet.

That is because his crowd is together, and stand up for one another, and stick up to one another through thick and thin.

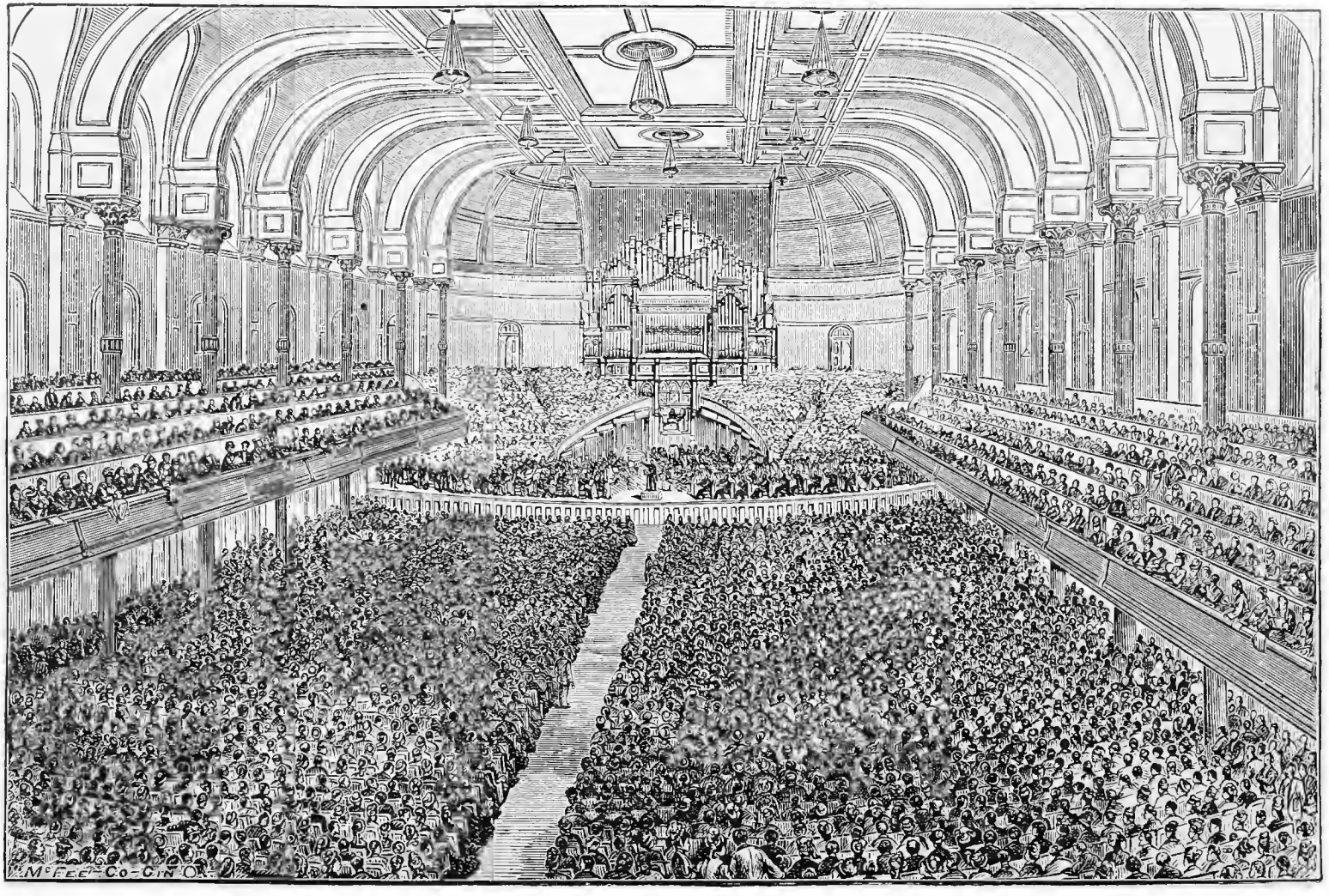
And you can see how the Church is divided. If you think you can unite the churches in this town, you are left right now, and badly left, too. [Laughter.] I am forty-seven years old, and I never saw it; and if I live until every hair in my head is gray, and I am one hundred years old, I never expect to see Christianity of all kinds united on anything. Why, God bless you, they are not united in this town on the divinity of Jesus Christ. It is a fact. And then strike them on water. God bless you, they will take it from a drop to an ocean, anywhere along in there. [Laughter.] They won't fight together. I have gone into a town, and the Baptists had a big meeting going on, those attending being in the hundreds. I met a Methodist brother who looked like all his friends were dead, and I said: "They tell me the Baptists are taking the town." He said: "It is mostly water; there ain't much in it." [Laughter.] Coming to a town where the Methodists were sweeping the town, and hundreds were being saved, I met the Baptist preacher, and said: "I understand the Methodists are saving the town and bringing the whole town to God." And he said: "It is mostly fuss and feathers; there ain't much in it." [Laughter.] Now that happened in Georgia; it never happened in Missouri. I am telling you what happened down in Georgia; they do that way. [Laughter.] You see, Missouri is a much younger country than Georgia, and you will all get to that after awhile. Of course you never did it here.

Let me say to you this: We will never overcome evil with good as long as evil is young and evil is enthusiastic and evil is aggressive, and the good is split up, the good is timid and the good is shrinking. You won't do it? How many places has St. Louis now to reform? Look at it. You saw an interview in the papers in the last day or two, with the leading business men of the town; they don't know anything about it, haven't read a word about it, sir; don't know anything, and all the devil wants the good, in any city, State, or nation, is for them to lie down and go to sleep; he will attend to all the balance. They can't unite you, and you won't come together. Every man that belongs to the side

of good and right, come out on the side that you belong on. Draw your weapons and fight like Bunyan's Pilgrim.

Now I don't claim to be much in this world, but I will give you a premium if you if will go to my county in Georgia and find a ten-year-old white or negro boy that doesn't know about how I stand. You get up a prohibition election in Georgia to-morrow, and I can go to the polls and slip my photograph in the ballot box with nothing on it, and the managers of the election, when they get to it, will say: "Boys, that is Sam Jones's photograph; there is nothing on it, but count him for prohibition; that is the way he stands." [Applause and laughter.] I can vote my photograph; but if some of you fellows were to put your photographs in the ballot box on a moral issue, it would take ten Philadelphia lawyers to pick it out, and your wife and children wouldn't know how you intended to vote. [Applause and laughter.] You've got no moral standing; you don't stand for anything in your community That is where you break down. If the cause is right, I am ready for it; if it is wrong, I am against it with all my ransomed powers. Speak out; let everybody know it. "I have fought a good fight." Come over on the right side, and come to stay I like that sort of a fellow A fellow that is a wishy-washy Prohibitionist one year and for saloons the next, a Democrat one year and a Republican the next, as the darky says, and this, that, and the other, jumping from pillar to post, I don't like.

But if I were a Democrat now, I believe the Lord would forgive me for changing. I really believe so. [Applause.] I mean under all the circumstances. I think when a party like the Democratic party can't pass a thing in the world—they can't pass a saloon [laughter]—it is time to swap. A fellow said to me the other day: "Jones, are you a Democrat?" I said: "No, I ain't." "Well," he said, "are you a Republican?" I said: "No." "Well," he said, "are you a Populist?" I said: "Are you a fool?" [Laughter.] "Well," he said, "Jones, what are you?" I said: "I am a gentleman?" [Laughter.] Ain't that right? [Laughter.] And if some of you old fellows want to feel like a gentleman, you will feel mighty unnatural, I will tell you that. [Laughter.] Right. A man that stands on the right side unpurchasable and unbulldoz-



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able, you can't drive him nor hurt him. He stands true to his convictions and square over on the right side. I like that sort of a fellow, and of all the blessings God ever bestowed on a community it is for it to get game preaching.

Do you want to know who my ideal preacher is? He is John the Baptist, and God bless you, they would not let him preach in the church in the town; they wouldn't. He had to go off in the woods. He emptied the synagogues every time he went out to the banks of the Jordan, where they heard him preach. He was my ideal preacher. When they would have him come into town, he walked right up in the king's presence, sitting on his throne, and cleaned him up, and the next we hear of him he is in the jail, and then the old deacons went down to the jail and talked at him through the keyhole. "Brother John, you are in there, ain't you?" "Yes, I am here." "Well, Brother John, you oughtn't to have said it; it was true, but you ought not to have said it, Brother John. Herod is mad; he is pawing up the earth; he says he is going to cut your head off. If you will modify it a little, he will turn you out. Modify it. You can't do any good in jail; and if you will come out and preach to them, you may have a hundred converts. Brother John, modify it, and come out of jail and do some more good." John looked at them and talked back at them through the keyhole, and said: "I wouldn't compromise God's truth, nor modify a right statement, to save my own life. I will lay in the old jail till I rot to death; I will stay here until I die; they can cut my head off; it will be the head of a man when it rolls down off the block." [Applause.] And that night they came and got John's head and carried it off bleeding on a charger, and the next day they came and got his bloody body and carried it off and buried it. I imagine that John the Baptist walks the golden streets of the City of God, and that the angels of God give him the right of way and point at him, saying: "There goes the bravest man God ever called on to preach." ["Amen."]

He stayed in his place and dared to defend the right against the king on his throne. We need that sort of stuff in the pulpit these days. [Applause, and responses of "Amen."] And the author of my text paid his own life's blood for his sermons that he preached. But when they brought him out and pushed his neck under the

block and let the cruel blade chop his head from his body, it was God's own hands that stooped down from the skies, and picked up the bloody head and put a crown of everlasting life upon it. The hero is the man that shall walk the streets of God's city, a saint on earth and in heaven, a man that stands for the right.

I have stated many a time that I never did dispute the fact that God called all the preachers to preach. I believe he did, but I believe that if he called some of them he called them to keep them out of devilment. They have never done any good—I mean some of them. But, my countrymen, how I do honor a preacher that is true to his calling and true to God and true to his people! No living man honors him more than I; but one of these little timeserving, compromising preachers, that is afraid to speak his mind, for fear he will lose his job, there is not a fellow on earth that I have so supreme a contempt for as I have for him. [Applause and responses of "Amen."]

You talk about this country being priest-ridden. It is a lie. There is hardly a preacher in the land you can't get on and ride him anywhere without lines or bridle. [Laughter.] And so help me God, I state a fact when I say to you there ain't a saddle mark on this boy. [Laughter and applause.] When you come up to me and put your foot in the stirrup, the next thing you know I will be standing at the trough with one of your gallowses around my hind leg, and that will be the end of the procession. [Much laughter.]

Now, hear me: Come out on the right side, stand there and live there and die there. If we had men of that sort, we would take this town for God. My! how strong we could be if we were on the right side. We are invulnerable and unconquerable, when we stand shoulder to shoulder, consecrated to God, heroes like St. Paul. If we had the spirit of Paul, what powerful men and women we would be, and how little we would fear this old world, and how we would bring into subjection every good influence in this city! I ask you, as a simple question, which has the greatest influence in this city, the saloons or the churches? Which exerts the greatest influence on the municipal and commercial life of this city, on the moral life of this city, the saloons or the churches? [Responses: "The saloons."] Now, don't you reporters say that I said that; you see the folks of St. Louis said that. [Applause and laughter.]

Now, here, isn't that wrong, in the very nature of things? Overcome evil with good: God said it. Absolutely you have laid down and let the evil overcome the good.

What do the saloons in this town pay apiece to the town as a tax? [Response: "$50 to the city."] How many have you in the city? [Response: "Eighteen hundred."] Now listen: Eighteen hundred saloons at $50 apiece is how much? Ninety thousand dollars, ain't it? [Response from audience: "One-third of them don't pay anything."] Is that so? [Laughter.] One-third of them don't pay anything. Let us give them the credit for paying, for the time being. [Another response: "Two thousand one hundred and three saloons, and they collected last year $110,000."] How much population has St. Louis? [Response: "Five hundred thousand."] Now listen: $100,000 divided out among five hundred thousand people is how much per head? Twenty cents, ain't it? The population of the city is presented by the saloons of the city 20 cents *per capita* for the privilege of debauching your home and damning your people. Now, how much is a 200-pound hog worth? [Laughter.] Is a 200-pound hog worth $10? Now, look: a 200-pound hog on your streets to-morrow would bring $10. People sell out to death and hell for 20 cents a head. How many of your people does it take to bring as much on the market as a hog? [Laughter and applause.] Now listen: It just takes exactly fifty of the leading citizens of this town, preachers and all, to be worth as much as one 200-pound hog. [Laughter.] Why, brother, you and your whole family are not worth as much as a sucking pig. [Laughter.] That is a fact. Sold out. Why is that? The devil's force is organized, the devil's force is aggressive, the devil's force is enthusiastic, and the devil's forces stand together. All God's people are divided and timid, and you can't rely upon them. You know you ain't for sale at 20 cents a head, and yet that buys you once a year. Brother, if I had it, I wouldn't sell anything that had life in it, except fleas and bedbugs, at that price, I wouldn't. [Laughter.] You ought either to give up all your saloons, or just quit having them. I wouldn't sell out for 20 cents a head, I wouldn't. Brother, the trouble with you is, you never figured on yourself before. You are selling cheaper than you thought. Go home and tell your wife, brother, that the saloons pay this town

20 cents *per capita*, and if your wife doesn't give you a piece of her mind, then you never married any better than she did. [Laughter.] Now, my hearers, stand on the right side.

Now here is a picture I want you to take away with you, if you forget all the rest that I said. It is a picture of strength and heroism and consecration. [The speaker then outlined the history of Samson, his great strength and the means by which he lost it, his despairing prayer on the discovery of its loss, and the marvelous restoration of it to him again in answer to his prayer, when he brought destruction on his enemies, the Philistines. Drawing a lesson from his story, the speaker said:] May God help our Christian community! Our locks have been trimmed off, our symbols of consecration are gone, our eyes are burned out by sin and the devil, and we don't see as we should. But here, in this Exposition Hall, this afternoon, O God, we pray, come thou into our thighs and muscles and sinews again; O God, thine enemies laugh and scoff, but if thy shaft come again, we will raze the temple of the devil in this city to its very foundation, if we die in the struggle. Glory be to God! We will kill more in our death than we did in our life. [Response: "Amen."] May you have the spirit of prayer and heroism in this battle! How many of you people in the audience, on the platform and everywhere, will stand up, and by standing up say: "I want to see victory for the right; I will pray for it, and help to that end?" I don't care whether you are in the Church or not—preacher or layman or outsider—let every man that will work and pray to that end stand up just a minute. How many of this vast audience will get up and say that he will pray and work to that end? [In response to this call a very large number of the audience arose.]

BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

TO say that Rev. Sam Jones's revival service filled the Music Hall has become a stereotyped phrase that will apparently be called into requisition every day until the meetings are over. It happened again last night, when old faces and new faces by thousands were turned toward the spot in the center of the stage whence the Georgian preached as fearlessly as ever on the words: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Mr. Jones, who, with his brother evangelist, had been cheered on his arrival, commenced his remarks by this interesting statement: "I am glad that I can announce to this audience that we have come up to this point without debt." This was greeted with loud applause, and cries of "Good." "Well," resumed the speaker, "now, if you don't mind, you'll be in debt to-morrow night. I'll tell you what I think ought to be done: You ought to hand in to-night enough to pay for to-morrow night, and then let to-morrow night pay for the next night, and so on. Now, brethren, it takes money to do that. I know you all wish us well; but if I were to go to the manager of this hall and say, 'I've got a number of well-wishers," he'd say, 'My! my! Mr. Jones, we can't do anything with that; we have to have the cash.' Now, brethren, I think you've started in at a gait you can run, and you fellows that are broke already, why, God bless your souls! you never had anything to start with. This is a great crowd for Monday night, and it ought to do what is right. Now the three main evils of life are embraced in the three D's—Dirt, Debt, and Devil. They are keeping this hall neat and clean, and I am fighting the devil with all my might; now you come up with the rent, so that we won't be in debt, and then we'll get rid of the three D's. Do you see?"

Mr. Jones referred to the results of his services to men only on Sunday afternoon. He had received many letters. One especially quoted described how two swearing and drinking men had given their hearts to God and started to lead a better life. "They are

commercial travelers," he said, "noble-hearted fellows," and they will do much good in the months to come. What a grand thing it would be if the commercial travelers of this land would all, as they push their goods with one hand, push for God with the other. God bless the drummers! Some of the drummers of the leading shoe and other houses have their own and their firm's name on one side of their cards, and "deathblow to liquor" on the other. And don't you know, that's right? For the less whisky there is the more shoes men will buy for their families. I'll tell you, St. Louis has some of the grandest firms in the Union. I've traveled all through Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Western Tennessee and North Mississippi, and I find St. Louis drummers everywhere, selling shoes and other St. Louis merchandise. St. Louis has a trade such as few cities in the world have. I want St. Louis to scatter morality and goodness as she scatters her manufactures all over the country. My, what a great city this is! I don't think many of you know what a city you live in, and very few of you know how much devilment there is in it."

THE SERMON.

I would like, brethren, to see a very profitable service here to-night. I believe the good spirit is in this city stirring the hearts and consciences of men, and now I feel that the Christian people present to-night will pray devoutly to God for his blessings on this hour. We are going to select a very familiar text: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

There is no more fearful declaration within the lids of this sacred book than the one we quote for the text to-night: "Be sure your sin will find you out." The thing the average man, no doubt, is most grateful for, in his everyday life, is that all is not known. There are secrets on me that have never been disclosed, secret sins, sins of which I have been guilty, and I dare say, in my place here to-night, that the average sinner here in St. Louis is a thousand times more afraid of the daily press of this town than he is of God and the final judgment. If you knew and were familiar, as the reporters of these daily papers are, how earnestly they are besought to suppress, how eagerly parties plead with them, "Don't give me away! don't disclose my guilt!" you would know, as I know, that the sinner in this country is afraid of disclosure, he

is afraid of discovery, he is afraid that his sins will find him out. When I can, with the breath of my nostrils, obliterate a sin from the heavens and reach up and pluck every star from its place, then you and I can talk together about covering up sin and hiding it away and everlastingly keeping it from disclosure.

Sin is cumulative, brother. The millionaires of this country can hide millions from the tax collectors, and I fear sometimes that this income tax will be a fruitful source of perjury. Cover up! Hide out! Sometime ago you remember a case very vividly. A bank was robbed by one of its officials of thousands of dollars. He was a trusted man. He was advertised as having left the city of New York. Detectives were on his track. Ten days passed, and he was given away by a false friend in the city of Chicago. The old President of the bank was telegraphed: "We found your man; come and identify him." The President of the bank took the Chicago and New York limited train, came into the city of Chicago, went to the prison, walked in, spent an hour with the prisoner, and when he came out he said: "I declare to you, I scarcely knew that man. No mortal being ever changed so much in personal appearance and in physical weight and physical appearance as that man has in the last ten days. He is a mere shadow of himself, and, really, I needed something besides his appearance to identify him." O what a change! That same President said his peculations had gone on over two years, three years, perchance. He had been a guilty man for three years, eating three hearty meals a day, holding his head up, going along quietly in the even tenor of his way, didn't lose an ounce of flesh, didn't lose a smile from his face; and when discovery came, and it was published to the world, in ten short days he was so changed in appearance that the President of his bank could scarcely recognize him. Discovery! discovery! And it is an awful fact in human experience; men don't care for their deeds and low conduct if they can escape discovery and disclosure. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Now, I know there are sins that men commit openly. Men swear loudly upon the street; they walk into the saloon in open daylight, come out of the saloon with the fumes of the liquor upon their lips. In some cities they will walk up deliberately and above board into the gambling hells. In other cities they walk boldly

to the house of shame and wreck and ruin. I know there are men in this land, and in all lands, that sin openly along some lines. But no sinner, perchance, who hears my voice to-night, but what, if your life were published in to-morrow's daily papers in this city, you would leave this town, and never make it your home again. There are some things that are not out on you, and when they come out you are going to leave. "Be sure your sin will find you out." And I dare say, in my place here to-night, that if men knew your life like God knows it there is many a man in this community who walks with head erect, and respected by his fellow-townsmen, who would go down in guilt and shame and disgrace. Guilt! And I want to say that the man that thinks he can keep the sins of his life covered, and keep them hidden from the gaze of men, and go on and on and on—I tell you, my neighbor, just as sure as the darkness of night gives way before the light of the morning sun, just that certain your life will be disclosed by and by, and you will come to meet the fact that you are not only a sinner, but a sinner discovered and disclosed to the world.

A young man begins to drink, and he drinks and drinks; and mother and father, who love him with all the depths of their nature, are perfectly ignorant of his profligate life. And on and on he goes, and the first thing he knows and they know he is brought into the house by the steady hand of a policeman, and he falls on the porch at the front door a besotted drunkard before mother and father know he ever drank a drop. And here there are parents in St. Louis and all over this country that think their children are the pink of perfection until the newspaper columns some morning come out with the facts and publish your boy as a criminal. "Be sure your sin will find you out." You can't lead a life of sin and hide it any more than you can live a consecrated Christian life and hide your candle under a bushel. Sin discloses itself. It grows and develops, and the time comes when the shell in which it has been incased is pricked and bursted, and the living thing that debauched your life walks out in public and shows itself. You incubate the egg of sin, and you will hatch a monster of sin that will disclose your life. And many a fellow in this country is uneasy all the time, and don't know what minute it is going to break out on him. Bless my soul, brother, here is one fellow who goes

to bed and goes to sleep, and I ain't afraid of lightning hitting me, I ain't. If I ever did a man a wrong and have hidden it, I have no memory of it. I have confessed it all to God and to man a thousand times. I have got nothing to hide; and if you find something in my life that oughtn't to be there, I will dig it out faster than you can show it to me; and when the job is over, I will thank you for your kindness. You don't know what is coming out, and a guilty wretch is under an everlasting, trembling fear. But the thing will out on him, and I am not talking about what juries say and courts say; they are not reliable. [Laughter.] There is many a jury that has walked out of its consultation room and passed its verdict in, "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty;" and the man for whom they deliver the verdict will say, "It's a lie; I am guilty, and God knows it." I don't go to the courts and juries of this country to find who is guilty; but at the bar of your own conscience there is a jury and the verdict that I rely upon.

Brothers Stuart, Excell, and myself were out at Weatherford, Tex., sometime ago. Just before, they caught a man who was tried for murder and acquitted. And four days—I think it was—after the jury came in with a verdict of "not guilty" that poor fellow walked out into the suburbs of the town and put a pistol to his temple and pulled the trigger; and when he was found, his body lying there a corpse, every spot of blood on his face and the silence of his lips proclaimed his guilt. The jury said he was innocent; but "I am guilty! I am guilty! and I could carry it no longer! I am guilty!" The evidence may not be sufficient to convict him, but there are very few cases in the world where the evidence is all put in. Favoritism and love of influence, social influence and political influence and all that is good and pure; but I say to you in all candor, old fellow, that deep down in your soul and your conscience you are guilty. You can never get over that fact in this world or any other world. ["Amen."] I am guilty! I did it, and I say here to-night, and repeat it, because it is true, you can't get any lower down than guilt. I know what that means. I have had my noble father look me in the face and say: "Sam, did you do that?" I have hung my head and said: "Yes, father; I did it; I did it." And if there is a much worse hell in any world than was then stirred up like a boiling caldron in my own soul,

WHERE THE JONES MEETINGS WERE HELD AT DANVILLE, VA.

God knows I would shun it forever. I am guilty! I did it! I have had my good wife look me in the face and say: "Husband, did you do that?" And I have looked her in the face, in the deepest guilt, and said: "Yes; I did it." If there is a much worse hell than that which was stirred in my own consciousness, God knows I don't want to go there. I have, forsooth, heard it said, "There is no hell and no punishment hereafter;" but I will say to you this, that if you have got to carry guilt you have got to pay the penalty; and I say this, the devil never calculated on any lower plane than guilt. Guilty! guilty! forever guilty!

Then I know what innocence is, bless God. For twenty odd years I have been charged with twenty thousand things. I have had men and devils and papers to say, "You did this and you did that;" but, bless God, I can hold my head up and look the world in the face, and say, "It's a lie! it's a lie! I didn't do it." [Applause.] But I tell you, my brother, I but speak the truth when I say to you that absolute guilt is as low a depth as the devil ever groveled in, and innocence is as high an altitude as God himself walked on. And he who is most innocent is closest to God, and he who is most guilty is closest to the devil and his angels. You take the customs of the community, and they make men bold. I can take you to cities where it would be a crime unpardonable—the newspapers would write editorials, the preachers would thunder their anathemas, the good citizens would call a meeting to express their indignation and have it published—if a saloon was thrown open in the town on Sunday; but they can throw them all open here on Sunday, and you don't notice it any more than you do the people you meet going into the church on Sunday, and you know it. The customs of the people! And I tell you the truth before God, the farther your customs as a people get from this Book the closer you and your customs are to hell. There are some communities where you can't get up a dance to save your life. There ain't a young lady in town who will dance, and if one was charged with being at a dance, she would resent it and say: "It is a falsehood; I never was at a dance in my life." And, God bless you! that is respectable in this town. The members of a Church will head the procession for you [laughter and applause], and any member of the Church who dances is a sinner because he has vio-

lated his vows. Are you a Methodist? Your Church has spoken out in unmistakable terms against dancing and theater going, card playing, dram drinking; and no Methodist can keep his vows and do those things. Are you a Presbyterian? Your Church has spoken out in her synods and general assemblies, and in the most unmistakable language, against the worldliness that blights and curses her members. Are you an Episcopalian? The deliverances of your bishops are almost like the words of an angel, and some of them teaching that they who do such things ought not to be admitted to the communion table of our Lord. And I don't care what Church you belong to, if you say they don't object to your dancing, then you are either falsifying the situation in your Church, or else you are in a Church in which I wouldn't stay long enough to get my hat; I would run out bareheaded. [Applause and laughter.] That's a fact! Why, if you want to sin and have a good time, as you call it, the world is the place to have it; but if you propose to be a Christian, in the name of God, how can you be and violate the most sacred vows that man ever made to God and the Church? I say that custom makes things go smooth; it does. Progressive euchre! You see it published and emblazoned in the newspaper that a deacon or an elder in the Church had a big progressive euchre party at his house, and that they gambled all night for a cut-glass vase worth $40, and the old elder put it up and the crowd gambled for it, and he tells each member of the Church that so and so won it, and they got it. Members of the Church sitting around that table and gambling for a cut-glass vase are just as much gamblers in the sight of God as any faro bank dealer that ever cursed this town. [Applause.]

Custom makes things go smooth; but I will tell you what I like: It is the man who, amid this crooked and perverse generation, will stand up to God and his vows, and nothing can be made customary with him that is not right. ["Amen."] That is what we want. "Be sure your sin will find you out." And just as custom approves your sins and society condones your sins, and the preacher stands in his pulpit and refuses to thunder against your sins, just that certain they will accumulate on you, until by and by they will overwhelm you in guilt, and you will call for rocks and mountains to hide you from the face of God forever. ["Amen."] I will fol-

low out that fellow's life along this line. A boy goes home and sits down and pulls a Louisiana lottery ticket out of his pocket, and says: "Papa, I bought a lottery ticket. I think I will win the prize." And the old man asks how. And the old man looks at his wife, and says: "Wife, that's a smart boy we have got. I tell you, he is a live young man; he is taking in all that comes along." And he brings that boy up under that *régime;* and by and by he is a man, and goes into a bank; and the first thing you know he is a defaulter; and the next thing you know he has run away; and the next thing you know father nor mother nor anybody else knows where he is, to the everlasting sorrow of the stockholders of the bank. Let me tell you, if that old daddy had taken that boy out behind the house and taken a peach tree sprout and wore him out, and told him [applause]: "Look here, boy, that thing you are dealing with is an infernal thing, dishonest in all its ways, and I will wear you out if you ever touch a ticket in that business again; my boy, if you can't be honest and true, die in the poorhouse"—if that father had taken the right step, he would have saved the boy. [Applause.]

Here is an old mother. God bless the old mothers! She has dressed and frilled and flounced her daughter and chaperoned her out to the dance and sat with her face all a perfect bouquet of pleasure, and felt in her heart: "My daughter is the most graceful dancer on the floor." And the first thing you know there is a scandal in the newspapers, and the old mother drops her head in shame and says: "O miserable me, I am the most unhappy of women; my daughter is lost in character and lost forever." If that good mother had had that daughter at home, praying with her, and reading the Bible to her, and teaching her a love for solid literature, that good old mother would never have had to wipe away those tears of regret. I am talking facts to you to-night ["Amen"], and where will our children go if parents incite them to vice and lead them to hell? Brother, "your sin will find you out." "Well, Brother Jones, what are we going to do with our children if we keep them at home? Now, you take our daughters; they must go out in society if they are ever expected to marry in this world; we must take our children out into society; we must have a big entertainment, and usher them out into society!" Yes! Now, let me tell you, if you

will raise at your house a first-class girl that is industrious, a girl all sweet and good, let me tell you the boys will come a thousand miles, the best ones in this country, hunting her up. [Applause.] God knows, if I had daughters like some of you folks have I would push them too; you've got to shove them. [Laughter and applause.]

You know that I speak the words of truth and soberness. Moral worth, intellectual worth, or social worth has never been nursed and rocked in the lap of society into grand, noble woman or man yet. "Your sin will find you out!" Law me! If we knew how many have already been detected, we would see the truth of this text. There are some folks that can keep disclosures out of the paper. I don't know how; God knows how they do it. I never have understood it. I don't know how some other people haven't been eternally swamped; I don't know; good luck, I reckon. But good luck will break with you. My brother, mark me, it will come with an overwhelming sweep into your moral life, and you will be guilty, forever guilty. I declare that if there was a wicked deed of my life covered up I would be the most unhappy man in the world. I don't know what I would do with myself, and I don't wonder that there are so many suicides. Have you ever kept an account of the suicides in the United States for twelve months, and do you know that not one-half of those who suicide are ever known? It is attributed to heart failure and apoplexy, and to ten thousand things. Do you know that the suicides in America have multiplied until they are absolutely overwhelming; and suicide is the last retreat of guilt. "I did it!" I have had men to sit down on a train or come to my room, and tell me things about themselves, their history; and really, as I listened to it, I felt in my heart, as a good citizen, that I ought to telephone to the sheriff that he ought to come right here, right in my room, for the most infinite scoundrel that I have ever met or heard talk in my life, and they would stay and tell their story. And do you know I have been very candid with them. One instance: A man came to me and confessed his crimes. He said: "Mr. Jones, I married a sweet girl in Indiana. I forsook her. I went to the State of Ohio; I married another sweet girl as a bigamist, and I forsook her; and," said he, "now I am in the third alliance. I am guilty What must I do?"

THE AUDITORIUM, MEMPHIS.

I said: "You notify the Chief of Police of this town and tell him what you are telling me, and tell him to wire the sheriff of the county where you first married to come for you." He says: "Do you mean what you say?" I said: "I do. It is go to jail or go to hell, one; there ain't no use talking, old fellow, you've got to shell the corn down." [Laughter.] Now listen: That fellow went right down to the Chief of Police, in Augusta, Ga., and he said: "Sir, I am a bigamist three times over and a guilty wretch, and I am hiding from the law; the county where I was first guilty is so and so." And they wired the sheriff of that county that the guilty wretch was there. I saw it in the papers myself. Look here; if I have been guilty of a thing, I will atone for it in this world before I will burn in hell for it forever. ["Amen!"] I will! I say it in all the honesty of my soul, if I am guilty, I will meet it like a man and suffer for it like a man, and try to get straightened for eternity, whether I ever can in time or not. [Applause.]

Guilty! "Be sure your sin will find you out." I am talking to men. Listen to my voice to-night: If your wife knew your life like God knows it, she would spurn you in contempt as the most loathsome creature that ever cursed a civilized world. Guilty! I am talking to young men in this audience. If your mother knew your life like God knows it, you never could hold up your head in the presence of a pure mother again. Guilty before God, and I hide my guilt on my respectability because my guilt is hid. "Your sin will find you out."

I think the most touching thing I ever heard is this: When Brother Stuart, my coworker, was stationed at Centenary Church at Chattanooga, he ran down to visit me, and sitting quietly around my fireside he said: "Brother Jones, I saw the saddest picture I ever saw." I said: "What?" He said: "There, in the presence of a sweet home, almost in my city, an elegant home. I walked into that family to visit the sick. It was a little ten-year-old girl, as bright and sweet and beautiful as could be; she had fever for more than three weeks; the fever had abated, and the disease took the form of gangrene. The gangrene first took right hold here, on the cheek, and it ate away through the flesh, and then on to the jaw-bone; and," he said, "I sat there and saw that little girl open her mouth and catch hold of her jaw teeth, and with her fingers remove

them out of her jaw, and great chunks of flesh slough off with the teeth." And I said: "Why, George, what are the doctors doing?" "They stand and look on," said he, "as helpless as if she were dead." I said: "Can't they arrest it?" "No, sir." I said: "What are the father and mother doing?" "They are just sitting there wiping the tears out of their eyes, looking at that gangrene eat that child up by the inch." "My!" I said, "George, what a picture, sure enough!"

Listen: Sin and the world of sin is gangrene to the soul; let it touch the soul, cover it up and call it a very little abrasion of some sort that don't amount to anything; but, brother, it will get in its work, and get in its work until by and by God and the holy angels will stand in the presence of your dying soul as helpless as the physicians stood in the presence of that child. Find you out? If there is a bad spot, it will discover itself, and not only discover itself, but it is death to the child, doctor or no doctor.

Let us talk of this thing sin right here and right seriously Sin is the most awful thing in the universe. What is sin? I will give you this one single definition, and I want every boy and girl in the audience to hear me, and I want parents to hear me as well. Boys, I will tell you what sin is: It's insubordination. I will tell you, girls, what sin is: It's insubordination. I will tell you, parents, what sin is: It's insubordination. It's insubordination to law and to right. Now, let us come down to plain common sense a few moments here. I will draw you a picture; and I want you all, boys, girls, and parents, to take the picture away with you and think it over. I want you not only to think of it now, but to take it home with you, and when you go to your room think of it, when you lay your head on your pillow think of it, and when you waken in the middle of the night let your thoughts be of it again, and let it be recalled to your vision. It is a picture of insubordination; here it is: There's a noble father; he's got four boys. All of the four are still at home. Each boy has him a separate and comfortable room in his home. Now when these boys were little fellows, that noble old father began to think and study and plan for their future life and peace and happiness. He knows their nature, and he has brought them up so far. And now they have grown older, and they will soon have attained to manhood's years, and so he goes on

and on, planning for their future welfare. And finally he formulates rules for their guidance. He draws up ten of these, one-half of them forbidding certain things, and one-half of them commanding certain things. And the rules are hung in the boys' rooms, and by these rules each one is, according to the noble old father's intention, to govern his future life. And these boys grow up under these rules, which had been thus thoughtfully prepared for them by their loving father. Now one day John, the oldest boy, walks into the house to see his father, and he says: "Father, I shall leave you next Monday" And the father says: "Why?" "Well," says John, "I'm of age now; I'm twenty-one; I'm going off." "Well, son, what for?" asked the good old father. "Well, father, I want to go," again answered John. "Son, have I not been good to you?" "Yes, father, the noblest father a boy ever had." "Has your mother mistreated you?" "No, sir." "Have any of your three brothers done you any harm?" "No, sir." "Son, tell your old father why you want to leave him." "Well, father, I want to go; I don't like them rules you've got hung up in the room." "Why, John, have you not always obeyed and lived by them?" "Yes, sir." "Is there anything hard or wrong about them?" "Well, not to speak of; but I may as well tell you plainly, father, I don't like the rules, and I must go." "The rules are the same for you as for your brothers, are they not?" "Yes, sir." "And they obey them?" "Yes, sir." "Well, my boy, those rules were formulated for your good." "Well, to tell you the plain truth, father, these rules must go, or your son must go." "I am sorry to say it, son; but, much as I love you, you'll have to go. These rules govern your brothers as well as yourself, and I cannot be a respecter of sons." Well, what follows? The son comes on Monday morning and says: "Father, I'm going." And in vain that good old father pleads with him to remain. But he will not. He strikes out for himself. Now listen: That boy at the close of the first week had violated every one of those rules. I repeat it. Before he had quit the home a week he had violated every one of those rules that hung in his room from childhood. And he goes on and on, on the road to ruin. At the end of twelve months the old father gets a cable from Liverpool, saying: "Your oldest son, John, is here in a garret—in the room of a tenement house, lying

on a pallet of straw, diseased from head to foot, and he's dying." The old father reads the cable and calls his next oldest boy, Henry, and says, "Read that, Henry," and when Henry had finished it the old man says: "Come and go with me, Henry; I must charter the finest ship that swims the ocean. Your brother must be rescued from his wretched state. He's diseased from head to foot. Come, let us strike out." And he goes down to the port and charters the fleetest ship that swims the seas, and says: "Now, Henry, get on board of this ship; go and hunt up your brother. Here is the name of the street and the number of the house. And when you find him, tell him his father loves him; tell him his mother loves him still; tell him his brothers love him. Tell him to come back, and if he cannot live, then let him be buried over here instead of being buried in a pauper's grave in a strange land. And if he can live, tell him we will do all we can to make him happy." And swiftly the ship speeds over the ocean, and the dock of Liverpool is reached. And eagerly that son searches for the lost brother. He finds the street and he finds the house, and he bounds up flight after flight of stairs, till at last he is in the garret where his brother lies. There he sees him lying on a pile of straw, diseased from head to foot. He walks up and he says: "Brother John, do you know me?" And the poor, diseased brother looks up and answers: "Yes." He says in a sinking voice: "Brother Henry, I do know you." And Henry gives him his father's message of love, and he tells him how he had hired the fleetest ship that swam the ocean in order to rescue him, and how he loves him still, and how his mother loves him, and his brothers love him. And he said: "If you cannot live, then come home and be buried in the cemetery in your native land; and if you can live, we will do all in our power to make you happy." And the poor, diseased brother looked up again and said: "How about those rules?" Henry answered: "John, they still hang up in the room." And John answered: "I will not go home; let me die where I am." God have mercy on a man like that! That is insubordination. If you ask what it is that puts men in hell, and keeps them there forever, then I'll answer you: What made that boy lay there in disease from head to foot, lay in the last extremities of life, after he had been assured of the love of father and mother and brothers? What did he think of that last

moment when he was about to quit this world forever? Was it of the good father to whom he owed so much, or of his sweet, blessed mother, or of his affeetionate brothers? No; he had a thought for but one subject: the rules that hung on the walls of his bedroom at home. "What about the rules?"—that was the question uppermost in his mind.

Brother, boys and girls, that's insubordination. And the boy that is insubordinate when he leaves home will be an anarchist after he is turned out on society; and the man who is insubordinate in St. Louis will be insubordinate in Texas or in New York; and the man who lives and dies insubordinate will carry to hell the spirit that will defy God, and he will lie in the flames that burn his soul before he will submit. Insubordination! it's the eurse of the world. When a member of the Church says to the preacher, "If you don't let me alone, I'll quit the Church," that's insubordination. A member of a Church says: "I'm a free man; I'll drink whisky when I want to; I'm not going to be lorded over by a preacher or by a Church." I say the spirit of insubordination is in that man, the spirit that defies the law, the spirit that tramples preeepts under foot, the spirit that will continue to drag men down until their souls are burning in hell, that will itself burn the soul when the body is dead forever. Insubordination! Neighbor! neighbor! what is it that keeps you from surrendering to God to-night? What is the sin of your life? It's insubordination. If you have got a boy in whom there is the spirit of insubordination, I tell you you had better look out, for you are going to have trouble. Sister, if you've got a daughter that defies your authority, you had better see to it, you had better see to it, for you're going to have trouble. Insubordination! It is that which disrupts society, dishonors God, and peoples hell. It is the spirit whieh possesses men to-night, and which has possessed them in all the past.

Insubordination! Its spirit is in this town. Take your saloon keepers. You have a law in the State of Missouri on the Sabbath question as good as you have in any State in the Union. It is the spirit of insubordination whieh makes the saloon keepers of this town throw open their doors on Sunday, defying the law of God and the law of man, and pushing their damnable business from Christmas to Christmas. And the same spirit that makes the saloon

keepers of this city defy the laws of Missouri is the spirit that makes you a sinner to-night. It is the spirit that makes men turn a deaf ear to God, the spirit which makes you defy his law, and the spirit that puts men in hell forever. Insubordination! The only safe ground for a man to pursue in this world is to keep within the bounds of the law The statutes of God are good enough for the true Christian; the commandment of the Lord shall endure forever. When a man keeps within the bounds of the law, then indeed he is free. Submission to the laws of God will make you the freest man on earth, and will make you free at last as an angel in heaven. "Be sure your sin will find you out." The spirit of insubordination will wreck and will ruin you, and it makes you lawless, wretched to-night. What are you going to do about it? A day came to the man who's talking to you to-night when he surrendered to God. Yes; I did.

We had a fearful struggle in this country thirty years ago. And when the three million Union troops marched to the sea through Georgia, and on to Richmond and Fredericksburg, and on into South Carolina, what was the object to be achieved? The noble Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, said: "The only object I have in equipping this army and pushing it up to the front is to subdue the insubordination of thirteen States in this Union." He pushed the battle, and pushed it on and on, until at last Gen. Lee and every other Southern general ran up the white flag. Then what? When Lee passed up the white flag and handed over his sword to Gen. Grant, what did Gen. Grant say? He handed back the sword, and he said: "Now, General, let all the cavalry keep their horses and their side arms, and let the infantry keep their provisions and their wagons. Now, go home, boys; the war is over. I'm glad of it." And then he asked: "Have you rations to eat, boys?" And when the answer came that they had not, he turned to his own commissary and ordered that every pound of bread and every pound of meat in possession of the Union soldiers should be distributed among the conquered foe. And then he told them to go home to their families. No rebel seemed to have a kinder spirit for another rebel than Grant had for Lee and for the men composing the army which had surrendered to him that day [Loud cheers.] All Lincoln and Grant, and men of their kind, wished to do was

simply to put down the insurrection, to subdue the insubordination of thirteen States. From the moment Beauregard fired the first shot on Fort Sumter till Gen. Lee yielded to the militant forces of Gen. Grant the only object on the part of the North was that the thirteen States should return to the Union.

God Almighty for six thousand years has been turning his guns on the world to subdue the spirit of insubordination, and fathers and mothers have fallen in the conflict, and thousands and thousands more will have to fall. God Almighty will push the battle till the last man puts up the white flag and surrenders to him and says: "From this time on we will fear and obey God and keep his commandments." Surrender, and he will come to you; he will bring the bread of heaven with which to feed you, and the water of life with which to quench your thirsty soul. O brother, this is victory over sin. I surrendered my soul to God, and from that day to this I have never deserted his colors. From the day that I ran up the white flag over my soul I have been engaged in his service. I said: "O God, turn your guns no more on me. I will surrender; I will be thy servant; I will fight for thee the balance of my life."

Give us to-night, O Lord, men who will run up the white flag here and say: "I will surrender; I'll be a happy, obedient subject of my King and Lord to-night." There are five hundred men here to-night who ought not to leave this hall till they run up the white flag over their souls. My Lord, help them to do it! Do it, men, and you will be happy here and blessed hereafter. And may the blessing of God Almighty abide with us forever and ever!

After the Discourse.

The after service was conducted by Mr. Jones from a chair in the orchestra, while the choir and those of the audience who remained sang: "I Never Will Cease to Love Him." In response to earnest appeals from the revivalist, numbers of people of both sexes stood up in different parts of the hall, avowing their determination to surrender to God. Rev A. J Jarrell offered up a devout prayer, and the services were terminated by a final benediction from Rev. Sam Jones.

An incident that occurred on the west side of the hall, near the platform, as the audience were dispersing, plainly shows that while

every one who attends the meetings may think as he pleases about them, those who openly scoff are likely to have an unpleasant experience. Two young men, one belonging evidently to the genus tough, were seated together. When Mr. Jones made his effective call for penitents one of these men arose with bowed head, having been manifestly touched by the sermon just heard. No sooner had he resumed his seat than his companion commenced to jeer at him in a manner plainly audible to those sitting around. At length an old man, trembling with emotion, stood up from behind and scathingly denounced the scoffer. In vain the latter essayed to justify himself. His rebuker seemed to tower above him, pointing at him the finger of scorn. In a few minutes he was glad to sneak out, while many who had witnessed the occurrence came forward to commend the course of the old man.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE first week of Rev Sam Jones's revival services was brought to a conclusion last night, when the evangelist preached on "The Wages of Sin" to an immense audience that completely filled the Exposition Music Hall. Mr. Jones's appearance on the platform from the east side during a lull in the song service was greeted with clapping of hands from all over the hall, a demonstration which evidenced the gratification of the audience at his safe return from a visit to the Philistines at Jefferson City.

Mr. Jones's sermon speaks for itself. It might well be inferred from the subject that it was a powerful one. Mr. Jones, in fact, turned himself loose. His effort bristled with the characteristic sayings that he has made peculiarly his own. He provoked at one stage an applause that was almost tumultuous and that lasted for about a minute, when he compared some of his critics who objected to his language to the skunk that complained that the possum's breath smelled bad. On the other had, he told of experiences of his own, so replete with pathos that many an eye grew moist as he spoke, and in his tirades against sin and licentiousness he was profoundly impressive.

The Sermon

We shall to-night use a very familiar text: Romans vi. 23: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"The wages of sin is death!" Volumes have been written, and this country has been agitated, in Congress, in the legislative halls, on the streets, everywhere, about the wage-earners; what they receive everywhere, the laboring man, the honest, brawny man, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. This sort of a man has been the subject upon which many books have been written, many politicians have spoken; and all humanity, more or less, has been interested in the question of wages, the wage payers and the

wage-earners. Now I want to discuss the subject more practically before you to-night, and I want to say, to begin with, that there can be no such thing as a contract for labor to be performed without the inevitable, the natural questions like these coming up. There are two questions which lie at the very basis of contracts for labor. If you seek to employ a man for a month, or a day, or an hour, the first inevitable question he will put to you is this, as he looks you in the face, "What kind of work do you want me to do?" and when that question is satifactorily answered, there is another question just as legitimate, and as inevitable as that, and that question is this, "What will you pay me for it?" Now there may be persons in this audience who say: "I never was in the employment of anybody" You boast of the fact that you live in the freest government the world ever saw, a government whose very constitution guarantees to every man his life, his liberty, and his property; and yet there is an infinitely more important sense in which we are all servants and in which we all have our masters, and a fearfully important sense in which the pay days are coming to the last man of us. There is a moral and spiritual sense, in which every man has a master and every man is serving. Now, I grant you this fact, that there are a great many people in this world who will tell you in a word that they don't serve God, and then, when you press the question, they will say: "We don't serve the devil." But there is no neutral ground. Our Saviour forever settled the question when he said: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." He said again: "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness." And every man and woman in this vast city, and in the world, have their moral, their spiritual master, and you are serving him; and I want to impress upon you to-night the awful conclusion that pay day is coming to you, as it has already come to the millions who have lived before you. Now whom do you serve, or whose servant are you? God says: "Son, give me thine heart." Have you done it? He says: "Keep my commandments." Have you done it? Then, if not, you are no servant of God, and the inevitable conclusion is that you are a servant of the devil.

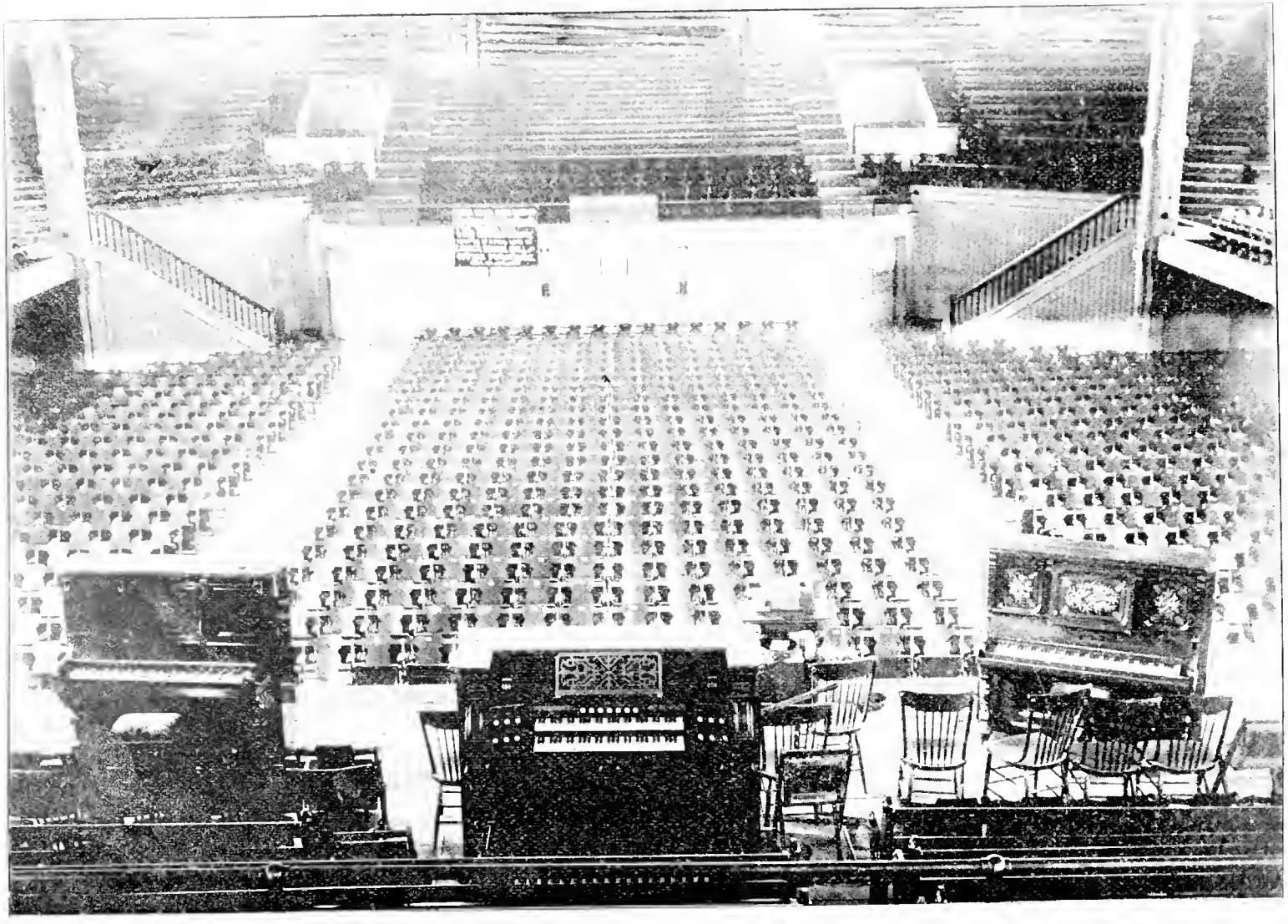
Now, look here, every thinking man in this audience; look and listen. I beg you to be as sensible, morally and spiritually, as you are for this world. You wouldn't work for me an hour until first I told you what I wanted you to do; and, secondly, what I would pay you for it. Now will every servant of the devil in this audience just go up to your spiritual master to-night and say: "What kind of work do you want me to do?" Will you? Now what sort of work does he want them to do? He wants them to tell lies, and steal, and get drunk, and live unclean, and commit all manner of sins. And, God bless you! he not only wants them to do it, but he has got them at it every day [laughter], and you know it. I was over here at Jefferson City yesterday within the prison walls there, and looked around. Two thousand two hundred in stripes are now serving out their terms in your penitentiary If every fellow in Missouri that ought to be in the penitentiary was there, God bless you, there would be two hundred and twenty-two thousand [laughter and applause], and you know it. The biggest rascals in this city never saw the inside of a penitentiary, and the question these days is not who is guilty, but who can you prove it on. That is the question. Now, I say to you to-night, if a fellow has plenty of money and no poor kin you ain't going to prove anything on him. [Laughter.] He is either crazy or innocent, one dead sure, if he has plenty of money. [Laughter and applause.] What does the devil want you to do? Blaspheme the name of God, debauch your body with whisky, tell lies, defraud your neighbor, and do the things that degrade you and debauch you. He wants you to do the things that will make your wife think less of you, and your children think less of you, and will keep you down in the scale of moral being. That will dishonor God and ruin you as certain as I live. Well, old fellow, if the devil wants such dirty, disreputable work as that done, then every sensible man comes square up to him and says: "Now, if I have got to do that, what will you pay me for it?" If there is a creature in the universe that ought to be well paid, it is the sinner. Now, what do you get? I say, some of you old gray-headed sinners, don't deliberate now, but walk right up and get on this platform and tell me what you get for the most servile homage that ever cursed immortal man. What have you got?

I received a letter this day from your city jail. It begins this way: "Dear Mr. Jones, I am a Georgian, and from your State, and I appeal to you for sympathy and kindness to me, a Georgia boy My term will be out the 15th of this month. I was put in this jail here for six long months, for a crime that I committed; and," he says. "Mr. Jones, you are preaching the truth." Sooner or later, just as certain as the shadows foretell the coming of the night, just that certain a man's sins will tell out upon him and get him at last. What do I receive for it? What I fall out with sinners about is. God bless you! lots of them have got to where they will just put themselves in to do the dirtiest jobs the devil wants done, and they will do it for nothing and board themselves, or make their poor old wives or some of their kinsfolk board them. The sinners, right now in this town, do the most disreputable things that ever cursed an immortal man, and are absolutely boarding on their wives, their fathers and their mothers, or some kinsman. O how I do pity humanity! Sin not only makes rascals out of them, but it don't take long to make fools out of them. What do I get? Misery and wretchedness while I live, and, by and by, old and wrinkled, and wrecked and ruined, I lie down and die, and then go to perdition at last, where I spend eternity forever. Isn't that a fact? Just as certain as I stand here and talk.

Let us turn the picture a little. Am I a servant of the Lord? What does God want me to do? He wants me to love mercy, and do some kindly, noble act, and lead a better life. He wants me to do the things that will make my wife think well of me, my neighbor speak well of me, that will lift me in the scale of welldoing, that will lift me up in manhood. He wants me to be honest, and to be noble, and to add purifying qualities to my nature. Well, look here! If he has such pleasant work as that to do, does he pay anything for it? Yes, sir Cash enough to live on every day; and when you get old and wrinkled and gray-headed, and can't work any longer, he sends the angels for you and takes you to the skies, and gives you a home in heaven. [Responses of "Amen."] Is that a fact? ["Amen."]

Now listen: If the devil wants a man to do this disreputable work, God-dishonoring work, and then pays him in death and damnation at last; and God wants him to do only honorable, enno-

bling work, and pays him with greater liberality, while he lives in heaven in the end—can you explain to me why the devil, or how it is that the devil, gets a servant in this world? Can you do it? Here, I will tell you what I can do. You let a mining district, or a railroad, or a street car company cut the wages of their men five cents a day, and I can rent a hall that will hold ten thousand men, and call them together and make a speech that will inflame them until they will rise up and say: "We will go on a strike, and we won't work ourselves, and no other man shall do it." Cut their wages five cents a day, and, God bless you! you can get up a strike from Maine to California if you will pull the right string. And, bless my soul! I am now laboring for the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have been going through this country for ten years, preaching to two millions of people a year, and begging all sinners to go on a strike on the devil and quit him, and, God bless you! I can't get one in a thousand to strike on the devil. I don't know what is the matter with the folks! [Laughter and applause.] They are wrong. There is a poor old blear-eyed, bloated drunkard, who has bankrupted his wife or leaves his children in rags and his home desolate and his life blotted, and I come up to him and tell him: "O sir, you have been working for a hard master. He has robbed you and wrecked you and ruined you; quit him, and strike on him to-day, and never work for him another minute while you live." But you can't get him to strike. Poor old fool. [Laughter.] You can't do it Every year, thank God, I have got many a soul to go on an eternal strike on the devil, and I prayed God in this visit to St. Louis that I might see twenty thousand men say: "I will stick to it until I die. I have struck my last lick for the devil. I am for God and the right the balance of my life." ["Amen," and applause.] I could say that, and I am here, working in the interest of a strike; and if you see a fellow that is tired of the devil, and tired of the way the devil is treating him, you send him to me and I will fix it up so he can strike. O how I wish in my heart of hearts that poor humanity could see the facts as they are! How can men do dirty and disreputable work, every day that they live, and then be miserable while they do it and then be damned in hell ever afterwards because they have done it? And by the grace of God they should say: "I will serve no such master; I will quit the service, and by the grace



INTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM, MEMPHIS.

of God I will serve my God, and have plenty to live on while I am am here, and a house not made with hands, to live in hereafter, forever and forever." I wish you would. ["Amen."] Well, now let us stop here and philosophize, not foolosophize, but philosophize. Let us talk seriously right along here just a minute, and see how God gives us such delightful employment, and pays us so highly, and how the devil gives us such disreputable work, and pays us so ignobly. That is the question that comes up. Why is it that the devil has a servant in this world? I think I have found the secret. I have been along there. I am ashamed that I ever was a sinner, but I am glad of this fact: while the devil did take me in his employment, and I did work for him like I was hired by the day at big wages, I am sorry I ever struck a lick for him, and I am glad I found out just how he runs the thing. I can tell other folks how, I can! I have had many a fellow to take me to one side, and say: "Jones, has my wife been writing to you?" I said: "No." "Well," he says, "how in the name of the Lord did you find that out about me?" [Laughter.] Brother, I tell you, I have been a rascal once, just like you. That is where the rub comes in. [Laughter.] That is it. I know all about them.

Now, here—I will tell you a secret: The devil works men in telling lies like he works them in the whisky business. And I say this to young men, that it makes my blood run cold whenever I look at the picture, to see a half dozen well dressed, noble-looking boys, the sons of good mothers, going into these doggeries and saloons, and see them coming out of there wiping their mouths. I say, boys, go in the front door of the gilded saloon to-day, and it won't be ten years until they will kick you out of the back door of the lowest down dive in this town. The devil gives them a good start, you see, and starts them off well dressed and in good shape first, and with every appearance of respectability, and, bless you! I tell you you ain't going out of the door you came in at. The devil don't let a fellow go out of the hole he went in at. He will fix another one for you, bud, and you've got to crawl out of it, too." [Laughter.] Look at it practically: When the boy gets started in the service he has everything—a good home, plenty of money and no poor kin, going off to ruin and destruction. Look at him going down. No fellow ever had a bigger time. When I see him coming back he

hain't any shoes on his feet, no hat on his head, no coat, and coming along barefooted, and if he stumps off every nail he has coming home I wouldn't be surprised. [Laughter.] There is a tremendous difference between a fellow going off and a fellow coming back. Here, the devil gives him the best he has first, and tolls him along; and I say to you right now, a fattening hog doesn't know what he is eating corn for; if he did, he never would eat another grain. [Laughter.] Poor fool hog! He's eating the corn, and just when he is fat enough to kill, then he goes. He wouldn't eat that corn if he knew what they were going to do with him. He would stay poor all his life. Well, you drive men to the fairs like the fellow who had the hog at the fair looking like a lean, lank, razor-backed hog ,with a nose that could drink buttermilk out of a jug [laughter]; and the crowd gathered around him and said: "In the name of sense, what have you got such a hog as that for; what is the point about this hog?" "Well," he said, "my friends, the point about that hog is speed." "Speed?" they say "What do you want with speed in a hog?" "Why," he says, "a hog down here that can't outrun a nigger ain't worth nothing at all." [Laughter.] I say, and repeat it with all my heart, that if the hog knew what he was eating corn for he would never eat another bite. A good brother said to me sometime ago: "Brother Jones, if you wouldn't use so much slang, I would like to hear yon preach." I said: "What did I say?" "Why," he said, "yon said hog and dog." I said: "You goose, they are both scriptural animals. In your Bible don't you never read about them? There ain't no slang in it. When I say dog, that is the forgiven name for about half the crowd you see, and every fellow knows it." [Laughter.] There ain't no slang in it. As long as a man sticks to his Bible he speaks away from slang. Hog and dog are both scriptural animals. The Bible puts it much stronger than I do; the Bible calls them wallowing hogs and puking dogs; that is the way the Bible calls them; and I just leave off the wallowing and puking, and still they don't like it, and say I am using slang all over this country [Laughter.] It's a fact!

The devil has got a fellow at it; he robs you every day; takes from you every day Now, the Lord's plan is this: to give a fellow the worst things he has got first, and then they get better and better and better through all eternity God reverses the devil's

plan, and the devil reverses God's plan, and the reason why the devil has more servants in the world to-day than God has is because the devil goes at them with the best things first, and wins them and then robs them and debauches them and damns them.

Here I will illustrate what I mean. I will give you a picture true to life. When I was about twelve years old, one day the devil came and took me by the hand and led me up a beautiful avenue and into a large, capacious palace; and as I walked into that great building he carried me from apartment to apartment, and he showed me the beauties and splendor of that palace; and everything body or mind or thought could desire was there. He conducted me all through. He pointed out a door or so, and told me I should be so and so if I would come in and take possession. He showed me the sofa of contentment, and said, "There is so much contentment here;" he took me and set me down by the table of pleasure, and said, "You have no idea how much you will enjoy this;" and then he carried me from apartment to apartment. And the beautiful pictures that hung upon the walls, they enraptured my soul; and the beautiful furniture and the elegant carpets, the lace curtains and the beautiful windows, I looked at. And when he had showed me all these he looked at me and said: "If you will be my servant, all these are yours." And I walked through the palace, looked at the pictures, the elegant furniture, and every comfort that my soul could ask for. Then I said to myself: "Well, I will accept the proposition; if all this is mine, what do I care for my mother's God and hope of heaven." And I took possession, and I was proud of my inheritance. And, listen: One day I walked out of the palace: I wasn't gone long, and when I came back my chair of ease had been taken away, and I never did feel at ease in there afterwards as I did before. I walked out another day, and I wasn't gone long; I came back and saw my sofa of contentment had been removed, and I never was contented there after that. I came back into that palace another day, and my table of pleasure had been taken out. And I pledge you my word, pleasure had gone with it. And on, and on, one piece of furniture after another was taken out; then the beautiful lace curtains; then the elegant carpet, and then the floors were so bare; then a window was taken out,

and it was perceptibly darker in the palace. Then a door and a window—one less—and I stood in my palace and saw that everything was gone. The carpets were torn up, every window removed, and it was so dark in there, every door taken out except one. And one night, about midnight, I walked out that door to see my father dead, and I have never been back in that palace since. I knew a neighbor of mine who stayed there just a little longer than I did. He staved until everything was gone—carpets taken up and removed, windows all taken out—and he said it was so dark and everything was taken away And one night, just about one o'clock, as his wife stood over him he said: "O wife, this palace of sin that once was so full of luxury and pleasure; every pleasure is gone and every luxury is gone, and it used to be so large." And he says: "Now, in this dark room the walls are coming together." And just about one o'clock that night the walls of that great palace crushed together upon him as he spoke to his Christian wife, as he breathed his last breath.

"The wages of sin is death," and what a picture of human life! O boys, must you not feel that? I can remember running over my past life, when that first drink of whisky I took I felt like I had almost got to be a man. But I followed the crowd until I despised myself for wringing the tears from the eyes of my good wife and bringing my father in sorrow to the grave. I thought the first oath I ever swore was a manly oath. I used to blaspheme until I despised myself for being a miserable, profane blasphemer in the sight of God; and I followed sin until I found that, much as I loved these pleasures, they are "like poppies spread." You will see the pleasure of everything is dead or

> Like the snowfall in the river;
> A moment white; then melts forever.

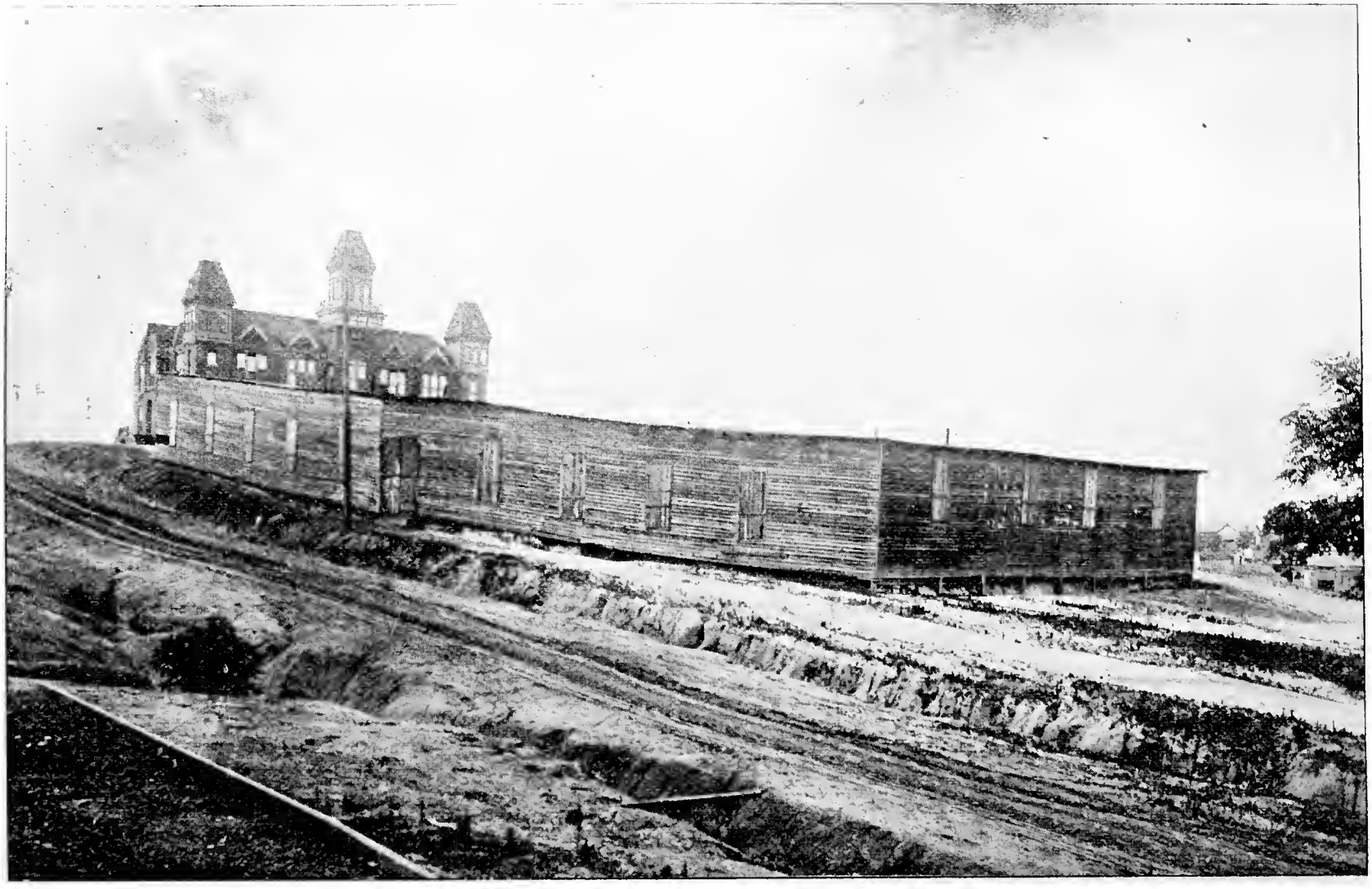
And, brother, I say to you to-night, as a man who has gone through with much that you have, that you will find the wisest conclusion that a soul ever came to is the hour and the moment when the immortal man says: "This is the moment now, and uncompromisingly and eternally I go on a strike against the devil; I have drunk the last drink of liquor; I have sworn the last of his oaths; I have committed the last dirty, dark deed for him; from this time on I will be as pure as my mother, and as noble as I know my wife to be."

And when men come to a conclusion like that, they rise above the employment of the devil, where they can do something for God and the world.

Coming around here, serving the devil day after day! And what pains me many a time is to have young men say, with curses or with an oath: "Who will pay any attention to Sam Jones? If I want a drink of whisky, that is none of his business; if I want to curse, it is none of his business; if I want to sin, it is none of his business." Well, now, come! I don't like to say such a thing in public; but I want to tell you, you are lying! You know you are lying like a dog. It is my business, and it is everybody's business to see that everybody else does right. ["Amen."] A man says: "If I want a drink of whisky, it is nobody's business." It is the business of your poor sad-eyed wife and your sweet little children that may follow you to a drunkard's grave. ["Amen."] Tell me it's nobody's business if your little boy sees you going into a saloon? He will follow you in there, and follow you to a drunkard's grave. And yet you tell me it is none of my business! Your boy hears your oaths, and then in his own little heart says, "I will follow on the side of profanity," and profanes his own lips in the presence of his good mother. And yet you tell me it is none of my business! Thank God, I have reached a point where I say what other people do is my business because I have children to follow their example, and I have a soul to be influenced by enviroment, and if we can get you to do right, it is easier for them to do right. If you curse and drink, you are a blot to your country and a curse to every little boy in this town. ["Amen."] "If I want to drink whisky, it is nobody's business!" How would you like for your wife to trot down the streets here every night and go staggering home drunk, and then when somebody mentioned to her, "I am sorry you are throwing yourself away," she were to answer, "It's nobody's business?" You would go to the courthouse in ten minutes, you dirty dog you, and say to the judge: "I have got to have a divorce from my wife. I can't do anything with her, and I want a divorce." And yet your good wife has to put up with a scoundrel like you. [Applause.] There is not an old, besotted, vermin-covered drunkard in this town but wants to be a sober man and live a life of soberness and truth. Yet you say

that it is nobody's business. You are just telling a great big whopping lie. It is everybody's business. [Laughter.] They say that that language is unparliamentary What do you say to that. Brother Werlein? Well, it gets there, doesn't it? All I want is a word. The word that gets there is my word. And what I want is the word that gets there. That is the all-important point to me. [Applause.] I tell you, the good old Anglo-Saxon will get there every time. Take your Latin word "penetrate;" give me the Anglo-Saxon word "pierce." Take that old Latin-derived word "decayed;" give me in preference to it that old Anglo-Saxon word "rotten." I am not hunting after your Latin and Greek derived words, I am hunting after something that I can cut the dog's head off with. [Laughter.] I could find elegant words as well as any preacher in St. Louis; yes, or as well as any man in the city I know where to find them. But they don't get there. [Laughter.] They don't, you see, and that's the point. I tell you, old fellow, until you've got less to hide, until you've tried to begin to lead a clean life, you oughtn't to be too particular in criticising another fellow's style. [Cheers.] Just think of that great big, bloated, gray-haired, cursing sinner in the one breath cursing, and in the next saying: "I have no respect for Sam Jones, because he's so vulgar" Why, that old sinner would use more vulgarity in five minutes than I could use in ten years. And still that old dog will tell you he's no respect for me because I use too much vulgarity Why, brother, a fellow like that telling Sam Jones that he shouldn't speak slang is like the skunk telling the possum that his breath don't smell good. [Laughter and applause. Mr. Jones here endeavored to go on, but for several seconds the cheering was renewed again and again.]

I tell you, my neighbor, there are no depths like the depths sin digs in a man; and if we get a man to quit his sin and to live right, it is the supreme wish of our soul, and the supreme wish of our heart. It is the supreme effort of every word we utter. The devil gets you to wallow in the mire of sin; he debauches you, he makes drunkards of you, and, lastly, he damns you. I need not stand here and argue with you these propositions. I have seen it in the past, we see it to-day, we will see it to-morrow, and some of us will feel it forever. [Amen.]



THE TABERNACLE AT MERIDIAN, MISS.

But, now, take the other picture. If I am a servant of the Lord God, what is the first thing he gives me? The first thing the Lord gave me was the cup of conviction. And when I drank it down, O how it did pain me. Yes, it made the pains of hell get hold of me. I found trouble and sorrow. No mortal man ever suffered such pangs of conscience or such pain as I felt in that hour. That is the first thing God gives you; that was the first thing he gave me. And the next thing he gave me was the cup of salvation. And I drank it down, and said: "Glory be to God!" The first cup was bitter, but a kind of bitter that made everything else taste sweet from that day to this. [Amen.] Bless God for conviction that leads the sinner to see what he is, and bless God for the cup of salvation that brings him up into conscious peace with God, that brings him up into joy of soul and starts him on the way to heaven! [Amen.] The cup of conviction is bitter; but what sweetness and what happiness follow, what sweetness and what joy come with the cup of salvation! Yes, it gets better and better. I have tried it for twenty-three years, and it has been getting better and better all the way along and there is still more to follow and more to follow. [Amen.] And many a time, in a thoughtful moment, when sitting by the side of my noble old grandfather, I would begin to question the old man, and say: "Has it got better? You are now eighty years old—has it got better?" And the answer would cheerfully come: "Yes, my boy; I thank God it has got better and better every year of my life." And when he was eighty-five I put to him the same question, and again the cheerful answer came: "Thank God, it has got better and better." And the last time I was with him he was celebrating his ninetieth birthday, and he told all those about him: "Yes, it has got better and better every step of life that I have traveled." [Amen.] Who can realize what the full salvation of God is to a human soul! Better and still more to follow, more to follow!

They tell me all's well that ends well. I will give you two pictures to take away with you. One is a picture of the force of the words, "The wages of sin is death;" another is a picture of the force of the words, "The gift of God is eternal life." It was in the first days of my pastorate, and the memory of those first days

come up very vividly to me. My first pastorate was away yonder twenty-three years ago. Just one mile west of my church, in the little town where I was pastor, there lived one of the most Godless men who ever was born. Why, he said publicly: "I'd give ten dollars if I could tear down a church before I'd give one dollar to build a church." If there ever was a God-defying, law-defying, wicked man, it was he. He was the worst man who ever lived or died in the State of Georgia. He was a terror to all the people. I was not a mile from that man when he died. In the afternoon, about three o'clock, of the night on which he died—he died about midnight—he called his wife in to him. She, I reckon, was about the only friend he had on earth. She walked into his chamber. He was weak, for he had been sinking for many days; and as she walked up to him he raised himself from his pillow, and with a wild glare in his sunken eyes, and in a voice that was husky with excitement, as he threw the covering from his body, he said: "Wife, come to me!"

"O husband, what is the matter, what is the matter?" she said, with tenderness and sorrow as she approached him.

"I have had," said he, "a most horrible vision."

"You are but excited," she said, as she endeavored to induce him to become calm.

"No," he answered again, and the look of the eyes became wilder as he went on; "no, I've had a vision, a most horrible vision. I thought I was lying on the edge of an old waste field, helpless and worthless and powerless; and as I was lying there all at once I heard the most seraphic and the sweetest music that ever came to my ears; and," he said, "I looked up in the distance and I saw ten thousand angels winging their way right toward me. And when they came to be close enough to see who I was they changed their course and went out of sight and hearing. And when their voices died out, and when the strains of music ceased, and when the forms of the angels had disappeared out of sight, I heard the most hideous roar and saw the most hideous sights that I ever looked upon. And I saw ten thousand demons and devils pressing on toward me and coming down upon me. And when I awakened, ten minutes ago, they were dragging me

down to hell. Wife, keep them off, keep them off; don't let them take my soul before it leaves my body"

That night, in the still hours, a little after the clock struck twelve, he called his wife aloud again. And again there was the wild stare in his eyes, and again his utterance was husky, and he said: "Wife, drive these devils out of the room. Do not let them drag my soul to hell before it leaves my body!" And the wife stood over his poor, wretched form, and she begged him to be calm and to see that he was only dreaming. But he was not to be calmed. That man died that night, and as he was dying he began to scream again: "Wife! wife! they are dragging me down to hell. Drive them away! drive them away!" And as he drew his last breath of life the words were still ringing in the ears of his unhappy wife. That is the wages of sin. That is the end of service of the devil.

Now let me present to you the other picture: Just a little over a mile east of where I was preaching there lived a woman, and the woman was dying, leaving a happy home and a happy husband and a sweet little girl behind—happy in everything, I mean, except for their grief over the approaching end of the sweet wife and mother. She was one of the most saintly women I ever knew. Her husband was very wealthy, so that she had an abundance, and she recognized the responsibility of her position. She was an angel of mercy to the poor. The poor loved her, the Church honored her—everybody loved her. I never knew a more faithful life, a more consecrated, praying woman. She had spent three winters in Florida, suffering from that dread disease, consumption, and at last it had got in its deadly work. After three long winters she returned to her home in Georgia to die. It was in the spring of the year. I remember well a pastoral visit I made to her. I sat in her room talking and extending what little comfort I could. She said to me: "Pastor, my pastor, you who have been such a comfort to me in the past, I want to say to you that in these latter days I fear to die." I did what I could to give her any little comfort in my power. I spoke to her of the after life, of faith, of all which I thought might strengthen her for the hour of trial. "O," she said, "I do not mean to say that I am afraid of death; but I am so weak and so frail that I dread the last hour, I dread to grapple with the monster in

the last moment." And as I stood by the bedside I told her that God would comfort her; that he would go with her down into the valley of the shadow of death; that his divine grace would come to her in her dying hour especially; not to fear, that God would be with her with his rod and staff to lend her aid. I knelt and prayed God's blessing on that sweet Christian mother and wife. I was to see her again, just a day or two after that. I went to her home. There were several friends sitting around her in her room. She beckoned them to retire. She said to me that she had something to say to me, but that she wanted me to hear it alone. "Because," she added, "the world is so liable not to believe it." She was sitting there, wrapped up, in her invalid chair as she said it. "I have something to say to you," she repeated, "but I never want you to mention it to any one, for the world makes light of such things. But to me, to me, it is very sacred." I said: "Madam, you need not fear that I will repeat it. To me it will be as sacred as it is to you." And then she went on: "I told you I dreaded the approach of death a couple of days ago. I did. I dreaded to grapple with the monster; I am so weak and frail. But I do not fear it now" I said: "What change has come over you?" And she replied: "Yesterday I was lying on the bed, thinking. And as I pulled the handkerchief over my face my thoughts turned toward heaven. All at once I beheld a vision. It was as natural and as true as I saw it as anything I have ever seen in life. I thought I was sitting on the moss-covered banks of a beautiful river. The clear, sparkling waters rolled noiselessly by, and all at once an oarsman appeared in sight. He ran to the prow of a beautiful little boat and rowed it to the bank on which I was sitting. And, holding it in position so that it was right at my feet, he invited me to get on board. I got on, and then the little boat glided noiselessly and peacefully away till it reached the other shore. And we landed amid the glorious shouts of the angels and the voices of the redeemed. And I thought those who were singing such beautiful hymns of praise carried me along up a beautiful avenue and into a beautiful palace. I felt a little strange in the place, and then they brought me up and introduced me to the King of the palace. And as soon as my eyes fell on him I recognized him as my precious Saviour and the world's Redeemer, and then I began to be at

home in heaven." Next day her husband was standing over her, and she motioned him to her. And as he leaned down and put his ear to her mouth to hear what she had to say, she just whispered and said: "Husband, I never felt so sweetly strange in all my life." He felt of her body and her arm, and they were cold with the cold of death. He said: "Wife, you are dying." She just caught him round the neck and kissed him, and said: "Husband, if this is death, what a blessing to die!" And as she spoke those happy words she fell back on her pillow and never breathed another breath. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

There is one woman who I believe I have evidence went straight home to heaven. Eleven days from that very day I was going up to the little church to preach, in the little town. I was passing the house where that good Christian woman had died, and her husband called me and said: "Mr. Jones, won't you come in to see my little Annie? She is very ill; the doctors do not think she will live." "Why," I said, "I'm surprised. I had not even heard she was sick. What has happened?" He replied: "She got wet in the creek with a little schoolmate the other day She has something like diphtheria; she appears to be choking, and the doctors seem perfectly powerless to relieve her." I walked into the room where she was lying. She looked like an angel chiseled out of marble, so pale and so calm. Her father said: "Here's your mother's pastor, Mr. Jones. Would you not like him to speak to you?" And she answered: "Yes, yes; I would like him to talk to me." And I approached her and asked her what she would like me to talk about. And she answered: "I would like you to tell me abont heaven." And I told her how it was a place to which sweet little girls went, and how she would be with her mamma forever. And her little eyes fairly shone while I talked to her. Just at that moment two doctors came in. The father said: "Here are the doctors; they want to canterize your throat again." "O," she said, "don't let them do it, sir! It will do no good. Mamma has been calling me all the morning, and I want to go." "But if you go," said her father, "papa will not have any child. Stay with me. I want you." "Very well, papa," she said; "let them do as you like, but I know it won't do any good." And the doctors put

the cruel caustic to her throat, and she looked as sweet and calm as if she were not feeling the pain. And presently a number of her little friends came trooping by from Sunday school, and they called to see her. Her father told her who had come, and she asked all in to see her. They asked her if she would like them to sing. "Yes," she said; "please let us sing 'Sweet By and By.'" And the little girls sang, and as she tried to join in the chorus the spirit of the sweet little Annie went over to join her mamma, leaving her little waxen form on the bed. O let us live the life of the righteous and die their happy death, that our end may be as the end of that good Christian wife and mother and the sweet little daughter. I wish I could see one thousand men come up to this platform and say that, God helping, they would go on a strike on the devil to-night. And now, may the blessing of God abide with us forever and ever! Amen.

TEMPTATION.

SEARCHING ARRAIGNMENT OF LIARS AND DRUNKARDS.

THE disagreeable condition of the streets had no effect on the size of the crowd that assembled to listen to Rev. Sam Jones in Grand Music Hall last night; and, as usual, the place was packed, standing room even being at a premium. Profs. E. O. Excell and Leon Excell led the choir, which prefaced the regular sermon with some beautifully rendered hymns.

In his observations about strong drink, Mr. Jones said that not even a decent infidel would touch the drug, and called upon those who believed as he did on that point to rise. Only about one hundred of the six thousand people present remained seated. Ripples of merriment frequently floated over the audience, and deep-toned "Amens" and "You are rights" came frequently from the audience, and after the sermon Mr. Jones requested those who wished to do right, those who would try to do right, to remain to an after meeting. While the choir sang, Mr. Jones mounted a table near the orchestra railing and shook hands with about five hundred people who had been touched by the word.

THE SERMON.

Now, brethren, I would see to-night one of the best meetings we have ever enjoyed. ["Amen."] We read the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth verses of the first chapter of St. James. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

There are two words in our language, and they belong exclusively to the sacred Scriptures. The one is "holiness," and the other is "sin." These two terms cover the field on both sides of the moral world. This term "holiness" comprehends the very nature of God,

and is the very *ultimatum* of all that is good. The term "sin," which is the opposite to holiness, covers all that is wicked and depraved and devilish and infernal in this world and in the world to come. Holiness is honor and manhood, and peace and heaven; sin is misery, unmanliness, wickedness, degradation, death, damnation. Now this text before us teaches us that when sin is finished it bringeth forth death. And I want to talk to you particularly to-night along the line of sin getting in its work; and after all a man needs no Bible, no preacher, no theological book nor dissertation to teach him that holiness is elevating, and that sin demoralizes and deadens, and dooms and damns. I can walk the streets of your city and see it written in living characters in the countenances and lives of men and women in this city who can talk it out stronger than I can, stronger than an angel could speak it out. Sin will ruin a man; it will ruin a city; it will ruin a world. Sin will demoralize a man; it will demoralize a city; it will demoralize a world. Sin will damn a man; it will damn a city; it will damn a world. And it is the only thing in the universe of God that will do it. Disappointments sadden us, and death in our homes bereaves us, and financial depression may harass us; but I tell you, my countrymen, sin is the only thing in the world that ever touched a character to demoralize it or hurt it or ruin it.

I was talking to a young man to-day. He said to me, among other things: "I haven't lived right, and I have lost a position in this city and places in this city on account of reports about me." And I looked at him, and I said: "O that I could lead every young man in this world to see that character is what he most needs to bottom heaven on, and to bottom position on, and to bottom place on in this world." O that I could show every boy that character outranks everything; and that whatever he does wrong is cutting the grit from under his character, and thence from under his position, and finally from under his existence, and he drops the everlasting, hopeless drop that lands him in despair. I wish we could rid ourselves of the idea that it is wrong to steal just because God said it is wrong, or wrong to tell a lie because God said it is wrong, or wrong the get drunk because God said it is wrong. Brother, listen to me: A thing is not wrong because God said it is wrong. It is not wrong to steal simply because

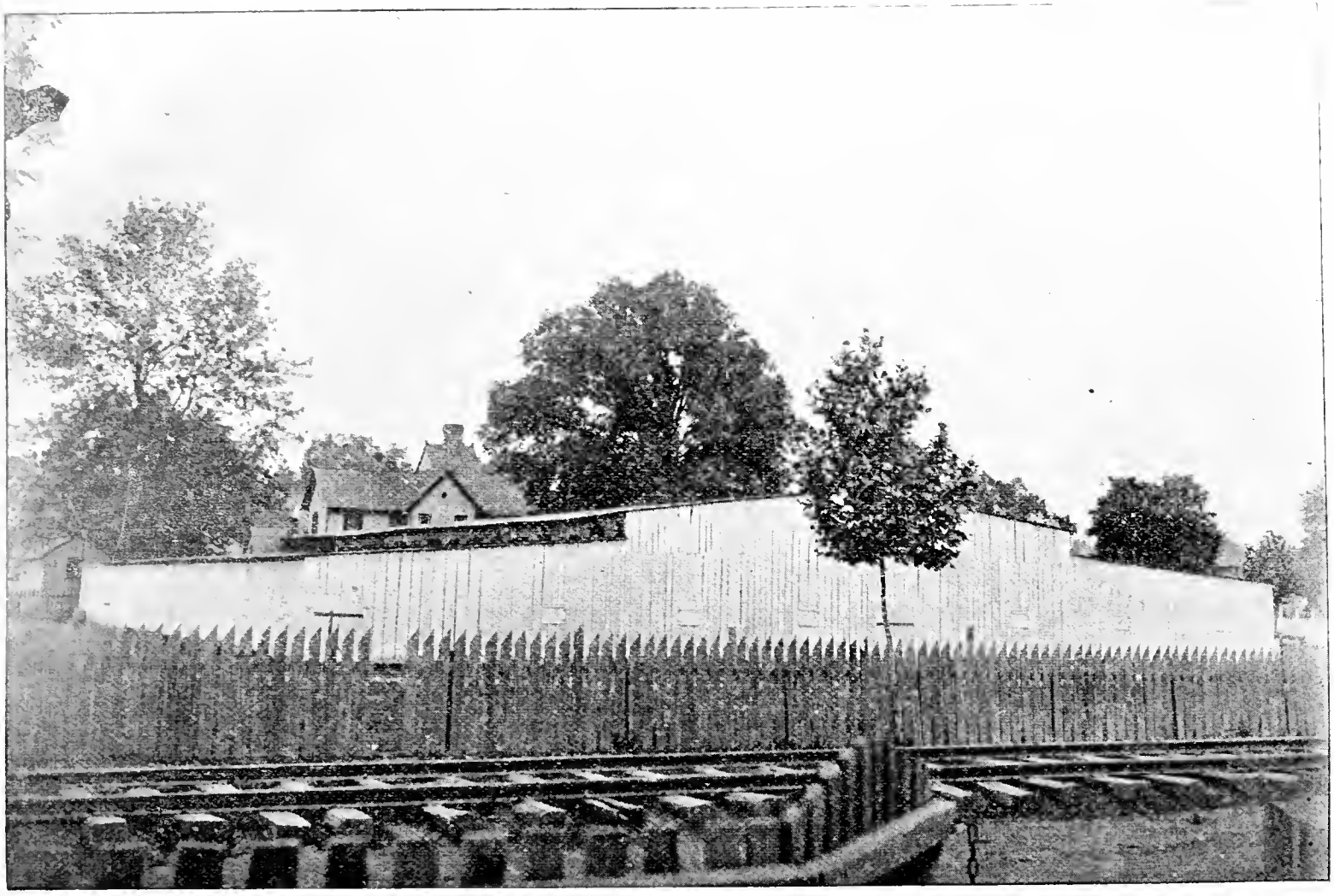
God said it is wrong to steal; but God said, "Thou shalt not steal," because it is wrong to steal. It is not wrong to tell a lie simply because God said it is wrong. God said, "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" but it was wrong to do it before God spoke it, and he spoke it because he ought to do it to guard and protect you against the thing that cuts the grit from under your manhood and your character. And, after all, the Lord God is but a picket fence around the pitfalls of the devil.

I was in a large pasture sometime ago where cattle and horses were grazing, and I saw down near the center of the pasture a high picket fence, a circular fence. I said to the farmer: "What have you that fence there for? Is that a graveyard?" He said: "No, sir; let's walk down there." I walked down, and when I walked up to the fence I saw that he had fenced one of those great sink holes or pits probably fifty feet deep. I said: "I see now; this fence is to keep the cattle and colts and horses and calves out of that pitfall." He said: "That's just it." And the Ten Commandments and the moral precepts of the Bible, brother, are just nothing more to your soul than picket fences around the devil's pitfalls, and God Almighty put them up there to keep you out; but most of you rascals are such good jumpers that you get right over whether they are there or not. [Laughter.] And sooner or later—hear my words—you will realize that God said, "Thou shalt not do it," because it is wrong to do it; and he set not only the interdiction that you shouldn't do it, but he set a promise on the other side: "If thou dost not do these things, thou shalt live and maintain thy character intact forever."

I read a letter from a man since I have been on this platform, saying: "I am a wreck; I am ruined; I have not only had the very grit cut from under my own character, but I have lost that which is dearer than all the earth: association with my sweet wife and my little children." And I tell you, my neighbor, if a man will look the facts in the face as they are, it is enough to rush him up to the Lord's side and make him pray for the grace that will enable him to live an upright, noble life, free from sin and practicing holiness every day that he lives.

I got a letter from a lady friend some years ago, saying: "Come out to my home; I want to see you." And I got in my buggy

and drove out just two miles, and when I walked up on the front porch of that home I met a wife with five little girls, her children, and a little boy at her side; and when I walked up on the porch I spoke to the wife and little children, and the tears were streaming down their cheeks, and they couldn't talk. They took me by the hand and led me into the hall and to the front door to the right; and there, lying on the bed, was a poor, wretched, drunken, besotted man. I looked at him and looked at his wife and helpless little children, and I said: "O God, sin is not only bringing this man down, but it is bringing his precious wife and children down to degradation and to death with him." O how I wish I could get you to see that you are not only involved personally, but your wife is involved and your little children are involved and the whole community is involved in the wicked deeds of your life and the terrible example that you have set in the practice of your sin and your godless life before the community! When sin is finished it bringeth forth death. That is what we want you to see, and I stand here to-night, as I said, to discuss this text in a practical way; for after all, the longer I live and the more I see, the more I go on practical things. I like a practical farmer, a practical mechanic, a practical bookkeeper, a practical preacher, and, above everything else, give me a practical religion, that makes a man live right seven days in a week and three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days in every year of his life. ["Amen" and applause.] And religion that is not practical is not anything. If your religion don't make you tell the truth and stay sober all your days and live right, your religion is an insult to God and to everybody in your community. But if it makes you tell the truth and live right, makes you a good husband to your wife and a good father to your children and a good citizen, then you have got the religion that honors God and will save your soul at last. A practical religion! I never was much on theory; there are so many theories that won't work, and, brother, the real practical test, and the real practical life, and the real practical doing what you profess, is the thing that makes you an honest man, and makes you respected in the community where you live. ["Amen" and applause.] A prohibitionist going home drunk twice a week! [Laughter.] A steward in the Methodist Church, whose business it is to go around and receive



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generous contributions to the Church and to God, and he a stingy dog himself! What do you want with that sort of man? A woman that professes to be a disciple of the meek and lowly Christ, peaceful and gentle in her nature, a sort of perfect typhoon in her home! How can such religion as that impress itself upon a husband and a child? A man claiming to be an upright, good man, setting a good example, will walk out of these infernal saloons, wiping his mouth in the presence of gazers who pass along the street! A man that does that and professes to be a Christian is a hypocrite, and he knows it better than anybody else in town knows it. [Applause.] Why, a decent sinner won't drink whisky, much less a member of the Church. [Laughter and applause.] It is a fact. I know that is a hard thing to say in St. Louis. O that I could make a clean sweep of the whole business! [Laughter and applause.] I grant you that, and I repeat it in all the depths of my soul, a decent sinner won't drink whisky, and, my Lord! what is to be said of a member of the Church that will drink, when it makes a man beat, kick, and cuff his wife and his children, and murder his neighbor, and, finally, confuse society If it makes a man do that, then, I repeat it, a decent sinner won't drink it. If I was an infidel, God knows I would be like old Bob Ingersoll, a dead sober one, I would. [Applause.] I know this sort of doctrine is not common in St. Louis. I venture no preacher living in it ever said such a thing in this town before, that a decent sinner wouldn't drink whisky, much less a member of the Church; and you know it is so. [This brought forth a solitary response of "Yes," from the audience.] Thank God there is one man in St. Louis that agrees with my proposition [laughter] that a decent sinner won't drink whisky! [Renewed laughter.] Let me see how many men and women in this audience agree with that proposition. Every man and woman in this audience that says, "Jones, you're right!" and I don't care if you are tanked up right now, you know whether it is right or wrong. [Laughter.] I want everybody here that says: "Jones, I agree with you that a decent sinner won't drink whisky when it has made other men kill their wives and butcher their children and desolate home life and pauperize their family: if it makes men do that, then a decent sinner won't drink whisky" Now, if you believe a decent sinner will drink, you hug your bench; sit on

it, old fellow; but if you agree with me, stand up, every man, woman, and child in the audience. [Here almost the entire audience arose.] Now, you fellows sitting down feel mighty lonesome, don't you? [Applause and laughter.] Now listen: Here are almost six thousand people in this audience to-night that stand up and say that. I am glad you are coming to your senses in St. Louis. ["Amen."] And I believe the best way, after all, to dry out these saloons is for every man to quit drinking. ["Amen."] If nobody in this town will buy tainted beef, they will quit putting it on the market; and if nobody will buy whisky, nobody will offer it for sale. Sin makes a man drink whisky; sin makes him tell lies. And look what those two things will do for a fellow: Whisky will make an honest man steal, a brave man a coward, and a gentleman a dog [applause and laughter]; but if you don't believe that, I can show you living specimens of it in this town. It made a brave man a coward, it made an honest man steal, and it made a gentleman a perfect dog.

[This sentiment brought out a response from the audience, "Worse than a dog," and a further remark, "Where is the dog?"] To the last remark Mr. Jones said: "They will spot you, bud, and lick you." [Laughter.] It is getting in its work! And the fellow that is a liar! Is there a more infamous character than a common liar, a man whose wife can't trust him, a man whose neighbor can't trust him? There ain't a woman in God's world that can respect a man long beyond the point where she can't trust him. Hear that! And when he loses the respect that his wife has for him, he has well-nigh hit the bottom of infamy You know that. A lying woman, a woman that a husband can't trust, there ain't a man that the Lord ever made can respect a woman or love a woman whose word he can't rely upon. A man that will tell a lie, a boy that will tell a lie, that will go on and do mean and dirty tricks and lies, if his father reproaches him, will stand up and tell lies six feet long and two feet thick [laughter]; what is such a boy as that worth to the community? What is the promise of such a fellow to the world? Sin makes him drink whisky, and I will tell you another thing: They say sometimes it is best just to measure everybody's corn in your own bushel. I don't believe there is a man in this world that drinks whisky but what will lie to his

wife about it. [Applause.] Now you listen: And you, old fellow! [Laughter.] You will go down every day and take from ten to fifteen and twenty drinks; and your wife will ask you: "Husband, haven't you been drinking too much since leaving home this morning?" And you reply: "No, I haven't taken but one drink today." You lying rascal, you! [Laughter.] I drank whisky, and if you don't lie to your wife, it is because you haven't got as much respect for your wife as I have for mine. [Laughter.] What do you say, you old red nose, what do you say? There have been occasions that I wouldn't let her know how much I was drinking, and scarcely admitted to myself how much I drank; and there ain't a mean thing on earth that lying and whisky drinking don't lead to. That is just one of many, and I could stand here and recount the other deeds, the dishonest transactions. A merchant will get to where you don't believe what he says; a farmer gets where you can't rely upon him. I tell you, neighbor, it is an awful thing to be known as a dishonest man, and also as a whisky drinker. It is a terrible thing. And these are sins and some of many, and I don't care what your sin is; if it is a sin, old fellow, it is cutting the grit from under your character, and sooner or later you will go down with the sins to where they came from; they have come after you; there is not a sin that curses this world or a human life in this world, that doesn't come up from hell, and they will come for you and take you back with them. Sin! Now we see sin not only cuts the grit from your character, and lets it fall, but I want to come to you personally, brother, with a plea that will arouse you and have you fly for your life this night. I want to say that when sin is getting in its work on a man it does it almost imperceptibly, and a man is almost totally dead before he imagines that he is diseased at all.

Now hear: Sin is compared to the bite of a serpent. In one of our Eastern countries it is said that there never has been any antidote found or anything that would counteract the virus or poison injected by the fangs of a serpent there, and its bite means death. One of our explorers over in that Eastern country saw, sitting in a grove, two of the inhabitants, one of whom this fearfully venomous serpent had bitten on the big toe. And the poor fellow sat down upon a log over which he cringed in pain, and a few minutes

later he said to his companion: "Now my foot is perfectly dead to my ankle; it is dead, perfectly feelingless." And then directly he said: "Now my leg is perfectly dead to my knees. You could stick a knife through the flesh, and I couldn't feel it." A few moments longer, and he said: "My leg is perfectly dead to my body." A few moments longer, and he said: "This side of me is perfectly dead and powerless." A few moments longer the poison crossed over in the circulation and run up and down his left side, and in a moment or two grappled the ventricles and auricles of his heart, and he smothered and fell over dead in fifteen minutes after the serpent injected the poison, and he literally died by the inch. And sin gets in its work just that way upon poor mortal men like we are. It begins and it ends, it commences and it goes through; and I say that sin when it is finished means death, and as it goes along in its fearful ravages the first thing it destroys is the conscience.

Now, brother, I want to say to you that every sin of your life deliberately and willfully committed is a direct stab at your conscience, and men stab and stab and stab their consciences until conscience breathes its last and dies forever. I am talking to men in this audience to-night who have stabbed their consciences to death, and it has been weeks and years since your conscience drew a breath or moved a muscle. Conscience! And if you ask me, "Jones, what is the matter with this nation?" I will say, in reply, "This nation has stabbed its conscience to death." Would you go to Washington City to hunt a conscience? [Response of "No, sir"]

What sort of a conscience did this Congress just adjourned have? If you were going to hunt a conscience, would you hunt it in that direction? Not only did they not cut this great country loose from whisky and its partnership in it, but it told every brewer and distiller, "You've got to give up more of it, more of your revenue, and put this government deeper in with the damnable traffic than it has ever been before." You know that is true.

And, I tell you right now that there is no national conscience; that is stabbed to death. [Applause.] God bless you, brother! You think these poor fellows, the "third party," will yet revivify the national conscience and set things straight. Well, this third

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party, or third part of a party, may be all right now. But, why, God bless you, brother! you've had a good man and an honest man, but as soon as these other fellows want to win they'll buy him over, too. I don't reckon they've got any of your men yet. But why is that? Because they've had no need for 'em. They've got plenty of their own cattle. [Laughter.] They got 'em by inheritance. [Laughter.] And then what's the State conscience? Look at the Legislature you have on hand.

If you're a hunting a conscience, will you go to Jefferson City? Would you, brother? And if you were to go to Jefferson City, would you go to the penitentiary or to the State Capitol? [Laughter.] Where is the conscience of the State? What sort is it? No, I say, men can stab the State conscience till it dies, and they can stab the national conscience till it dies, and they have stabbed both.

Now what do you say about your municipal conscience? Does anybody, living or dead, imagine that St. Louis, for example, has a municipal conscience? [Laughter.] Does there? I ask it in all seriousness. Hear me! These good preachers—God bless them for their work!—are making an Herculean effort to have the Sabbath respected in this town. Their task is an Herculean one, but what help do they receive from those responsible for the city's government? Why, bless you, these people absolutely make fun of them! They say: "Well, yes, we'll enforce the law; we'll do all you want; we'll prevent street cars from running; we'll shut up the hotels, and we'll see that Sam Jones shan't preach on Sunday." [Laughter.] Why, they make fun of the whole business, turn the thing into ridicule.

Where's the municipal conscience? There you are told that if the saloon keeper cannot sell liquor on Sunday the preacher cannot preach on Sunday. You are told that the saloon keeper sells liquor for a living, the preacher preaches for a living, and if the saloon keeper cannot sell his liquor the preacher cannot preach, "for it's all business, anyhow" [Laughter.] What do you say to it? Do you not see the same spirit on every hand? O we have not only the flesh and the devil to block our way, but the powers and municipalities and wickedness in high places, and the fellow that means business has got to run the gantlet if he establishes a standard

of right and is determined to live up to it. [Applause.] You have a law, and the law is disrespected. What is law? It's a rule of action in a State, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong. If you have a law you cannot enforce, you have anarchy; if you have a law that you do not enforce, you have communism in your community Any law ought to be abolished in an hour or enforced every day that God's sun shines. [Applause.] If it's a bad law, enforce it, and it will be repealed; if it's a good law, stand by it, and men will honor you for it. [Applause.]

From what I can learn of the Sunday law enforcement question, it means business. [Applause.] And if I were one of those who're trying to enforce it, I'd go at it and stick to it and bring my knitting with me and sit it out. [Laughter.] Yes, I would, and that's the way to fight the question. [Applause.] But look at the thing and say where your conscience is.

But I come down to something worse still. The Church has no conscience. Absolutely the Church itself has well-nigh stabbed its conscience to death. Where's the individual conscience? Men in their individual capacity have stabbed their conscience to death. From Maine to California, in this Christian country, the conscience is dead; and if I had but one prayer to offer, it would be this: "O Lord God, come down on the world and dig up the conscience in every man's bosom, and let it come forth a living thing one more time before we die." [Amen.]

What sort of conscience have those fellows who're running this race track over there? And what sort of conscience have those fellows who go out there and bet on it? What sort of conscience has that man who overrides the Sabbath and every institution that's dear to the heart of God? I believe in moral suasion for the individual to bring him to God and to a nobler life; I believe in legal suasion to bring men to a better standard; and I believe in prison suasion for every damnable outlaw in this country. [Applause.] Ain't that sound sentiment? [Applause.]

You clap your hands in a gathering like this, and yet when the election comes off in about three weeks men who are working for the right will find you swallowing a ticket from snout to tail as rotten as rotten can be. [Laughter.] You will. Ain't I right, Brother

Jarrell? ["You are."] There is but one pastor here on the platform to-night, and he says he's with me on that proposition. [Laughter.] Yes, and there's the curse of this country. Regeneration will never come to this country until God digs up the conscience of men and until they see what duty is and have the courage to perform it. [Applause.] To-day a man never asks what is right or wrong, but what money there is in it. That is the standard in this country to-day [Applause.] That is the cry all over. It is not confined to the sinner. Why, bless you! you'll find it in the Church itself. I'll venture to say that there are deacons in the churches in this country to-day who would not vote to drive out whisky, because if they did it would reduce their rents. [Laughter.] Absolutely, that's a fact. There's no use in talking about putting whisky out of St. Louis; that's a chimerical idea, brother. But I tell you the day will come when there will not be a saloon in this town. [Applause.] Put that down, brother. Why, the Whisky Trust is busted now [Applause.] It is. The whole thing is in bankruptcy [Applause.] It's a fact; and I dare say that there's not one saloon keeper in this town who's making money. And whenever it comes to a time when the saloon keeper is not making money the last fellow in the business will quit it. I never knew a fellow to run a saloon when it didn't pay. No; no one runs the damnable business for the honor there's in it. But while it pays they will run it. Yes; though it eternally destroys the peace of men, though it puts an end to the happiness of home, though it's responsible for the breaking of the hearts of wife and mother and for the destruction of the happiness of little children—though it be responsible for all these things, I say men will run it so long as it pays.

It makes men murder their wives, it makes them kill their children, it peoples hell with immortal souls; yet men will go on selling it day by day, from Saturday to Saturday, and from Christmas to Christmas.

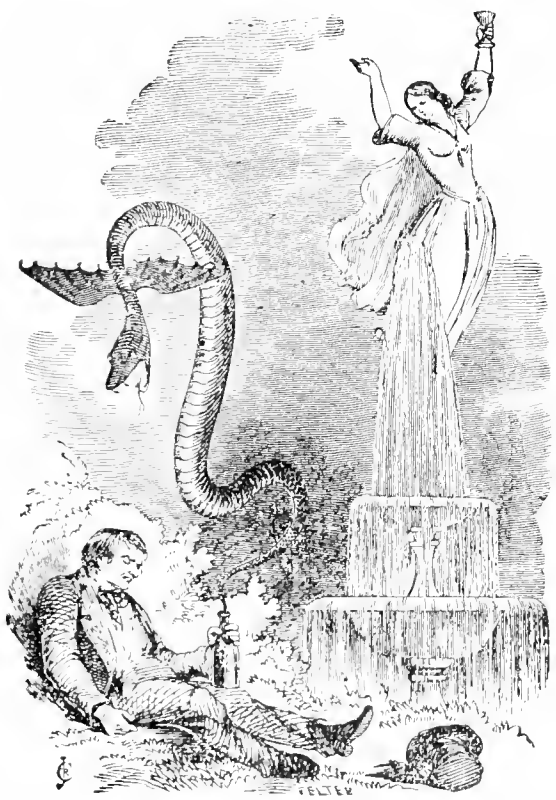
No conscience! You will go on doing the meanest and lowest down things in the world for dollars and cents, and then you will go to your Bible and your pastor, and you will look God in the face and say: "Well, I'm obliged to live." Who told you that? It's a lie. You're not obliged to do anything of the kind. Neigh-

bor, you can die any day of your life. [Applause.] You can. There's plenty better men than you are dead. [Laughter.] I expect some of your wives wouldn't be very sorry if you were dead to-night. My brother told me he had attended the funeral of a fellow down in one of the Southern States. And he went up and asked the widow how she was. And she said she had such a terrible cold she didn't enjoy the occasion at all. [Laughter.] She seemed to think that if she were well she would have enjoyed it. [Laughter.] Yes, and enjoyed it well. [Laughter.] You go on practicing your deviltry for dollars and cents, and have no other excuse for it except that you're obliged to live. Blessed be God! you can say you saw one man who was not obliged to live. I say I'm not obliged to live. I bless God for it. But I say also I am obliged to do right whether I live or die. [Applause.] And no man can stand on any lower plane than that. [Applause.] You cannot get higher than doing right, and you can't get lower down than doing wrong. [Applause.] What will you quarrel with me about? I will give my head, cut off with a dull case knife, if he will run over twenty years of my ministry and show wherever I denounced anything but the wrong, or where I ever championed anything but the right. [Applause.] I will stand on that and die right there. [Applause.] If you are in the right way, you and I are as thick as seven in a bed. [Laughter.] If you stand on the other side, we cannot agree. [Applause.] I stand by the right, and I know I stand by the side of every good woman and every innocent child in this country. [Applause.] I do, and I never claimed to stand anywhere else. [Applause.] I never did, and as long as I champion the interests of women and children and right I am willing to abide the consequences. [Applause.]

I have had some say to me and write me blood-curdling letters, saying, "We will shoot you down to-morrow night;" and I have looked them in the face and said, "Fire away." And I have said to myself: "If they follow me to my bed to-night and slay me with the assassin's knife, what of it? I'll be in heaven before they get home." And will any fellow growl about going to heaven before his time? [Applause.] Stay by your convictions, and men will honor you. But if you're one of those little conscienceless fellows, afraid to speak your mind, then your friends have a contempt for

you and your enemies don't know you're in the world. Stay by what you believe is right, and then all is right. Stab your conscience to death, and then you stab everything that can hold you back on your way to ruin.

The first great physical power in this nineteenth century, to my mind, is the throttle valve of the locomotive engine, and the next greatest power is supplied by the air brakes. In the first you have the go ahead power; in the next, the check power. I have sat on the engine of one of these trunk lines talking to the engineer. I have watched the engine as it rolled along. I have sometimes looked ahead, and said to the engineer: "Sir, see the cattle on the track!" And as the engine was rushing ahead with its mighty momentum, the engineer turned the air brake round, slipped every brake on every wheel, and he pulled his whistle lever, and just as we would reach the place where the cattle were standing the last one would disappear. I said once to one of these engineers, "Sir, what a blessing these brakes are!" and he replied and said, "Mr. Jones, the schedules we make now would be impossible without these brakes."



The greatest power God ever bestowed on man is his will power, the power to go ahead with the right; and the next greatest power is the won't power, the power that will say: "I'll die before I will go on with that; I'll stop that wrong." That is the power that enables a man to put on the brake to bring a stop to his downward career. That is the power which enables him to turn to God and give up his ways of sin, and to come to a better and nobler life.

A short time ago an engineer on one of the Eastern trunk lines pulled his great passenger train up a long summit and through a

long tunnel. And just as he came out on the other side of the tunnel he looked at his watch. "We are sixty minutes late," he said, "and I must make connection this morning. I'll make up what time I can between this and the river, which is just seventeen miles." He jumped up on the cushioned seat by the side of the lever and pulled it up until it was nearly perpendicular. And the engine jumped down that incline till it had attained a momentum of seventy miles an hour. And then, just as he came within one mile of the long bridge, he saw it was time to slow up. He went to the brakes, but O, they would not work. He caught the whistle lever and pulled at it to signal to the brakemen to turn the levers on at the other end of the train. The brakemen got together for a moment and consulted, and they said: "We daren't stand on the platform. See how the train jumps! We'd be instantly thrown off." Then the engineer called again to have the brakes applied. The excitement of the warning told that if the brakes were not applied instant death awaited them. And the conductor ran up to the brakemen and commanded them to put on the brakes. But they said· "We cannot do it." He answered: "If they're not applied, it means instant death to us all." The brakemen said: "We cannot go on that platform; it is death to us if we do; we will risk it here with the balance of you." A moment later the engine rolled onto the bridge, then the mail and baggage cars, then the first and second class coaches; then the Pullman cars swerved and struck the bridge, and all, with their human freight, fell into the river below

There are men here to-night listening to my voice who are approaching the bottom of the downward hill to hell. And what if the brake will not work? There is that drunken man, out there. He has promised to give up drink. He is rolling down to the drunkard's grave to-night with a momentum that he never knew before. There is that profane man. He has promised a thousand times to give up his profanity Yet he is rolling down the hill to-night with a momentum that would make angels weep. God pity the man who is thus running down and who has gone to the point where the brakes will not work!

Poor Bob, of Rome, Ga. He drank till he lost everything that could make life pleasant. He made his family miserable. He

drank and drank until his friends lost confidence in his ability to stop it. On and on he went in his downward career. Finally in his own home he was brought up with delirium tremens, debauched and wrecked and ruined in life and in character. And there, lying on his dying couch, wrecked and ruined, we see him in his last moments. His friends stayed with him to hold him. It took four men to keep him down. He tried to beat his arms off against the bedposts; he tried to bite his tongue out of his mouth. His wife and little ones crouched in the next room, weeping. And at last, when a lucid interval came, he looked up to his doctors and said: "Is there any chance for my poor life?" And the doctors said: "No; to stop drinking will kill you, to drink will kill you." And so the poor, ruined man foundered on the shores of damnation. What a sight! It was enough to make the devil hide his black face and moan to see one rolling with such momentum down to hell.

There are eighteen hundred saloons in this city, and they're bringing eighteen thousand souls down to hell day by day There you men sit to-night on the last down grade, and what if you go on till the brakes won't work? Let me beg of you to-night to stop right where you are, put on the brakes, reverse, and come to a nobler and better life. There is yet time. But it will soon pass away Lord help you to see your position in all its awfulness to-night! Let you as individuals say here to-night: "With God's help I'll turn my back on sin right here. It shall not continue till my life is finished and bring death to my immortal soul." We will hold an after service. Let those who are in earnest remain. Let Christians stay to work; let sinners stay to become candidates for a better life. Stay with us and get all the good you can as these passing moments fly. And now may the blessing of God Almighty abide with us now and forever! Amen.

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

IF there had been any lingering doubt as to the impression Rev. Sam Jones is making upon St. Louis with his revival services, that doubt must have been buried a full fathom deep yesterday afternoon, when more than six thousand men, eager to listen to his words, swarmed into the Music Hall, filling every seat in one of the grandest auditoriums in America, standing by hundreds along the walls and aisles, upstairs and downstairs, invading the orchestra and stage, until the most extended capacity of the mammoth building had been reached, and late arrivals were compelled to remain in the corridors outside. Six thousand males of all ages and conditions, representing apparently all classes of citizenship! Such an audience stands without parallel in the annals of either the Exposition Music Hall or of St. Louis. Nor was the service in any degree less memorable than the size and character of the multitude that participated in it. When the evangelist mounted his pedestal on the platform he preached the gospel as it has never been preached in this great city. Choosing as his text the words "Escape for thy life," he cried out, in tones that will reach far beyond the limits penetrated by his ringing voice, for an equal standard of morality between man and woman. Blasphemy, profanity, gambling, licentiousness, drunkenness, were taken up one by one and depicted by the evangelist vividly and unflinchingly. The sins of a great city were exposed and excoriated. Home thrusts were dealt impartially on every side, so that the hearers were alternately convulsed and thrilled. No such cheers or enthusiasm have been evoked in St. Louis by any single speaker as those which burst forth spontaneously yesterday afternoon from the mass of masculine humanity against which Rev Sam Jones hurled the thunderbolts of his eloquence. As a climax, with bowed head and with moisture streaming down his cheeks, he told of his own personal sorrows and wrung the souls of the thousands around him by

one of the most touching stories ever narrated by living preacher. There was no mistaking the effect. Men who have been strangers to such feelings from childhood found their hearts throbbing. The cords that usually restrain the outward evidences of emotion were snapped asunder. Many sobbed aloud, and hundreds held their handkerchiefs to their eyes to wipe away irrepressible tears. No one present at this service will ever forget it.

In addressing the congregation on the practical question of finance, Mr. Jones early evoked applause by the emphatic statement that his sole object in coming to St. Louis was the moral betterment of every man, woman, and child in the city. "Now, hear me!" he continued. "I tell you, old fellow, the saloon keeper or the lawyer or the preacher will get part of the money you leave your children. Which would you rather have it, the lawyer to get them out of the scrape, or the saloon keeper to get them into a scrape, or the preacher to lead them to a better life? I tell you I am for the preachers every time. I like them. I'm one of them. [Roars of applause.] I'd rather be a preacher than Cleveland; my job will last longer than his. Now some of you brothers stand up night after night, and yet allow us to plank up for the rent of this hall. Now let's bring this to an end. I'd hate to have it said to my grandchildren that I was one of an audience like this that wouldn't pay the rent. Religion tells us all about tabernacles, but nothing about "tabernickels." There's many a fellow here that can't get a seat; now, brother, you just give a dollar to-day or get up and give your seat to a gentleman. I've heard of men getting boys to come in early and occupy seats at my meetings and paying the boys a quarter for the seats later on. Once when the fellow came in and offered the quarter to the little ragged boy, the boy said: "No, I don't want it. I want to hear what Mr. Jones is going to say" You know you couldn't buy a seat for a quarter or for half a dollar, and yet you sit there and beat your way, you dirty dog, you! Now I want to see this afternoon the greatest religious uprising ever seen in this town, and the best way to do so is to pay the rent. I hope we will not only pay the rent this afternoon, but that we will get enough to pay up the back rent." Mr. Jones then directed the ushers, who went round with hats while the choir sang. Prof. Excell rendered a solo, "The Road to

Heaven," in a manner that earned warm commendation. He was never in finer voice, the superb gathering appearing to inspire him to a grand effort.

THE SERMON.

I have only about three questions to put to any man who calls himself a minister and stands up to preach to me. And these three questions, if he answers them satisfactorily, will throw the doors of my heart and conscience open to him. The first question I would put to anybody who stands up to preach to me would be about this: "Are you posted on the subject you are discussing?" or, in other words, "Do you know what you are talking about?" [Laughter.] This answered, I would put this one: "Do you mean kindly toward me in what you have to say?" That question answered, one more: "Do you live what you preach?"

Now, as to the first one—"Are you posted on the subject you are discussing?" you can determine that for yourself. Secondly, "Do you mean kindly toward me?" Thank God! I haven't in my heart a thing in this world but kindness toward every man alive. [Applause.] I would be willing for every man living on this earth to take my heart, if possible, just like this book, and turn it leaf by leaf, and I don't believe that I would lose a friend or make a foe if the world could see my heart, for I live truly, without unkindness toward anybody I don't agree with everybody I sometimes hit a crowd a mighty hard lick, but when I see my boy on the plumbing line and I take him and sink him, that ain't any sign I don't love him; that is a sign I want to raise him right up, and raise him often. [Laughter.] And, really that is the only way to raise a boy right, to raise him often. [Laughter.] Then as to the question: "Do you live what you preach?" Now, you know this much: that a fellow that throws as many rocks as Sam Jones does can't afford to live in a glass house. [Laughter.] Now, what do you say to that? [Responses of "That's so," and applause.] I will tell you, neighbor, if you are going to throw rocks like I have been throwing them for the last fifteen years, you had better get a bombproof place to stay in. [Laughter.] You do that. Well, now, I am no angel; I had off my robe this morning, and my wings ain't budding even [laughter], and I tell you one thing: I will not condemn in another man a thing that I am doing

myself. I won t do that! I have never said it like I know you say I did, and a man that will say that is a hypocrite. I am trying my best to live what I preach, and I say it in all respect and kindness, the best way to get onto a fellow is to go to his home where he lives, and if you will go down there and find a poor widow that I have ever turned a cold shoulder to when she came to me for help, or say when I ever suffered a poor negro to be turned out of his house for the lack of means, or that I suffered a poor, destitute negro to suffer when preaching in my town, I will give up my license and quit preaching. I will [applause] try to practice what I preach. And you know as well as you know you are living that if Sam Jones did it there is a crowd in this town that would pull the columns of the papers any day on him double-quick. They would. [Laughter.] Thank God, they got no joke on me. [Renewed laughter.] Well, now, listen! I say these things because we hear a great many things. Now you will find fools that will tell you a great many things, but when you come down to the point it will come out like these D.Ds. Some of them have hunted up my slang, and have gone to picking it out and putting their fingers on it. It ain't slang; it is just something that fits the occasion exactly You see the point. It is a pretty hard matter to convict a fellow of slang when the only language that gets there in shape is in good form. It is, as sure as you are born. [Laughter and applause.] Now it wouldn't suit you, Brother Jarrell, to get up and preach like me, would it? [Laughter.] And, Brother Smith, you know my style wouldn't suit you. [Laughter.] Of course it wouldn't. Every man has his style. [Laughter.] I say it and stick to it. we have college-made preachers and self-made preachers, and all sorts of preachers; but God Almighty made me from head to heel, just like I am and I haven't interfered with his job one particle. [Laughter.] I just repeat it. I run it just like he made it. Every man has his style, and I want to say right now, once for all, that I love every preacher in this town, and I never have said aught against any preacher in this town. I defy you to show it. I have sat with them on this platform, and I have met and shaken hands with about twelve or fifteen thousand preachers, and I never shook hands with a half dozen in my life that weren't good men. Now, I have said that repeatedly, that every preacher in this town is a

good man. Understand that. I know this much: they are not all up and hustling like I see the balance of the world hustling. That's all I have said. If a preacher is consecrated to God and he is hustling, then I never say anything against him. And if he ain't hustling, then I tap him up, and he goes to kicking every time, just like a mule. [Laughter and applause.] Brother Smith, you have been with me in three or four meetings, haven't you? Did you ever see me hit a brother except when his hind leg was wearing out against the singletree? [Laughter and applause.] Now that's right, and I have always taught the boys that when a mule is wearing out his hind legs against a singletree to tap him up; and if he doesn't do anything else, he will change the point of irritation. [Laughter.]

Now hear: I want to talk plainly and candidly to you, my brother, this afternoon, and will do it in all kindness and love. And if any of you feel that you can't stand plain, naked truth rubbed on you a little thicker and faster than you ever had it done in your life, and live to tell of it, you had better retire right now. [Laughter.] You needn't come whining around me after it is over and tell me that I hurt your feelings. Law me! you had no business to bring your feelings out here this afternoon. [Laughter.] This is no place for feelings, and if you think you can carry the plain, naked truth and stay by the fellow that will preach it, then I say to you, you and I shall be friends, and, so help me God, I will preach the plain, naked truth here this afternoon; and this body of six thousand men can take me down to the banks of the old Mississippi and tie a weight to my body and sink me beneath its muddy waters until the bubbling waves have passed over me; but my body will sing it back to you: "You have drowned an honest man who had the courage of his convictions, and who would preach the truth if he died in a minute."

Now give us your attention. We read these words as the text: "Escape for thy life," nineteenth chapter of the book of Genesis, seventeenth verse. Now God has implanted in every man's bosom an instinctive love of life. He has also implanted in the bosom of every man an instinctive dread of death. We all love life; we all dread death. I need not stand here and argue these two propositions. There is nothing in the universe stronger than my love

of life and my dread of death, except one thing, and that is despair: and suicide is the last retreat of despair I need not stand here and call your attention to the fact that millions are spent upon our institutions, upon the health resorts, upon the famous mineral springs, upon a thousand remedies that are offered for the healing of the body I needn't stand here and point out these facts. And we take it as a truism that we all love life and we all dread death. Now my text teaches us a great lesson, and enforces it like a divine exhortation: "Escape for thy life." Now we know that in the physical world there are certain substances that are health-producing and life-perpetuating such as healthful food. We know that in the physical world there are certain poisonous substances that are death-producing to the body We know that in the intellectual world there are certain lines of truth and thought that ennoble and develop and expand a man, and we know that in the intellectual world there are certain down-grade lines that dwarf and dwindle and doom the intellect of a man; and, just as it is true in the physical and in the intellectual world, so it is true in the higher and moral and spiritual world. There are certain lines of moral conduct that are life-perpetuating to the soul of a man. There are other lines of immoral conduct that are death-producing to the soul of a man. And I say to you, when this exhortation comes to you and to me, and God says to all of us, "Escape for thy life," then he means simply escape from sin. It is the only thing in the universe that can permanently harm and everlastingly doom the immortality of a man. Disasters may harass me, and death about me may bereave me, and stringencies may bring care and anxiety; but sin is the only thing in the universe of God that can mar, wreck, and ruin an immortal soul. The text means this: "Escape from sin." Now I grant you that a great many people think that sin is something that flies around in the air. Some people think that sin is something like a roaring lion going about seeking whomsoever it may devour. But sin isn't something flying in the air, nor is it a roaring lion, going around; but sin, said the apostle, is a transgression of the law; sin is a wrong act, wrong deed, a wrong word. Sin is to do what God tells you not to do. Sin is to leave undone the things that God commands you to do. And now, here this afternoon, if sin be the

transgression of the law, I propose to arraign each of six thousand men at the bar of his own conscience and try him there under the published Decalogue of God himself. And you shall say for yourself to-day "Guilty" at the bar of your own conscience, or you shall stand up in your own integrity and say "Not guilty," "Not guilty" Will you hear me now, as we talk on this fearful and awful and momentous question of the hour?

If sin be the transgression of the law, we shall arraign you at the bar, and let you be the witness, and try you at the bar of your own conscience; and if your conscience cries "Guilty," then God will cry "Guilty" over the word that is on fire in your own hearts and consciences. But condemn not the name of your God when you stand in his presence at the final day Now the first sin we take up in the Decalogue is the sin of profanity It is one of the cardinal sins, and men practice it on the street, in the hotels, in the saloons, on the street cars, and in the home life, everywhere. What is the law? "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." There is the law, and there is the guilty wretch. Now, at the bar of your own conscience, what do you say? Are you a guilty, profane swearer and a violator of that specific law? Are you? Now listen to me! I want to tell you that I announce the truth to the world when I say to you this: The condition of heart and life which leads you to break one of God's commandments habitually and persistently will cause you to break them all if we turn you loose. Do you hear that? Now I want you old cusses to listen to me awhile. [Laughter.] "What did you say, Jones?" I said that the condition of heart and life which will permit a man to break one of God's commandments habitually and persistently will cause him to break them all if you turn him loose. To illustrate: Look at me. If I were to say that a man who would steal will tell lies and get drunk and curse, you will say: "That is right." Well, now, let us come back over this way: A man that will swear will tell lies and steal and get drunk. You say: "That won't do." You listen! Bring it back over that way You can take it over that way as much as you please. Well, it is a poor rule that won't work both ways, ain't it? [Laughter and applause.] Now listen! Let us get the complications out. Ain't you a cussing man? Listen to me now! Here

is one commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not swear;" that is another. "Thou shalt not steal;" that is all God said. It is a holy commandment. Hear now: "Thou shalt not swear, because God will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Now, you will break this commandment and you won't break that one. Why? Now let us see. "Thou shalt not steal." You stick around that one. You run up against a police-

A CITY OF REFUGE.

man, a sheriff, a courthouse and a penitentiary. You won't go around that one at all. Now hear: "Thou shalt not swear." You will go all around that; there ain't anything in the way; you can go a mile a minute around that. You see you won't be going up against the sheriff or the courthouse or the judge or the chain gang around this. You will go around there a mile a minute. [Laughter and applause.] Can you see what I am talking about, neighbor, eh? Now listen! The condition of heart and life that makes a man break one law will make him break all. I was sitting in an

audience sometime ago by the side of a man who swears. That ain't all he will do. Well, I got to weighing that, and a great many people think Sam Jones goes off halfcocked and says a great many things he don't really mean. Neighbor, you made a serious mistake then, for every time my old musket fires the hammer is pulled clear back. There ain't no doubt about that. [Laughter.] Now hear me: I said if a man will swear that ain't all he will do. A few days after that I was sitting on a train by two gentlemen, whom I supposed were commercial travelers. They had their grips when they came in and took a seat right in front of me, and they commenced talking and cussing, and cussing and talking and talking, and they just went on. Then I said: "Sam Jones, keep your eye skinned; you said the other day that a fellow that will cuss he will do anything; now watch this gang." And it was but a few minutes until one of these drummers dropped his voice to an undertone and told the other how he had crushed the virtue of a pure girl in the hotel the day before. Then I said: "Go it, Sam! Sic him! sic him!" [Loud and long-continued applause, which was renewed after a moment.] One of you cussing young bucks sitting out there now will say: "If Sam Jones impinges upon my honor, I will kill him." Yes, and you would crush the virtue of the purest girl in this town to-night, if you weren't afraid of the double-barreled shotgun in her father's hands. [Applause, and cries of "That's good."] You little cussing fice, you! You will cuss and cuss and cuss anywhere. Why, I say he would cuss anybody. That ain't so. There are a dozen cussers here this afternoon that have cussed some fellows, but some fellows you never have cussed and you never will. You know he will give the dentist a summer job. [Laughter.] There's not an old cusser in America that don't know who to cuss. [Applause.] Yes, sir! Go around these hotels, and they stand around and cuss, get on the street car cussing; get on a train, and they will cuss and cuss. Then I say to you, every man of you, it is the height of ill manners and impoliteness and bad breeding for you to stay in a hotel or on a car and spew your filth into the ears of decent people. [Applause.] You've got no business cussing, anyhow; there is no manhood in it, no character in it, and whenever the day in your history comes when you are obliged to curse, in the name of God and humanity go out in the woods

and curse up a hollow tree, where there is nothing to hear you. [Applause.] Curse! I have no respect for it, and I want to say to you men here this afternoon: I don't care what else you are or what else you are not: if you are a profane swearer, you lack just that much of being a gentleman. No gentleman will profane the name of his God. [Applause.] And whenever I get up to you, I promise not to turn you loose the second time; you will hit the sidewalk a mile a minute. [Laughter.] You know it is wrong to swear; there is no money in it; there is no character in it; there is no manhood in it.

One of our old preachers in Georgia, sometime ago, was preaching, and he said that any man who would swear would steal, and after dinner he walked over to visit an old Colonel and his family; and when he got to the door the old Colonel met him, as mad as a bull, and he said: "You can't come into the house here, sir. Why, you insulted me at church this morning; you said that any man that would swear would steal." "Well," the preacher said, "why, as a matter of course; no mistake about it." He says: "Colonel, you were in the army?" "Of course I was in the army." "Well, did you steal anything while you were in the army?" "Yes," he said; "we all stole in the army" "Well," the preacher said, "that is what I mean: Take a cussing fellow at home; and let him join the army, and he will steal; he will go into the army and steal, and drop in and stay in a lewd house. You take an old cusser and just pull the bridle off him, and God only knows where he will go next. [Laughter.] Now don't you go away from here and say Sam Jones said anybody that would swear would steal. I never said it. I said you wouldn't, but I told you why you wouldn't. You can't get around that. [Applause and laughter.] I wonder why these profane fellows don't say "Amen!" when I come right up to the point. Where are you? They ought to. [Laughter.] Now hear me: It is a dirty, mean, low-flung habit [laughter and "Amen"], and if you want to know how cussing sounds you get your wife to do some of it for you, and your wife has got as much right to cuss as you have, you black-monthed rascal, you. [Laughter.] One of the biggest cussers your city ever saw—he was a cusser from Cussersville—married a sweet girl—I don't know why she married him, but she did—and he would cuss in her presence, any-

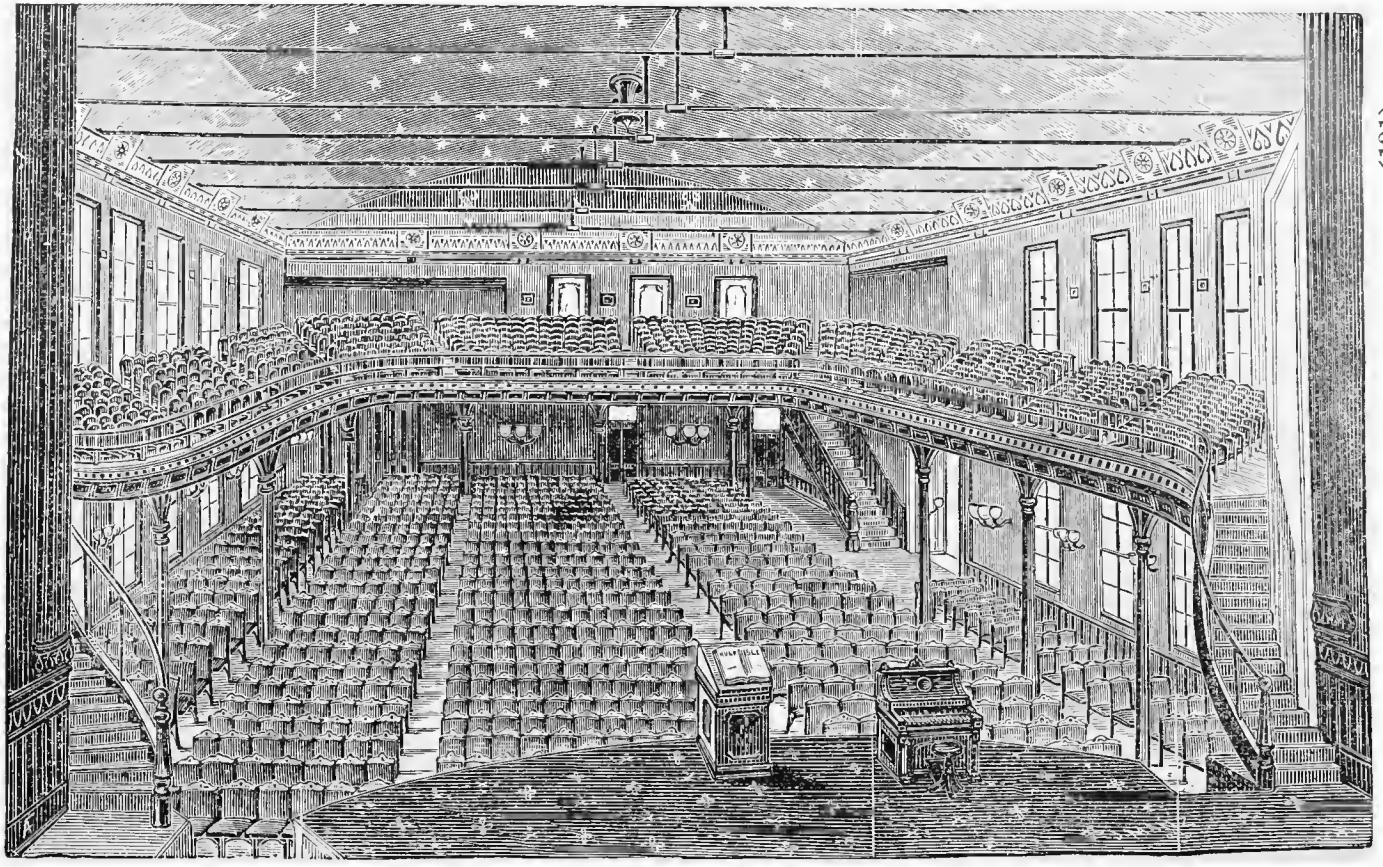
where, coming in and going out, and cuss all the time he was around the house, and his poor wife cried and begged and prayed for him to leave off, but for twelve months he was the most foul-mouthed swearer you ever saw And one day he walked in home to dinner, and he wasn't there a minute when he said: "Wife, is the damned dinner ready yet?" And she said, "I don't know; I will go out and see," and walked out to the kitchen, and presently she came back and said, "The damned old cook hasn't got the damned dinner ready yet." [Laughter and applause.] And he threw up his head, and he said: "O wife! wife! what do you mean?" "What do I mean?" she said. "I have tried to break you, and now I am going in to help you cuss it out the balance of our married life." [Laughter.] And he said to his wife: "Wife! wife!" with the tears running down his cheeks, "I promise you before God I have sworn my last oath; I never knew how it sounded before, and I am done." And if any of you black-mouthed rascals want to quit, go home to your good wife, and if you can cuss after hearing her cuss a little I want to tell you, bud, the buzzards will hunt you up in a few more days. [Laughter.]

I repeat it, a man's wife has as good a right to swear as he has, God being the judge. [Applause and laughter.] Get your daughters to cuss a little for you; see how that sounds. And I say this, the same standard that is right for one is right for either man or woman. ["Amen."] Now you quit cussing. You say: "Sam Jones, did you use to cuss?" Yes, sir. "Well, did you steal?" Yes. [Laughter.] "What did you steal?" I stole the blood out of my wife's cheeks and the peace of my home, and that is as far as I could go without running up against the sheriff and the courthouse and the jail. And I am like you; I always was "jubious" of them, and boys! boys! rise up in your manhood and say this afternoon, "I have sworn my last oath, boys, I have sworn my last oath" ["Amen"], and let your conversation be as clean as the conversation of your wife or mother or your daughter. ["Amen" and applause.] There is no manhood in swearing; there is no character in it. It never made any man a cent, it never lifted a man up, and it can do nothing but debauch him and damn him hereafter. And there isn't a sweet old mother in this town that can send her boy down the street of this town for a spool of thread

that some of you black-monthed swearers don't sow his little heart full of the seed of profanity before he can get back to his sweet, good mother. [Applause.] And, brother, if you are determined to cuss and cuss, go to some island of the sea like Robinson Crusoe, and put up with the goats, and about all a profane swearer is fit for is to be butted to death by a goat. [Applause.] But I would hate to be the goat that did the nasty job for him. [Laughter.] Quit it! Quit it!

I have sworn my last oath, boys, I have sworn my last oath. Let every man here say it, and you will find yourself in a nobler atmosphere and a diviner attitude than you ever experienced before. My mouth shall be as clean as I ask the atmosphere of my home to be. [Applause and cries of "Good."]

Again, the next specific statutory law we arraign you under is this: "Thou shalt remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy" You have those circulars thrown around [referring to the statement of the Secretary of the Sabbath School Association]. You need them. You look at them. What does that mean? It means the sacredness and the perpetuation of the American Christian Sabbath. [Applause.] I grant you that there are some people that would blot out the blessed Sabbath day from our midst and desecrate it beyond all days. I grant you that. I know there are hordes of foreigners in this country that would have a Continental Sabbath from Boston to San Francisco. But this is an American country, and every foreigner that comes here I bid welcome if he comes as an American citizen [applause], if he comes to obey the laws and support our institutions [applause]; but he is not here to regulate us and control us in Continental views on the Sabbath question. I know there are old blasphemers in this country that tell us: "We don't like the American Sabbath." Well, God bless you! you can take your great big old pussy self and go back where you came from. [Applause and laughter.] Ain't that right? [Responses of "That's right."] Yes, you say that's right, and yet, right here in this town, the godless element care no more for the Sabbath than the goats of Georgia or the cattle of Texas. [Applause.] The Sabbath! It is the institution of this Christian country, and I say woe be to America whenever we abolish our Christian Sabbath. ["Amen" and applause.] "Remember the Sab-



FANUEIL HALL, CHICAGO.

bath day and keep it holy Six days shalt thou work and labor, but the seventh is my day, kept to myself, which you must hallow and keep reverend."

Listen! There is where I arraign the liquor traffic. It doesn't care for God nor man, for American law nor for national law, nor for the law of my Bible. It runs roughshod over all law, and debauches and dooms and damns like a Juggernaut wheel, not only the men and boys, but the women and little children of our land. And when a man makes up his mind deliberately and unalterably—when the liquor man makes up his mind to do anything, this side of hell, it is to fill his pockets and feed his gain, and you know it. [Applause.] And the Sabbath institution, this Sabbath-keeping institution, organized in your midst to-day, calls a halt in earnest for every noble man in this city to stand by your home, your children, and your Sabbath as one of the noblest institutions that has been brought down for two hundred years in America's life. Brother, stand by it. Organize yourself; defend the Sabbath, perpetuate it as God's day, and as a day bequeathed to you and your family to serve God and make peace with heaven. ["Amen."] Whenever the day comes, let every member of the Church in this city see to the fact that his name is down as a member of that Sabbath institution, and show it by example. Stand by it, and it won't be twelve months from to-day until St. Louis and Missouri shall be like Toronto, Canada, one of the sweetest cities I ever saw—not a single particle of Sabbath desecration. The street cars are stopped, not a newspaper published nor circulated in the city, not a glass of soda water nor a cigar. They have a Sabbath. Not a carriage rolling up the street; and there in Toronto you will see the population, wife and husband and children, all wending their way to the church. And it is the most beautiful city that I have ever witnessed in my life, and I pray God to give us that every city in America shall keep the Sabbath like Toronto, Canada.

Right is right and wrong is wrong. When I have God's law on my side I know I am right. The Sabbath! This it is I give you. If I met on your streets a poor destitute fellow and he looked at me and said, "Neighbor, I am in destitution and want; now can you do something for me?" and I pull out my pocketbook—I

have seven silver dollars in it—and count out six of them and give them to him and say, "Here, here are six dollars to buy what you need; I will just keep one dollar for myself;" and that night that miserable wretch finds where I lodge and slips in and steals my other dollar when I am asleep, what would you think of him? Just like you and me. God gave us six days and said: "I will bless you with health and prosperity; I will keep one for myself." And you have slipped up on Providence and stole the other, and you have been running with it for years and years. [Applause.] O my God! Give us a people that revere the Sabbath. You can go to your Missouri penitentiary and ask the convicts one at a time, "What was the first step that brought you here?" and ninety-nine in a hundred will say, "My first downward step was Sabbath desecration." "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." I am talking to grown men, and to those who have reverence for God I am a Sabbath in your life. O God, if this body of men ever sees another Sabbath, help us to rise and say to wife and children: "Wife, I believe I will call a halt this day; children, I am going with you to Sunday school; wife, I am going with you to the service at the house of God; wife, I will spend the blessed Sabbath here in my home." And when the sun shall have gone down and you have gathered about the hearthstone at night, look at your wife and children and say: "Thank God! I have spent one Sunday right since God let me live on this earth." O neighbor, let us be true to our institutions, true to God, and true to our family ["Amen."] The young bucks in this town take the Sabbath and break it worse than any day in the week. Where were you last Sunday? Where were you Sunday night? If your good mother knew where you were, you never could hold up your head again in her presence. O boys, God will bring you to account. You violate his law, and he will hold you responsible; and be sure your sins will find you out.

But, to hurry along. The next sin that we take up [and we shall hurry as fast as we can] is the sin of gaming, or gambling. The statutory law reads this way: "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." Let me tell you they have got us now. They gamble at the race track, faro bank, literally on the Board of Trade, anywhere, everywhere. A fellow told me he was sitting in a Presby-

terian church sometime ago, and a sinner and a member of the Church were sitting together, and the sinner bet that the preacher, when he took his text, would preach over an hour. The member of the Church bet him he wouldn't. They bet ten dollars right in the house. [Laughter.] Now a fellow saw that and told me about it. He said the preacher set in, and they had their watches drawn on him, and he preached an hour and a minute and a half, and the sinner won the ten dollars from the good member of the Church. [Laughter.] The spirit of betting curses the world to-day They bet on anything, bet on everything. Now, let me tell you, I saw a very interesting editorial in one of your city papers to-day, and it said crime was diminishing. There wasn't as many saloons, there wasn't as much gambling in St. Louis as there were in years past and gone. And he told the truth. But he never told why You know there ain't as many saloons nor as much whisky drank nor as much gambling here as there were a few years ago. And there ain't as much of anything else here, either. [Laughter and applause.] God bless you, the poor wage earners of this country have had their wages cut down and they have been out of employment until absolutely the question of bread is at stake, to say nothing about liquor and beer. That's a fact! But you let prosperity come and every rusty piece of machinery be put in motion, and money get plentiful in this town, and saloons would multiply as thick as the lamp-posts on your streets. They would, and, God bless you! they haven't reformed; they are just weaned for the time being. That calf will suck again as soon as you open the gate. [Laughter.] That's right! There ain't as much gambling. God bless your soul, neighbor, they ain't got the money to cover it, they haven't. Men in this town that used to get wages of thirty dollars a week do well now to get ten and some of them five dollars. There ain't the work, and they don't get more than enough to pay board and rent for their family, and they can't gamble, nor they can't drink whisky, and the hard times have hurt the saloons worse than anything else, and the old Whisky Trust is in bankruptcy to-day, and the crowd that is running it is fixing up for eternal bankruptcy in hell, where they can't all be in copartnership and buy one drop of water to cool their parched tongues. [Applause.]

I know there ain't as much gambling. I know there ain't as much whisky drank now as there was three years ago, but I know it is not because men are getting better; it is because they are getting poorer and can't buy. [A voice: "That's so."]

Why there are fellows over there in the penitentiary that ain't had a drop in two years. [Laughter.] They went there drunk, too, and they have done quit, they have, and are going to stay quit until they turn them out. Of course they will! Now hear me! Gamble! gamble! gamble! Steve Holcomb, the converted gambler, told me, in Louisville: "I gambled for thirty years, from Boston to San Francisco, and from Montreal to Galveston, and I will tell you this fact: There are some professional gamblers on earth that won't steal." That is what Steve said. He said he knew them all. I never gamble, and therefore I don't know anything about it. But I'd hate for one of my profession to go out and do it; I have that to say about it. It would hurt my feelings. Hear! Gamble! gamble! O, I have often thought it is the most horrible life to gamble, and know that every bite your children eat, and every thread of their clothes, are won on a gambler's table; and then to think of the wife! I have often asked myself the question "Which is the most unendurable, the life of a gambler, or that of a gambler's wife, and to know that every dollar that I have is won from some poor victim whose family may be at starvation, and he may be a suicide at this moment?"

I can beat gambling. There never was a day in the world that I couldn't. I would rather go to the plow and work for a dollar, and come in Saturday night and get my dollar, with my toe nails stumped off and worn out and sore; and when the moment comes to retire I will take my silver dollar and take and run my breeches under my pillow, and the eagle on the dollar will turn into a nightingale and sing me to sleep. It is an honest dollar. [Laughter and applause.] An honest dollar! A man was intrusted with a package to a city. It was a valuable package, and he called at the street number; the man wasn't there, but left word that if any one called he would be there next day The next day the young man went back, carrying the package, and they said, "Come in; your friend will be here in a few minutes;" and they carried him up the stairway and then through an anteroom, and then into a large room,

where gamblers were sitting, plying their trade. He said that they asked him to play, and he sat down near the door At the round table next to him, was an old, gray-headed gambler, playing with a right young man; and they were playing seven-up, and every time the game ended the old gray-whiskered gambler pulled the money over to his side. And, he said, by and by the young man was exceedingly nervous, and while the old gambler was shuffling the cards the young man commenced humming a tune, and directly he commenced singing the tune. The old gambler shuffled the cards very slowly, and directly he laid them down and put his elbows on the table and sat entranced at the song the boy was singing, and when the boy ceased to sing the old gambler wiped the tears from his eyes and said: "Young man, where did you learn that sweet song?" He said: "Was I singing?" "Yes; you have been singing the sweetest song I ever heard." "Well," said he, "name a line or two of it." The old gambler did so, and the young man said: "Yes, that is a song of sweet, poor Carrie, that I learned at the Sunday school, when I was a little boy" The old gambler pushed his money back to him and said: "Young man, I am an old gambler. Give me your promise that you will never gamble again, for God Almighty has made you for a nobler purpose than this." And the young man made him the pledge, got up and left the gambling room, and as an incident the next three weeks after that time the old gambler stepped into a mission hall, and this young man was preaching the truth that saved him, and the old gambler heard the gospel, and since that time has devoted his life to God.

And, boys and men, when you are tempted to go in and fritter away your life at games like that, remember your mother, remember your father, your sister, remember God who made you, and say: "God Almighty made me for a nobler purpose than this." ["Amen."] Boys! boys! earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, and every dollar you handle, let it be as honest as the God that made you would have it be, and let you yourself be honest in all your relations. [Applause.]

But to hurry through. The next sin we take up, so commonly practiced among men, is the sin of licentiousness. And how this sin blights the American life and our American homes! A man in

a station, some time ago, came to my room, and he said: "We of the Young Men's Christian Association have taken statistics in this town, and there are but two pure boys in this town between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five." And when he said that, I said: "Do you know what you are talking about?" He said: "I do." "Then," said I, "my friend, if one-half of society is already corrupted, O God, save the other side of home life and keep our women pure forever." [Applause.] When I was preaching in the city of Cincinnati I went out—boys, hear me!—and I picked up the "Enquirer" one morning while I was there, and I read that a young man of that city, of a prominent family, was at a shameless house, a prominent house of shame, the night before. He walked in and said to the madam of the house, "I want the prettiest and freshest girl you have," and then walked up to his room where he generally stayed. He walked into the room, and presently a girl came sweeping into the room, and he struck a match and lit the gas and turned his eyes on the girl, and instantly jerked his pistol from his hip pocket—bang! bang! And with a heavy, dull thud the girl fell upon the floor and died. And when they ran into the room they said: "O, what have you done?" He said: "That is my own sister, and I will kill her before she shall come to a house like this." "And I said the next night, in Music Hall, Cincinnati, that the girl had as much business in that bawdy house as her brother had there. [Applause.] O my countrymen, it is time to call a halt; call a halt. ["Amen."] Now, I say this, God bless the drummers. No nobler set of men travel over this country than the drummers. I believe that eighty per cent. of them are upright men, and the other twenty per cent. are as low-down rascals as ever cursed this world. [Sensation.] I believe that; going around cussing! You dirty dog, you! [Laughter.] And these cussing drummers have gone all over this country and circulated a thousand lies on me. [Laughter.] I have caught some of them at it. Why, Sam Jones said so and so, and so and so, and I listened to it and said: "Did you hear him say it?" "No," he said, "I didn't hear it." "Well," I said, "I am Sam Jones, and I want you to know that that is a dirty, stinking lie you are telling on me." [Laughter.]

You take that old tale about my mother who was a Christian

and about my grandmother who was a Catholic, and she I feared was gone to hell. That a young man started out of the audience and I said, "There goes a young man straight to hell;" and he turned and said, "Yes; don't you want to send your grandmother a message?" I never told a fellow that. I want to nail a liar. I never told it, and I never in my life heard of the lie until the rascal told it where I was. That's a fact. [Laughter.]

Now, let me tell you, neighbor. I say about all a preacher ought to say, I do. I go right up the line, and sometimes don't look like I can do the subject justice without one foot over [laughter], and that is as far as I go. I never said a vulgar thing in the pulpit in my life, and if you thought it was vulgar it was because you are dirty yourself. [Laughter.] I never call a thing a name except what belongs to it. If I am vulgar, I know some fact that belongs to the gang. You can't handle a smutty, greasy thing to save your life without getting it on you [laughter], and instead of Sam Jones being dirty—well, it is only when he handles you, bud. [Laughter and applause.] God knows my hands and my heart are clean when I set off from home. [Laughter.] Now hear me: A dirty man? Boys, you don't know what you are doing. I say to the drummers: "God bless you." One of them down at Memphis said to me: "Brother Jones, just one little incident I want to tell you. It is pleasant to me. I went on the coaches, and I was a different man." He said: "Two years ago I married as sweet a girl as the sun ever shone on, and the next morning before I kissed her good morning and walked out of the house, I lingered a minute in the hall and looked down into her sweet face and said, 'Wife, I promise you this: I never will go anywhere that I can't take you with me, and I never will do anything that I wouldn't do if you were along; I pledge you that,' and last night that saved me. I was walking down the street with two drummers, and they said, 'Let us go up and buck the tiger;' and I said, 'No; I will not go.' 'Come and take a drink;' and I said, 'I can't do it.' They said: 'Are you a Christian?' 'No, I ain't; I am sorry I am not; but I will tell you what I did, Jim: I promised my sweet little wife when I married her that I wouldn't go anywhere or do anything if she couldn't be along and do the same thing; and, Jim, if Sallie was along I wouldn't take her to drink.

If you take a drink, you must excuse me.'" I wish every fellow in this country would act like that. [Applause.] A pure man and a pure woman! Listen! The dirtiest man that ever cursed this world is the husband of a sweet, virtuous, good wife that will come tramping home from a bed of infamy and pillow his head at the side of his pure wife. You are the meanest man that God has ever put on the earth. [Applause.] And if there is a deeper and darker grade over hell for one man than another, it ought to be for such a man, the husband of a pure, sweet, virtuous wife. There is many an old married buck in this town [laughter and applause which continued for some moments], and I say, as God is my judge, I wouldn't switch this audience from a line as pure as the morning dew. But hear me, brother! Hear me! I say it in all the candor of my soul. The very mudsills and foundations of your life will give way unless you are true to your wife and true to your home. ["Amen."] Young man, hear me! You go to-night and lie down in the arms of an unholy alliance, and twelve months from this day the basest woman that walks the streets of St. Louis will be carrying your mother's grandchild and your sister's niece in her arms, and when she does that you have started a current that will sweep on and on until it lashes its fury against the great judgment bar of God himself. O boys! boys! be as pure as your mother and as virtuous as you would have your sister be! ["Amen" and applause.]

Now I want to say and be understood that seduction is a crime unpardonable, and rape means rope in every State in this Union. [Applause.] I don't mean it means mob. I've got no respect for a mob. A mob is the most infernal, cowardly thing in this world. [Applause.] Ten thousand men screw up their courage to the sticking point and rush up to a handcuffed, defenseless negro and mob him on the spot. That is courage, ain't it? A mob never mobbed anybody except some poor negro or some defenseless white man that didn't have a friend in the world; the great scoundrels. [Applause.] And the crowd that will so counsel is the crowd that mob, and the very rascals that will defeat justice, and ought to be hung; and not one of them has ever been mobbed in America. [Loud applause.] So help me God, I won't join a mob. If I want a fellow licked, and I can't lick him by myself, he will

THE GREAT TENT AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.

go unlicked. I will never take my daddy and my brothers and my uncles and gather a crowd to go and do anything to anybody Thank God! I am not a base, infamous coward like that. [Applause.] I won't join a mob anyhow. They are as great scoundrels as the scoundrel that they execute vengeance upon. I am opposed to mobs, I am; and whenever law can't be executed, don't mob the prisoner; go and mob the judge and the sheriff and the jury. [Applause.] Now, that's right! [Laughter and responses of "Yes."] Now hear, neighbor: Down South we are a hot-blooded set, and there ain't a man this side of Mason and Dixon's line but what knows this fact: To step over the boundary line of a pure home in the South and crush the virtue of a noble girl—we know, down South; that the price of virtue is the life of the scoundrel that robbed the girl of it [applause]—a mad dog that comes leaping and lunging down the street and leaps over my front gate, foaming at the mouth, to bite my boy is not so infernal and infamous as the sneaking, lecherous scoundrel that would come into my pure home and debauch the sweetest child that God ever gave a man. [Applause.] Boys, I will be pure! You can run your own schedule and run it as far as you please; but I ask of my wife and my mother and my daughter to be no purer than the man that is talking to you this afternoon. [Applause.] I wouldn't raise the standard for my wife or my brother or mother that I didn't ask God to hold up to me and help me to live or to do every day I live. Pure! Pure! Pure!

But to hurry through, I thank you for your attention. I am glad you are listening to me. Hear me a few more moments, for I have already talked for an hour and twenty minutes; but give me a few minutes longer. I wouldn't worry you; I wouldn't [cries of "Go on"] but the last statutory law under which I arraign you, at the bar of your own conscience, this afternoon, is this: "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." Why, now here! You learn the bottle is in his mouth, and hear of his coming home drunk. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, and when it giveth its color in the cup." Now hear me: Brethren, if there is a man, living or dead, that ought to be heard, and he has a right to speak out on the subject, this last point I make, I know that I deserve to be heard, and I have a right to speak. Intemperance! It

has blighted and wrecked not only my own young life, but it didn't stop at that. It hounds me and my loved ones down to this present hour. Friends! friends! hear me a moment. Sit down and keep quiet. I know that if some of you don't get a drink in the next five minutes you will die with a fit; but still stay. [Applause and laughter.] Now hear me! Don't disturb a man who might do good to some man in this audience this afternoon. Hear me five minutes. If no other blight and curse had come to me than this, it has brought me sadness and woe, and everlasting enmity to the infernal traffic. It not only blighted my young days, but it is doing its fatal work down to this hour. I was in the city of Atlanta, Ga., just seven or eight weeks ago this day I stayed with a friend, according to engagement, and after breakfast Sunday morning I got into a buggy and rode up with him into the city. And when I walked into a home, I rung the bell, the servant met me and carried me to the first door on the left. I tapped at the door and heard a faint voice say: "Come in." I walked in and walked up to the bed and leaned over the sick form and kissed the fevered lips, for it was my only sister in this world. And I stayed and talked with her, and I said: "Sister, how long have you been in bed?" "Seven weeks," she said. "I can't turn on my right nor left side; I am suffering untold agony" I stayed there and talked with her, and directly she said: "Brother, are you going out to the penitentiary this morning?" I said: "Yes, sister; that is why I am in Atlanta." She said, "I am so glad," and she laid there and wiped the tears from each eye, and directly I got up. She could say no more. I got up and kissed her good-bye, got my buggy and drove out seven miles to the Georgia penitentiary, and when the great gate was swung open, the first one that met me was a very intelligent young man, twenty-four years old, and he stretched his hand out to me and said: "O uncle, I am so glad you have come to see me." I shook his hands, and every muscle in my body quivered, and he looked at me and said: "Uncle, did you see mother before you came?" I said: "Yes; I am just from her bedside." And he said: "Uncle, I have drunk my last drop."

I looked at the poor boy clad in the stripes of the penitentiary of Georgia, and I said: "O nephew, in the name of God, why didn't you say that before? You stabbed my poor sister to the

heart, and put her where she may never stand on her feet again." [The speaker was visibly affected here.] Boys, we could afford to drink; but I tell you, mother can't afford it for us. Poor mother. I have now some letters up in my room, and, if you could read my mail, you wouldn't blame me for all I say I have some letters up in my room, boys. They are from mothers, baptized in mothers' tears. O my mother! The reason I hate whisky with a perfect hatred is because it blights the home life and makes mothers so unhappy and crushes the pleasure of joy out of the wife's heart forever. O, that ain't all. Bear with me a minute. I have seen enough, heard enough, and felt enough like this. I leave the subject with you. When the man that has talked to you this afternoon was young (he married in young manhood), when I was twenty-one years old I was admitted to the bar to practice law in the courts of my county and State, and no boy in Georgia ever started out under brighter prospects than the man who is talking to you this afternoon. I was full of practice at the very first court that I was admitted to, and a week after my court adjourned I took a north-bound train in my town and rode to the blue grass regions of Kentucky and married the sweetest girl that God ever gave to a Georgia boy, and I brought her back to my home with all the hopes of a future bright and pleasant. But, boys, already I had begun to drink, and on and on for three long years (they were to me) I drank and drank. But, boys, in my awful hours of dissipation, I went on and on; but with a devotion this world has never excelled my wife stood by me and spoke to me and loved me and prayed for me. But on and on I went until I saw the day come when hope died out of her noble heart. I saw those rosy cheeks of hers fade as pale and bloodless as they could be; I saw the light of hope die out of her eyes; I saw the day come when God sent an angel child to my home to cheer and bless that broken-hearted wife. I saw the day when, in my dissipation, I heeded not the cry and tears of my good wife. But the saddest thing in my memory was one day—I can never forget it—when wife had pleaded so earnestly, "Husband, stay with me and the child; we are so lonely," and in my thirst and dissipation I started out the door, and the little toddling one jumped up and caught my hand and pulled me back, and I jerked my hand from hers. God took her to heaven; and the sweetest thing ever

said is this, A babe gone to heaven will be a babe still; and I thought, "If I ever get to heaven, I will hunt up that angel and ask her pardon for my rude conduct in pulling my hand from hers when she, like an angel of mercy, would have pulled me back from ruin." But I went on and on, until one night, boys, it ended and ended forever. I know what it will do. I know what it has done for me; but I tell you, I have been as sober a man as ever walked God Almighty's earth for twenty-odd years, and I tell you what is a fact, that appetite has hunted me down through these years, and it follows me on till this day. But I am going to say to you as true a thing as a preacher ever said to his congregation. Hear it, boys: Those years of dissipation formed habits of thirst that have followed me on, and never will I consider myself safe from a drunkard's grave until my wife kisses my cold lips in death and my spirit has gone home to God. [The speaker was again visibly affected.]

Boys, it will keep you down. God help you to say it this evening: "I have drunk my last drop, boys; I have drunk my last drop." And hear me, neighbor! Never will I cease to thank God for that day, wretched and ruined as I was. I walked up to my father's dying couch, and after he had talked to the other children he gave me his hand, and said: "O, my poor, wayward, reckless, noble-hearted boy, you have broken the heart of your good wife, and crushed out all the hopes I ever had for you, my poor, wrecked boy. In these, my last moments, I have a request; will you promise your dying father that you will give your heart to God and meet him in heaven?" I stood there convulsed from head to foot, and directly I said: "Yes, father; I will make you the pledge." And hear me now, my neighbor: Every willful step that I have ever taken from that deathbed, after that hour, on this platform, has been in the redemption of that pledge that I made my father twenty-odd years ago. [Applause.] And I say it, and if it was my last words, I would say it: I may be all you figure; I may be a fraud, but the God who made me and the God who judges me knows that I don't know it. I believe that I am trying to serve God, and get every other man to serve God and do right and get to heaven.

My message is delivered. How many in this audience will stand up with me here to-day and say: "By the grace of God I will go

back on my past life and lead a better life from this day till I die?" All over this audience, platform and everywhere, every man and boy who says, "I will quit my sins, God helping me, and lead a better life;" now, all that will say that, will you stand up just a minute? [The vast audience here rose.] God help us to rise like men and say: "By the grace of God I will lead a better life and serve God and do right!" Thank God with praise; not one hundred exceptions. I see six thousand men are square on their feet. God bless you. Come back to-night. And now, while we sing a hymn a minute, every man and boy that says, "Here is my hand to serve God and do right," stay a few minutes and give me your hand, and let us settle it here this afternoon. While we stand and sing come and give me your hand.

AFTER THE SERMON.

Mr. Jones spoke for a little over an hour and a half. The tremendous physical strain undergone by him, especially during the latter and deeply pathetic portion of the sermon, was plain to all who were near him. He looked little equal to any further exertion. The spirit, however, was stronger than the physical forces. After the appeal for converts he passed down to the orchestra, mounted a table set aside for the press, and stood with hand outstretched to greet all comers. The scene which followed was a fitting *finale* to the service. The vast audience seemed to surge toward the man who had so profoundly moved it. Men almost fell over each other in their determination to grasp the evangelists's hands. Not content with the passageway between the front row of seats and the orchestra rail, over which Mr. Jones was standing, they crowded into the orchestra and approached him on the other side, making for his disengaged hand, so that he was compelled to do double duty. Down the aisles the stream of men continued to flow, veterans and youths and middle-aged, many still bearing on their faces the indications of recent weeping. It was noticeable, however, that there was no hesitation, no sign of reluctance nor of diffidence. They came boldly, with gladness and relief in their eyes, with the air of men who had found something good and were anxious not to lose it. Mr. Jones's hands, right and left, were shaken and squeezed and tugged, and his eyes flashed with a holy fire. He kept up an unremittent "God bless you." Many of the penitents whispered

in his ear if the chance were afforded them. Others spoke out and returned in kind the benediction invoked upon them. When there were indications, after this extraordinary reception had been kept up for fully twenty minutes, that the electric lights were about to be turned out, Mr. Jones exclaimed: "We can shake hands in the dark. Come on, God bless you all! I feel as if I could stand here until the stars shone forth and ran their course."

Prof. Excell, always quick to recognize the situation, kept leading the choir in "Are you ready for the judgment day?" and "The Old-time Religion," in which everybody joined. Still the handshaking did not cease, and not until thirty-five minutes had expired was the last penitent received and the last God bless you uttered. Fully two thousand of the six thousand men who heard the sermon had by that time come forward to give the pledge to lead a better life. Mr. Jones left the hall with his associate evangelist, Rev. G. R. Stuart, evidently almost broken down, but, as he himself expressed it, "grateful to the Almighty" Mr Stuart said: "The moral effect of this afternoon's work on the city of St. Louis will be simply inestimable." Among the ministers on the platform a similar spirit of enthusiasm prevailed.

Among the thousands who eagerly joined hands with Rev. Sam Jones yesterday afternoon was a gentleman who told the following story to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter: "I have just spoken to Mr. Jones for the first time in several years. I come from Mississippi, and at the time I first heard him I was engaged in the liquor trade. I always made it a point to comply with the law, and I believe I may say that everybody in my town considered me an honest man. I did not drink myself, and I tolerated no lawlessness in my place. When I attended Mr. Jones's sermon he gave me some hard raps. He said: "I have heard you have a gentleman in the liquor business in this town; a gentleman! Now let me tell you that any man who will sell to his fellow-men that which leads them to eternal perdition is ——. I won't say all Mr. Jones said, but I know it set me thinking. Very soon after that I sold out my place, and just now I was able to tell Mr. Jones that I am prospering in a legitimate business, and am a steward in my Church. God bless him."

SYMPATHY.

YESTERDAY was the fourth evening of the revival meetings held this week at Music Hall by Rev. Sam Jones, of Georgia. Every nook and corner of Music Hall was filled long before the sermon began. In fact, at 7:35 o'clock, when the service of song was opened by Prof. E. O. Excell, hardly a seat could be had.

THE SERMON.

Now, if you will give us your thoughtful and prayerful attention, we will read the first verse of the sixth chapter of St. Paul to the Galatians as the text: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

God only is unselfish. I know Christ is God, because in his life and ministry he was absolutely unselfish. The curse of the world to-day is selfishness. There isn't a thing on earth to-day that curses humanity or blights character or debauches immortality or insults God that isn't bottomed and run on selfishness. Every brewery, every distillery, every saloon, every gambling hell, every shameless house, every dishonest transaction of man, is bottomed and run on selfishness. And selfishness is the meanest thing in the world. And hell itself is nothing but selfishness on fire. [Laughter.] And it is a wonder to me that many of the good old deacons in the Church don't catch by natural combustion and go to hell in a sheet of flame. [Laughter.] I really do. Every pauperized benevolence, every saloon, every gambling hell, every shameless house, everything that blights and blasts and dooms and damns is bottomed and run on selfishness, and selfishness reached its climax eighteen hundred years ago, when it stood under the dripping cross of Jesus Christ and stripped the garments from his suffering body, and stood there and gambled about them in his dying presence. And from that time up to this there ain't

a mean thing on earth that can be concocted, or the devil can engineer through, that isn't bottomed and run on the intense infernal selfishness of the age. This country is well-nigh crystallized into intense selfishness to-day. Why the whole thing is run on the dollar; can't you see that the dollar makes the filly go? God bless you! it makes everything go that wears hair; and it moves all the bald-headed men tolerably well. [Laughter.] And if you study history, you will see this is true: that whatever a nation has made an idol, at last it has fallen down under the idol and died. Greece focalized her life and centralized her whole being in her literature, and at last her old men died and turned up their toes under a book. Rome focalized her life and centralized her whole being in her military power, and nothing but a spear to-day marks the physical resting place of her people. America has centralized her life and focalized her whole being on the dollar, and some of these days we will all lie with our toes upward under a silver dollar worth about fifty cents. [Laughter.] Why, you can't get a Congressman now to talk on any subject except the tariff, or gold-buggery, or silver-buggery. And if a man has a daughter going to marry, the father doesn't look at the character of the young man, but his pocket and his ability to make money; and if we Methodists want a big collection on Sunday morning out of the old brethren, all we have to do is to convince them that one dollar will go for two, and every one will plank down lively then. [Applause and laughter.] And from Maine to California everything bends and moves to the tune they set to the dollar. We know this is true. And money and selfishness will eat the heart out of a man just like whisky will burn his blood up. And this heartless old world is filled with millionaires at the top, and millions of paupers at the bottom. Selfishness! Law does not regulate selfishness, for the lawmakers are full of it. The law doesn't impede the Juggernaut wheel of selfishness that is rolling over the land to-day, for the force that propels it is selfishness. If the Lord God could eliminate the selfishness of man, then the Lord God could get men to do right and live right and love right and die right. But take us as we are to-day: it's every fellow for himself, and the devil for us all. [Laughter.] It seems to be pulling that way. There is hardly a church that isn't in debt, scarcely a benevolent institution in the land that is

not begging its way from door to door. And a man now wants of us two for one whenever he lays down the dollar, and every old sister in town is hunting bargains. [Laughter.] A store in this town that puts up the biggest sign "bargains" is the store that is fullest of shoppers. We know these things are true. It eats the heart out of a man, and we are in no shape to work for God or do for man. But when I turn aside and look at the love of the blessed Christ, when I see him as he stayed that last night at the simple home of Mary and Martha, the orphan sisters, and I see him taking a simple breakfast that morning, and he goes out to the duties of the day, and as he passes along he looks at the beautiful mansions by the wayside, and he says, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have nowhere to lay my head." There were miles of broad, fertile acres about him, but he never staked off ten feet and said: "This is mine." He told Peter to go to the lake and get a fish, and to take the money from the fish's mouth and pay his taxes. He did not need to go to the banks and money centers for that purpose. Look at him going forth over there; I see him unstopping the ears of the deaf, healing the sick, and restoring the sight to the blind man; and I look farther along, and I see that he reaches the procession carrying the son of the widow to the grave, and, stopping the procession, he takes hold of the hand of the young man who had passed out of earth, and his cold body laid upon the bier, and he took him by the hand and lifted him back to life to his mother's arms, and amid the praises of the multitude he presses his way along; and also in the afternoon I see him sit down by the roadside and lean his head upon his hand, and he says, "This is the first time I have thought of myself since I got up this morning. I have been thinking of others and how I could bless others." But, God be blessed! the grandest life in the world is the life that is spent in doing good to your fellow-men.

Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore him. The curse of this city, and the curse of every city and country place in our land, is that sympathy and kindness and love have died out of the hearts of the people of God. You have no sympathy with sinners. Now listen to me: I love the Church of God, and serve the great God who made me. The genuine, noble Christian men and women of this land I honor as I

honor no people upon the face of the earth. And when I say that sympathy has died out I don't mean to reflect upon the true Church of Jesus Christ. No man loves the true Church more than I do, and no man has a profounder contempt for cold, phlegmatic hypocrisy than the man that is talking to-night. Two old deacons in the Church passed down the street and saw a fellow in the gutter. Each said: "Yes, I told our preacher not to take him into the Church. Now look at him. I declare if they don't keep that sort out of the Church, I will quit myself." Let me tell you, bud, that that fellow lying in the ditch is a better man in the sight of God than the two old deacons shying around him. [Laughter.] If there is anything heaven won't have, it is a heartless man. The highest privilege the Christian has in this world is taking somebody to heaven with him, and it takes love and sympathy and sacrifice and brotherly kindness to take a man to heaven with him. And when I hear these old cold, phlegmatic doctors of divinity, their very words freeze as they roll out, and seem to come with the blast of the glaciers of the Northern Ocean. They stand up and say: "Here am I, Rev. Jeremiah Jones, D.D., saved by the grace of God; and I have a message I wish to deliver to you; and if you will repent and believe what I believe, you will be saved; and if you don't, you will be damned, and I don't much care if you are." [Laughter]

O, my countrymen, that sort of gospel will never win the world. And I repeat in all the depths of my soul, whenever the Church and ministry of Jesus Christ will get their hearts in their hands and go forth to rescue men, we shall win them to Christ by the thousands and millions. This old world is tired of sin. There ain't a poor drunkard in this town, there ain't a poor wrecked man in this town, there ain't a poor ruined woman in this town, that doesn't need the sympathy and kindness and love that Christian people should bestow upon them, and you know it is true. I have been a sinner myself, and I have wandered off into the dark mountains of sin. I have felt its chilling blasts, I have felt its blight and power of influence many a time, and thought in my heart: "Is there a heart in the bosom of God that beats in sympathy with me in my lost and wrecked and ruined life?"

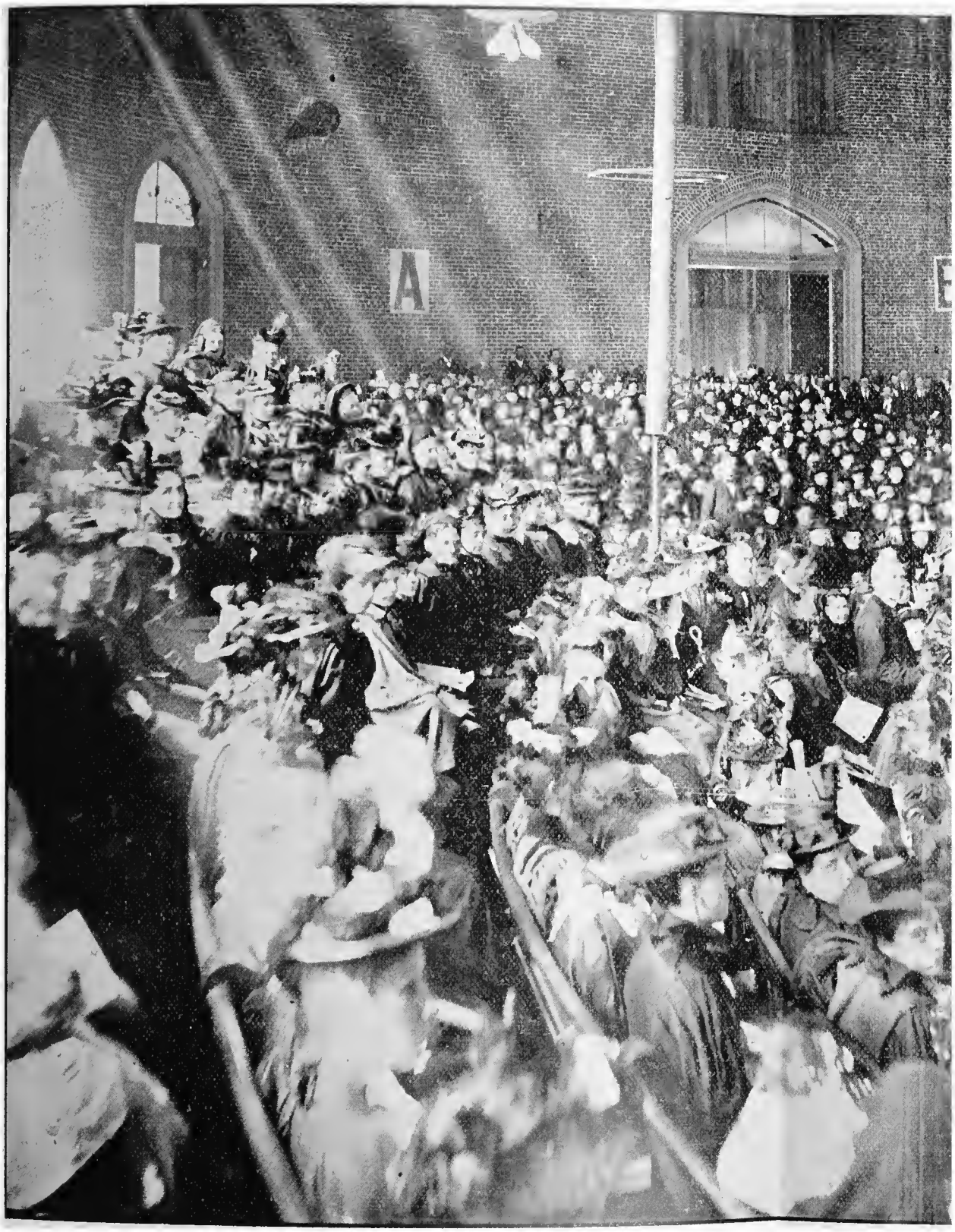
The deepest quarrel that I have with the Church of God is that

worldliness has eaten the heart out of it, and a heartless Church and a heartless man and a heartless woman are the best instruments through which the devil intends to damn this world. Heartlessness! Sympathy for men! Why, God bless you! instead of the members of the Church trying to help each other to heaven, absolutely they will talk about one another, and slander one another, and tell lies and injure one another, and won't help one another. That's a fact! Before I was ever a Christian, I learned one thing, and I want you to hear this. I was away from home, and was robbed on a train. I had all the money I and my friend both had. He didn't have any, and they got mine; and we got off at a station. That was when I was a sinner, and that was twenty-five or twenty-six years ago; and he was a steward in the Methodist Church, and I was just a plain, common, simple sinner; that is all I was. When we got off at the station we stayed around there a moment or two. He says: "Sam, I wonder if there is a Mason in this town?" I said: "A Mason?" He said: "Yes." "Well," I said, "what do you want with a Mason?" He said: "I can get some money if I can find a Mason." I said: "Ain't you a Methodist?" He said: "Yes." I said: "Why don't you go to the Methodists?" "O, shucks," he said, "I will go to the Masons." [Laughter and applause.] And he struck out, and after a very few minutes came back, and I said: "How did you come out?" "All right," he said; "I got it." "Who did you get it from?" "From a Mason." He says: "Sam, if you want to go to heaven, you join the Methodists; but if you want to get a hold down here, join the Masons." [Laughter and applause.] So, when I started in, I just joined both [renewed laughter]; and to-night I am a Methodist and a Mason, and I am getting along well for both worlds. [More laughter.] It is a shame! It is a shame, that a steward in the Methodist Church, in want of means, must, in a town, go and hunt up a Mason to get money. Ain't it funny? But, old fellow, you try it once, and you will do like he did; you will that. Did you ever see a Methodist in want of money go to another, and hear him say: "Look here, I am troubled." "Shucks," he says, "I have seen too many of your sort. [Laughter.] You can't run it that way." And right there come the facts, and one of the facts that kill. Now, my neighbor, I believe the true Church of Jesus Christ is the highest, grandest,

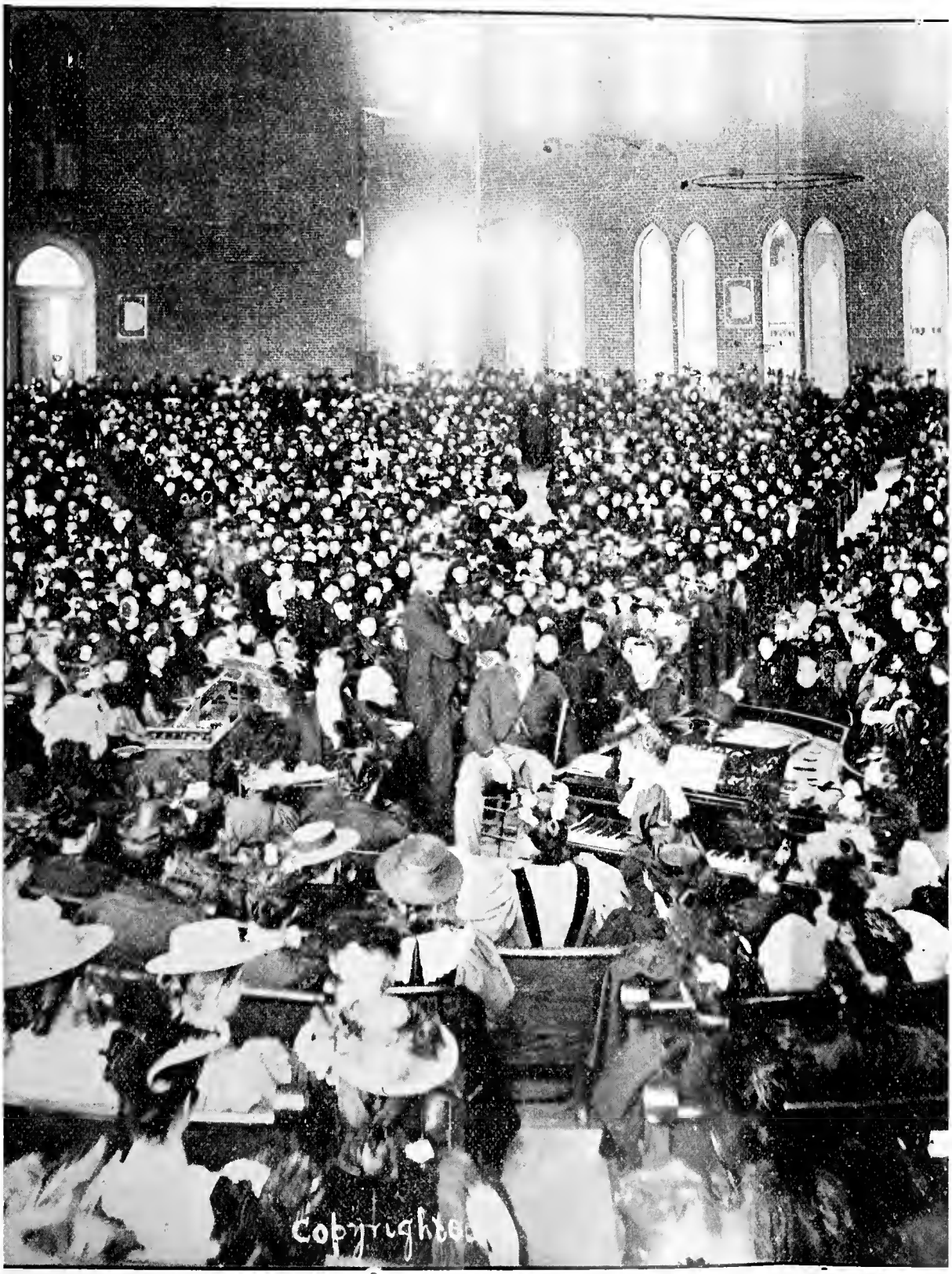
truest, and noblest brotherhood God's sun ever shone on, if you run it right. I do. But I will tell you, my brother, I have got something against the way we run the Church of God. I have.

Sympathy! You take these young men down here in these pool rooms and barrooms and places of sin, why, everybody is polite to them, and everybody has a smile for them. But go up to the church, and absolutely most of the churches keep their pews rented to the old saints of God, and sinners have got to take a back seat to get one at all. It is a fact. [Applause.] I doubt, actually, if Jesus Christ ever takes up his abode in a church that rents its pews to its members. [Applause.] I notice some of you don't clap your hands. I reckon, bud, you've got a pew; I don't know. [Laughter and long and loud applause.] If there is anything that ought to be free to all, it is the gospel of the Son of God. Jesus Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance: and if God had the coöperation of professed Christians in this world, he would win the world to himself. But the members of the Church not only turn a cold shoulder to the sinner, but absolutely they turn a cold shoulder to one another. I want to see the Church of God united; I want to see them stand shoulder to shoulder; I want to see them in the mystic tie, hand and hand, and heart and heart, all united. I love to see a church of twelve hundred members running hand and hand, and heart and heart, and soul and soul, and let them stand together and say: "We will all go to heaven together, or we will all go to hell together; we will stick together until the world burns down." [Applause.]

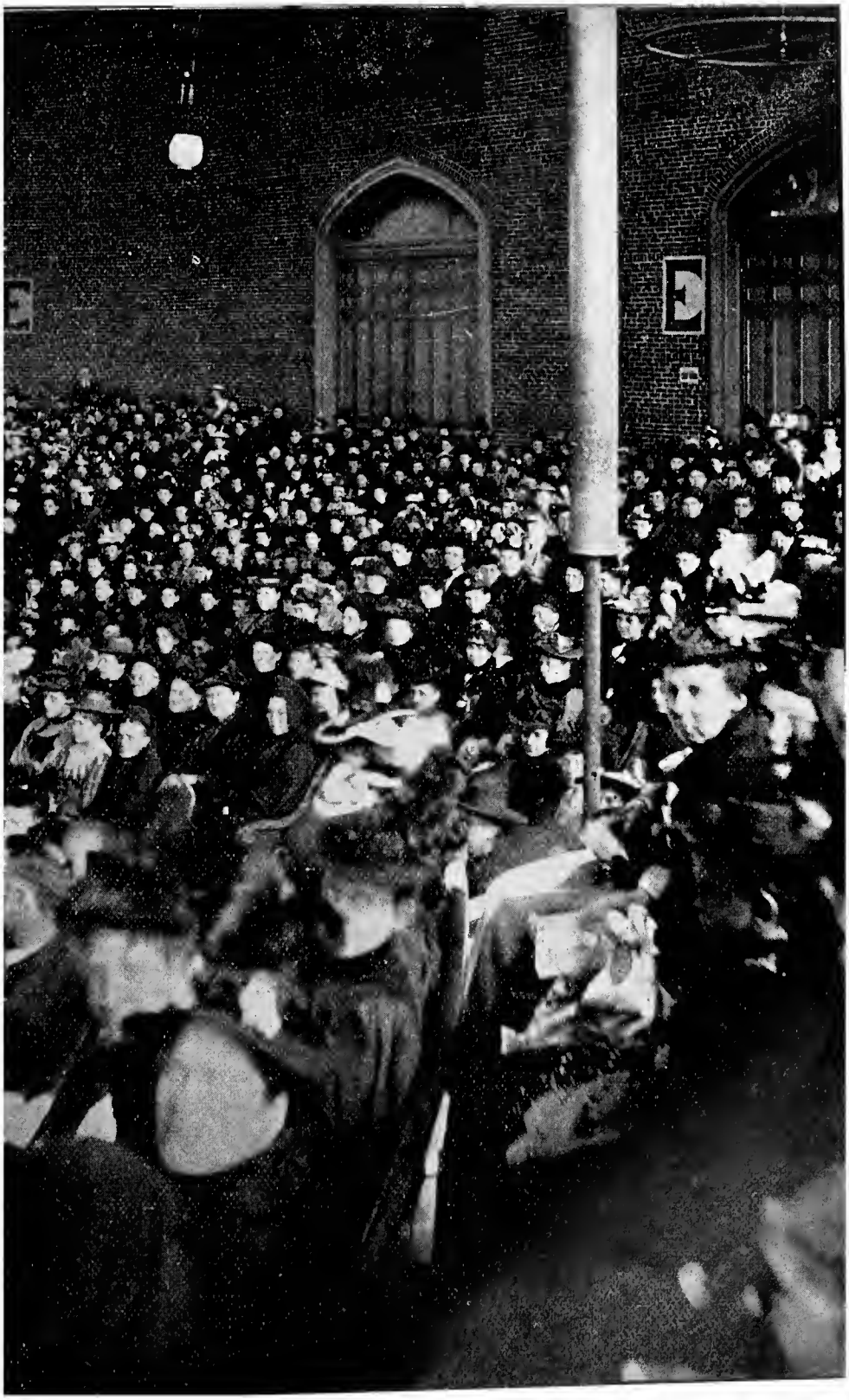
I used to be good at the play of town ball. Thank God! I was grown and settled before baseball started [laughter], and I have never had anything to do with that. And here, when playing town ball, we put one fellow in the hole with a bat, as we called it, and another behind to catch, and the other fellows would play in the field and try to catch the ball on the first bounce, if the fellow at the bat hit it. If we Christian people would stay close together and stick by one another, so that when the devil knocked one of us down the balance would catch him on the first bounce, then the devil would be out. [Applause.] But instead of that, when the devil knocks him down the balance look on and say: "O what a pity we ever took him into the Church of God!" I have no patience



THUSS, PHOTOGRAPHER, NASHVILLE.



ADIES' MEETING IN UNION GOSPEL TABERNACLE, NASHVILLE, CONDUCTED BY REV. SAM P. JONES.



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with it, and I repeat with all the emphasis of my soul that the day is coming in the closing up of this nineteenth century when the Church has got to put her heart in the bosom and go forth, or the devil will get this generation ten to one. Sometimes the preacher will take the grand old ship of Zion and start out through the channel and way out beyond the lighthouse, and stand on her bulwarks and look back on the beach ten miles and say: "All you sinners, swim out here through the channel of orthodoxy If you will swim out here, I will take you home to heaven." And I hear the old sinner standing at the rear, who says, "Boys, I can't swim that far; and if I could, the sharks will get me; I will take my chances right here on the beach;" and he does, too.

But listen: The grand, big-hearted, noble preacher that runs the old ship of Zion right up to the beach and throws out her gang plank and halloos, "All aboard for glory!"—that's the fellow that will get them to go to heaven with him. God wants us to do that, and that is the only way the old ship ought to come in, and the right way, to the very banks, right at the very edge of the waters let the gang plank be thrown out. [Applause.]

Sometimes you will see them divided up into sectional classes, and you will hear a Baptist say, "Baptist, Baptist till I die" [laughter]; and then you will hear a Methodist over there, "Methodist, Methodist till I die;" and then over here, "Presbyterian, Presbyterian till I die;" and the old sinner standing out there say, "Sinner, sinner till I die." [Laughter.] O, my neighbor, it is all wrong. God has a heart, and he loves you so with that heart; and if we had loved each other, we could help God save each other. I will get in on sympathy And listen: I made a prohibition speech in one of the cities below here. And I have made many a one, and God help the preacher who has never made a prohibition speech! ["Amen" and applause.] He won't be in hell ten minutes till the devil will saddle and bridle him and push and pull him all over it. If God has an enemy in the world, it is whisky I say I made prohibition speeches, and I will make some more if I live. Whisky is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. And you will see just what I mean, and I stand myself as a Christian on this proposition: If whisky can be put out and God can be put in, I don't care who is President and who is Governor. I mean

that. [Applause.] I would rather have the devil for the President of the United States without any whisky, than to have any man you can elect and to have whisky [Applause.] If the devil were President to-night, and there were no whisky in the world, he would resign in three weeks and go back to hell. [Applause and laughter.] He couldn't run this country without it, that is one thing. Hear me: You may fall out with me and call me a fool, but that is one thing, if nothing else; you have made me a prohibitionist.

Down in one of our Southern towns sometime ago, a father, a farmer, came driving into town with a one-horse wagon and a bale of cotton on the wagon; it was his last bale—he had just made two—and he drove into the little town, with his little boy, with little cotton pants on, that came to his knees, and his little bare legs and feet, with no coat, and an old hat full of holes on his head. And it was one of those cold, bleak, penetrating days, misting awhile and sleeting awhile. And he drove up in the town square, rolled his bale of cotton off and sold it, and said to the little boy—I expect he told him from the start: "I am going to get you some comfortable clothes to-day You helped papa make the cotton. You stay here and mind the horses and I will be back directly" He sold his cotton and went into the saloon and began to drink with his hilarious friends, and he drank and drank, and the little fellow sitting out in the cold shivering, and he stayed there an hour, and then climbed down and with his benumbed and cold little legs walked into the saloon and walked up to his father, shivering, and he said, "O papa, please, sir, come and take me home;" and that imbruted father set the glass of whisky in his hand down on the counter and raised his right hand and brought it against the jaw of the little fellow and slapped him against the wall of the saloon; and the little fellow grabbed his face and ran out with his little benumbed muscles and climbed up on the wagon again, and by and by his imbruted old father, full of whisky, walked staggering out to the wagon and piled over into the bed of the wagon, and the little fellow drove him out home. And next morning, that stupid, drunken man was awakened by his wife, who said: "O husband, get up, please, sir, go for the doctor; little Johnnie has the highest fever I ever saw" And he crawled out of that bed and

dressed himself and went hurriedly for the doctor; and when the doctor came and examined the boy, he said that both of his lungs were on fire with pneumonia, and his fever one hundred and ten, and that he could not live through the day. And next morning that father stood over the corpse of that little boy, with that great, bruised, black, swollen jaw, and looked over him and kneeled down and kissed his little lips and said: "O God, is there any chance for a poor wretch that would treat his child like this?" My God, that would make a prohibitionist out of me if that were the only case in the world. God save the poor drunkard! ["Amen."]

And I preached in this town eight years ago. One morning, when I opened my mail, there was a letter, bleared and blotted in the tears of the poor woman that wrote it, and she said: "Brother Jones, I heard you night before last. When I came home my drunken husband was there, and he had beaten and kicked my children, and bruised them, and then he turned on me, and kicked and beat and bruised me until I was scarcely alive." She said: "This morning I kissed my little children good-bye, and went down to the banks of the old, muddy Mississippi, determined to drown the cares of a drunkard's wife in the waters of the old Mississippi; but, as I stood with my own form reflected from the waters below, I thought of my mother and my little hopeless children, and I have come back to stay with my children. And, Brother Jones, never let up! Never let up! Fight them till you die! Fight them till you die!" [Applause.] And there is not a man upon the face of God's earth to-day that can read my mail without getting on fire, from Christmas to Christmas. I say I have made prohibition speeches, and I will make some more. I will. God pity a preacher in St. Louis, right in the midst of eighteen hundred saloons in full blast, that never felt called to preach against them. The devil brags on them from Christmas to Christmas. You say: "Jones, you are fighting the ministry" Bless my soul, brother, there ain't a man alive I honor and reverence and love more than I do a true minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. But the little timeserving, peripatetic dude in the pulpit! My! my! Do you call him a preacher? Then, God bless you! what am I? [Laughter.] But if he loves God, and loves his fellow-men, and will go to the depths to help a poor fellow back

again, there is no man, living or dead, that I reverence like I do him. Ain't I right? Here, amid the perishing and amid the unregenerate, let us do our work like heroes.

Now hear me: I was saying I made a prohibition speech. So I did, and I can't get away from that either. I tell you there's fish up that stream. There is that. It was down in Tennessee. Yes, I recollect, it was in old Robertson County, Tenn. You know where that it is, don't you, brother? ["We do."] Why, yes, there're a thousand of you fellows who've been drunk on Robertson County whisky. [Laughter.] Yes, you needn't deny it. Well, I was making a speech there. I remember it was in a grove, and there were about four to six thousand people present. There was one fellow underneath me, and he was drunk; well, three parts drunk, each of the parts being a third. [Laughter.] He was a poor, wretched, ragged fellow, and, as I was saying, he was weeping and crying. And round about me there was arising the smoke from forty stillhouses. And how I did make the fur fly that day! I mean in my own feeble way But to return to my story. The tears were streaming out of the man's eyes faster and faster as I went on. You know there're a lot of fellows get mighty religious when they are drunk. [Laughter.] He was just going it. When I had finished I went down to the house at which I was staying. I laid me down on the lounge, wearied after two hours of an address.

Presently the hostess knocked at the door of my room and entered. She said: "Brother Jones, there's a man who wants to see you out there." I said, "My dear woman, I'm too tired to see anybody; I'm completely exhausted;" but then I added, "Who is it, anyway?" She replied: "It's a poor, ragged, besotted, wretched drunkard, who says he wants to see you badly" Then I answered: "Send him in. I used to belong to that gang myself."

And so the good woman turned him in. When he entered he turned and stood there, and looked at me with an appealing look. He said: "Mr. Jones, I didn't come here to beg money for more liquor. I heard you speak, and while you were speaking I got an idea that you'd have some sympathy for a poor drunken dog like me. I will try to lead a sober life. Will you pray for me? I'm

going to start anew right now." With that he went to go out. I shouted, "Hold on there," and then he began to tell his woeful story. "I have seen better days," he said. "I am a graduate of a university in Virginia; I taught school for a long time; I had the best wife with which God ever blessed man, but, God pity me! I crushed the last drop of blood out of her heart before she died. I had two little boys. They were beautiful boys; now they're over in the Orphan Home. And I had two little girls, and now they're in another home in another county." He pulled out a little black cap from his pocket and said: "I had a home, I had happiness; and that little cap is all that belongs to me out of it all. The little cap belongs to my little boy in the Orphan Home in Nashville."

"There," I said, "Frank," addressing my secretary, "take this brother down the street; have him shaved; have him bathed; get him a new suit of clothes, and bring him back, and bring me the bill." In about an hour Frank returned, and my! what a change there was in that man! He began to express his thanks to me. I said: "Don't thank me; you should just thank God for keeping me and my wife and family out of your condition, and out of the condition in which your poor family is in." I then handed him a dollar and said: "Strike out now to the woods and be a man. And remember when difficulties and temptations and trials come there's a little sallow-faced Georgia preacher who'll stick to you till his heels fly up. [Laughter.] Go on, sir, and be a man."

Six weeks after that I received a letter saying: "Brother Jones, I have gotten me a school; I have gotten my little children; I have as much happiness as a man can have with my sweet little wife gone. I take my little children in my arms and tell them to look on one man who's been saved from ruin by you." How many thousands of drunkards could be saved, and how many thousands of homes and families could be made happy, if we had only a little sympathy for the poor, wrecked, and ruined man! [Cheers.] And after all, brother, I lost nothing on that fellow. It was not a month before one of the merchants gave me a $75 suit of clothes. He sent it to me and said: "This is for you, Mr. Jones; will you accept it with my compliments?" I replied that I would if it'd be any accommodation. [Laughter.] So you see I made $45 on that drunkard, for I don't believe I spent more than $30 on him. Have

you never speculated on that? O for a little more sympathy! If we had only the heart to love one another, God Almighty would get the chariots of heaven and hitch angels to them to bring down here thousands of blessings. O, if we'd only stand by each other! But we won't. No; it's every man for himself, and the devil for us all. Listen: It's "me and my wife and my son John, and his wife, maybe. [Laughter.] John can come, but I don't know whether we can take his wife in." My! my! What sympathy! "Well, she's another fellow's daughter, it's true; but John married her, and I reckon we'd better take her in." [Laughter.]

My! my! That's the chorus of the world; selfishness, lack of sympathy I'll say this to you, the sweetest spots in my memory are the incidents and times that my own ears have listened to the story of men who have said: "Jones, you've been a benediction to me; you have been a blessing and a joy to me; you helped me when I needed help. Some people do tell me that. They don't all curse me, bud; there are some who have sense. But some do say things of me that are meant to be unpleasant. "God bless you," somebody said, "Jones is fit to run with the Salvation Army" Well, that's the greatest compliment I could receive. It's the greatest compliment any Christian could receive. [Cheers.] There are a few of us who have religion enough to belong to the Salvation Army I bless God that it was ever thought of by anybody that I had enough religion to be considered worthy of joining the Salvation Army procession. I'm glad of it; yes, heartily glad of it. Let me tell you this: Whenever the Christianity of this town will go down into the hovels and slums of this town and rescue the perishing and save the fallen, God will set his approval upon you and you will receive blessings such as you have never received before. The Church will refuse to do the work of rescuing the perishing and saving the fallen in the slums of our cities, and then they will laugh at the Salvation Army because it is doing the work which God told the Church to do, and which the Church has neglected to do. [Applause and cries of "That's a hot one," "Hit 'em again," etc.] God help me to do something to make bright the home of some poor family in this town! I am after the poor; the rich folks and the big folks can get along without me. O yes; none of Sam Jones there. [Laughter and applause.] God

help me to do something to aid some poor, wretched man on his way to a better life. If any one were to ask me to-night, "Jones, what's the sweetest thing in your life to you?" what would be my answer? I would not say it was the fact that I have preached in all the States in this Union, and preached perhaps to two million people a year for the last twelve years. I would not say that it's the remembrance of how good and kind people have been to me. And, brother, there are heaps of folks who have been good and kind to me. Don't you forget it, bud. I want you to know that everybody don't hit me like you do. Some folks have more sense than that. [Laughter.] And I'll say this: You never saw a fellow who'll remain longer with his friends than the fellow who's talking here to-night. And more than that, you never saw a fellow who'd set up to his enemies more kindly, more respectfully, and more lengthily than the fellow who's talking to you here to-night. I'm not a fighter. No, I don't want to fight, but I never did just lie down and tell the other fellow to go ahead. [Laughter.] I don't think that's pious. [Laughter.] I've had fellows say, "I'll lick you," but they didn't lick me. [Laughter.] I just persuaded them out of it. [Laughter.] Whenever a fellow says to me, "I'll break your head," I just start in to argue the point. I never want to fight, and I never want to be licked. [Laughter.] I first tell him that it wouldn't be right for him to lick me. "Look here," I say, "now just think of what you'd be doing. You'd be sending me home to my wife all cut and bleeding. And, my! how my poor wife would cry her eyes out looking at me. Remember my wife. You oughtn't to do that, you know [Laughter.] I ask no favors on my own account, you see. And if another fellow says, "I'll break your head," I begin to argue again. "Just think of my daughter Julia, the sweetest little girl you ever saw," I say. "My little Julia! My! When she sees me come home cut and bruised, how she'll cry her little bright eyes out! Neighbor, don't lick me. It isn't right to lick me." And I most always persuade the fellow out of the notion of licking me by telling him of my wife or my daughter Julia. [Laughter.] And then, by way of turning the joke, I say: "How would you like it if I were to send you home to your wife a regular rawhead and bloody bones? [Laughter.] And what would your little

daughter think if I were to send you home licked and have her crying her eyes out at the sight of you?" [Laughter.] No, I don't want fighting; I want to send a fellow home to his wife that she may see he's a better man. I want her to be able to say: "My husband is going to be a good Christian and a good man." And I want her to tell her little children of the change, and I want to hear the little children talk to each other of it, and say: "Mamma says papa is going to be a good Christian and a good man." As to the fighting, I'm like Pat with regard to it. Some one ran at him with a knife, and Pat ran to avoid the thrust and the injury. He was upbraided for his cowardice. "An' sure," says he, "wouldn't I rather be a coward for five minutes than be a dead man all my life." [Laughter and applause.] Well, as I say, I don't want to fight. It's a poor business. But I have a love for my friends and no fear for my enemies. And when it comes to the point, I can usually persuade them out of the notion of licking me.

But it is things like this which I am going to relate that bring joy to my heart. I was driving down through a little Georgia town, and I remembered that a short time before I had had a ten days meeting there. And as I was driving I saw a man walking in the middle of the road. He had a sack of flour on his shoulder, and one bundle under this arm and one under that. And as soon as he saw me he threw everything down and ran up to me and said: "Isn't this Brother Sam Jones?" I said: "Yes; that's my forgiven name." "You don't know me," he said. "I confess I can't remember you," I answered. "Well, no," he went on; "no one would know me now. But, Sam Jones, I'm that drunken bricklayer whom you converted at your last meeting. I want you to come right back to that little cottage," pointing to a little cottage in the neighborhood, "and I want you to see how happy a home it is." In vain I explained the need of haste, he insisted on my going back, and I went. When we entered I beheld on a bed his wife in the last stages of consumption, pale and wan and exhausted. And he walked up to her and said: "This is Brother Sam Jones, the man who won me to God." And that noble and suffering wife put out her fevered hand and took hold of mine, and she said: "O sir, I am so glad to see you. You do not know

what you have done for this home. I had once a noble husband; but drink came, and then all was sorrow and suffering. He would come home in the dark hours of the night and run us away in the rain and the cold and make our lives wretched." And he spoke up and said: "Yes, God forgive me! I have done that, and I fear that the cold which gave my poor wife the consumption was caught on one of these occasions." And she went on: "Yes, there's no drink now; he reads the Bible with us all. Brother Jones, but for you the curse of my life would have been that I'd have died and left my dear little children in the hands of a drunken father. Thank God! now when I'm gone they will be in the hands of a noble father."

There is joy in giving comfort to others. I would rather have brightened that poor little home than to be President. [Cheers.] I would rather have done that than to be a king. [Cheers.] God help me in St. Louis to make some poor broken-hearted wife happy, some little children happy, to do for them what God has done for me! [Cheers.] May God bless some poor fellow who is hunting a blessing here to-night, and may the blessing of God Almighty abide with us all forever! Amen.

WHY CONTINUE IN SIN?

ONLY those who reached the Exposition Music Hall considerably before eight o'clock last night were able to find seats. Late arrivals either stood throughout or left in disappointment. The stage also held more than its wonted number, in addition to the choir. The arrival of Rev. Sam Jones was signaled by an outburst of applause, and the evangelist faced a cheering sight whichever way he turned. The mammoth audience itself was an inspiration, while on the platform half a score of ministers of the gospel, including Rev Joe Jones, a brother of the great revivalist, gave their earnest support to the scene. These were Rev George R. Stuart, Rev F G. Tyrrell, Rev George D. McCulloch, Rev. M. B. Gott, Rev W B. Palmore, Rev A. J Jarrell. Rev L. Pulliam, Rev S. H. Werlein, and Rev. John Boring, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

The subject chosen by Mr. Jones was: "Why Will You Continue in Sin?" Again he abandoned all the mannerisms, the laughable talks, the inimitable and daring illustrations usually scattered through his sermons; and delivered a straight-out, powerful, pleading discourse that went home to hundreds who heard it.

Mr. Jones's nightly reference to money matters was in part couched as follows: "Now brethren, we've got to where we can't go any farther without stopping. I would like every one of you to get to the point in these meetings where you would really enjoy the collection. Now we can get every one happy and shouting, but you never saw a crowd yet that could shout through a collection. It's worth something to a man that is pulling every pound he can pull to know that his efforts are appreciated by some. I received a letter to-day from the head of a firm I have never yet seen, and in all probability never may see. This letter says: "I inclose check for twenty-five dollars to help on the good work you are doing in this city." [Applause.]

"Now," Mr. Jones went on, "if any of you want to know what

this work means, I'll tell you how to go about it. You get up here and preach for one night, and you'll say: "Jones, you do the preaching hereafter, and take all I've got." You will. The collection last night fell off twenty-five dollars, but our good friend has come to the rescue. It is true our crowd was somewhat smaller last night—some had to stay away—but you're all here to-night. There can be no excuse now. Let's come up like men, and when the ushers start, you just get out your money and hold it till the hat comes your way, then drop it in. Don't do anything you'll be ashamed of. Put in a quarter or a dollar, or ten dollars—any little thing like that will help us along."

Here the speaker paused while the ushers did their duty. Before they had finished, however, he again addressed the congregation, calling attention to the *Tennessee Methodist*, published at Nashville, of which he is one of the editors. "I edit," he said "just like I preach." From this Mr. Jones drifted into the subject of progressive euchre, denouncing it as gambling of the worst kind, and severely scoring any member of the Church who indulged in it. He declared that the West End not only had nearly all the churches of St. Louis, but a good deal of the devil as well; in fact, the devil was there in big shape. The speaker announced services to-day at 11 A.M. at Central Christian Church and at Lafayette Park Methodist Church, and to-night as usual in the Music Hall. "On Sunday afternoon," he concluded, "at three o'clock I shall give another stag party, to which all men are invited. I shall speak then upon a different line from that of last Sunday I want to see one of the grandest meetings ever held in this city, and I trust every good woman in St. Louis will pray for us."

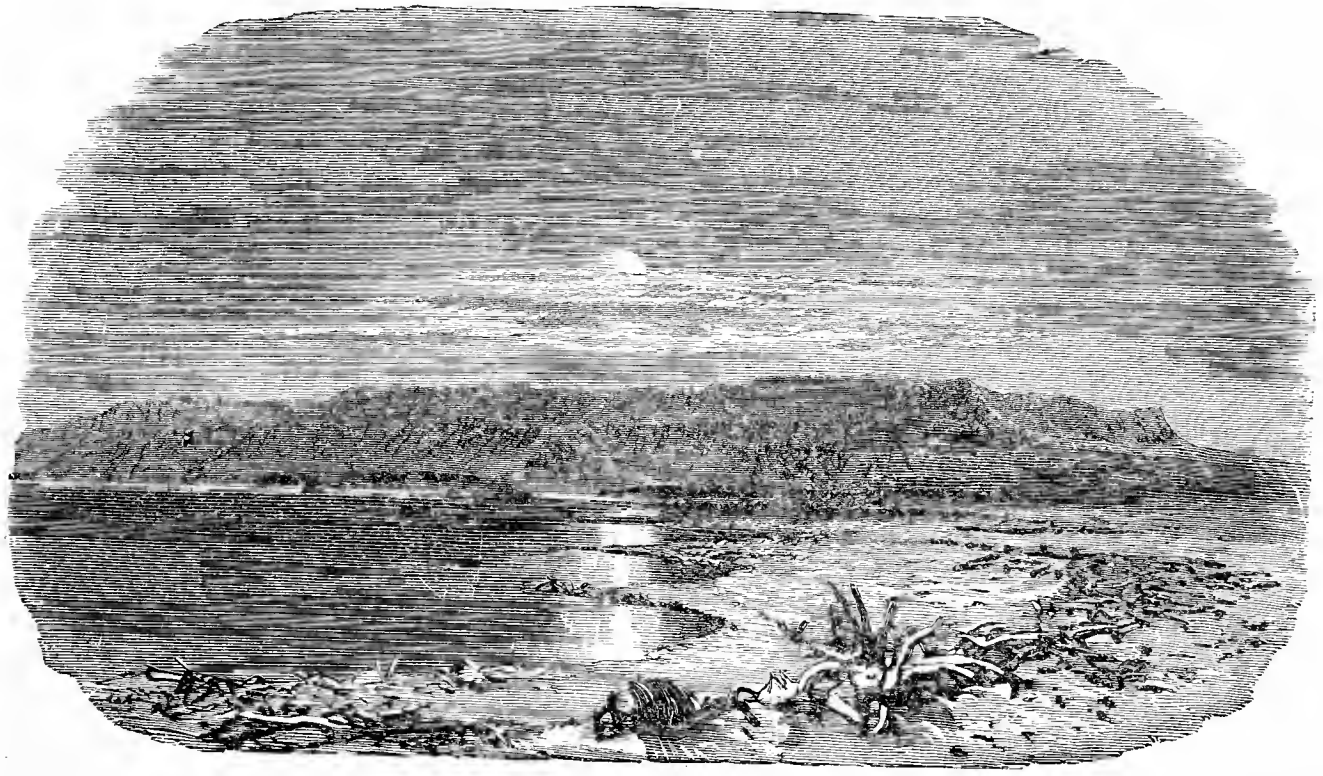
THE SERMON.

It was a solemn, serious, thoughtful hour here last night. The text which I read is this: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov xxix. 1.)

We talk in all earnestnesss and fidelity to you upon that subject. And now, in this hour, with its issues and reaching backward to the cradle and forward to eternity, we lead every man's attention to this in this solemn and fearful hour, with the question: In view

of all the truth we know, in view of all the past and present and future, I have but one question to bring to you to-night, and that question is this: Why will you continue in sin? In view of what sin has done for this world; in view of what sin has done for humanity; in view of what sin has done for this city; in view of what sin has done for you, my brother, I come to you with this infinitely important question to-night: Why will you continue in sin? Now understand me, I don't ask you how it is that you are born in sin. That involves theological questions that you and I may not have time to consider to-night. I don't ask you how it is that you have lived up to this hour a sinner, as that would involve exculpatory statements that maybe you and I haven't the time nor patience to listen to. But the question is not how is it that you were born in sin, or have lived in sin up to this hour, but why will you leave this place to-night to live another hour a rebel in God's kingdom and a sinner upon the face of the earth.

I am going to spend thirty or forty minutes upon your side of the question, trying to help you answer the question of the hour. And, brother, follow me; stay by my side as I talk to you, and God help me to talk through you this night on this great question before us. Is there a man in this audience that will stand up and say: "The reason I live another day or hour in sin is because I am ignorant as to the nature of sin?" Will any man here say: "I am a sinner and will continue a sinner because I don't know what sin is?" Brother, will you plead ignorance on this momentous question in this fearful hour? I dare say there is not a man in this audience that doesn't know right and wrong, that doesn't know the good from the bad, that doesn't know what doing right means and wrong doing means. Every man in this audience who is a sinner is convicted from his own lips. There is not a sinner in this audience that has not criticised some member of the Church, and every time you criticise the life of a member of the Church you have demonstrated to man and angels that you knew what right was, and you wanted the other fellow to do it; and your criticism of your neighbor is a demonstration of the fact that you know what right is, and that you demand that other people do it. We stand convicted from our own lips. There is not a man here but what knows it is wrong to swear, to drink; wrong to defraud his neighbor: wrong to tell a lie; wrong to



THE DEAD SEA.

violate the Sabbath; wrong to continue to do all these things which it has been but the habit of our life to do. We cannot plead ignorance; we know what right is and we know what wrong is. Again, will any man in this audience plead as his reason for another half hour of sin in his life the fact that he is ignorant as to the consequences of sin? Now I stand here in my place and say this: I don't need a preacher nor a Bible nor an angel to tell me that sin will ruin a man. I never looked on a poor, staggering drunkard as he halted on the streets of a town but what I looked at him and said: "O my Lord, there goes a ruined man." I never see a poor, pale, halting, ruined woman on the streets of a city but what I look at her and say: "Whether there is a God or heaven or hell or not, that poor being is wrecked and ruined in character and in life." I need only go from State to State and see your penitentiaries with their convicts wearing the stripes of shame and guilt. I need not go further than there to teach me what sin will do for a man. I can take you to unhappy homes in our land. I can take you to bleeding-hearted wives. I can take you into thousands of gilded homes in this town. and show you the skeleton hanging there, and that shall tell you plainer and stronger than a preacher can utter it that sin has gotten in its work here.

Sin! It blights and dooms and debauches and damns everything that it gets control of, and no man in this audience can say: "I don't know what sin will do for the human race." We look over the records of the world; we look back down the dim vista of history in the past, and we see that sin drove Adam from the garden of Eden and the peaceful presence of God, and locked the gates behind him. We know that sin brought the flood on the world and drowned all the race except Noah and his family We know that sin brought the burning hell upon the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and all the plains thereof. We know that sin drowned Pharaoh and his hosts, his horses and chariots, in the Red Sea. We know it was sin that caused the earth to burst open and swallow up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram and their wicked company out of the sight of men forever. We know that it was sin that, under the blaze of an archangel's wing, caused one hundred and eighty thousand sturdy soldiers of Sennacherib's army to be destroyed in the twinkling of an eye. We know it was sin that caused Ananias and

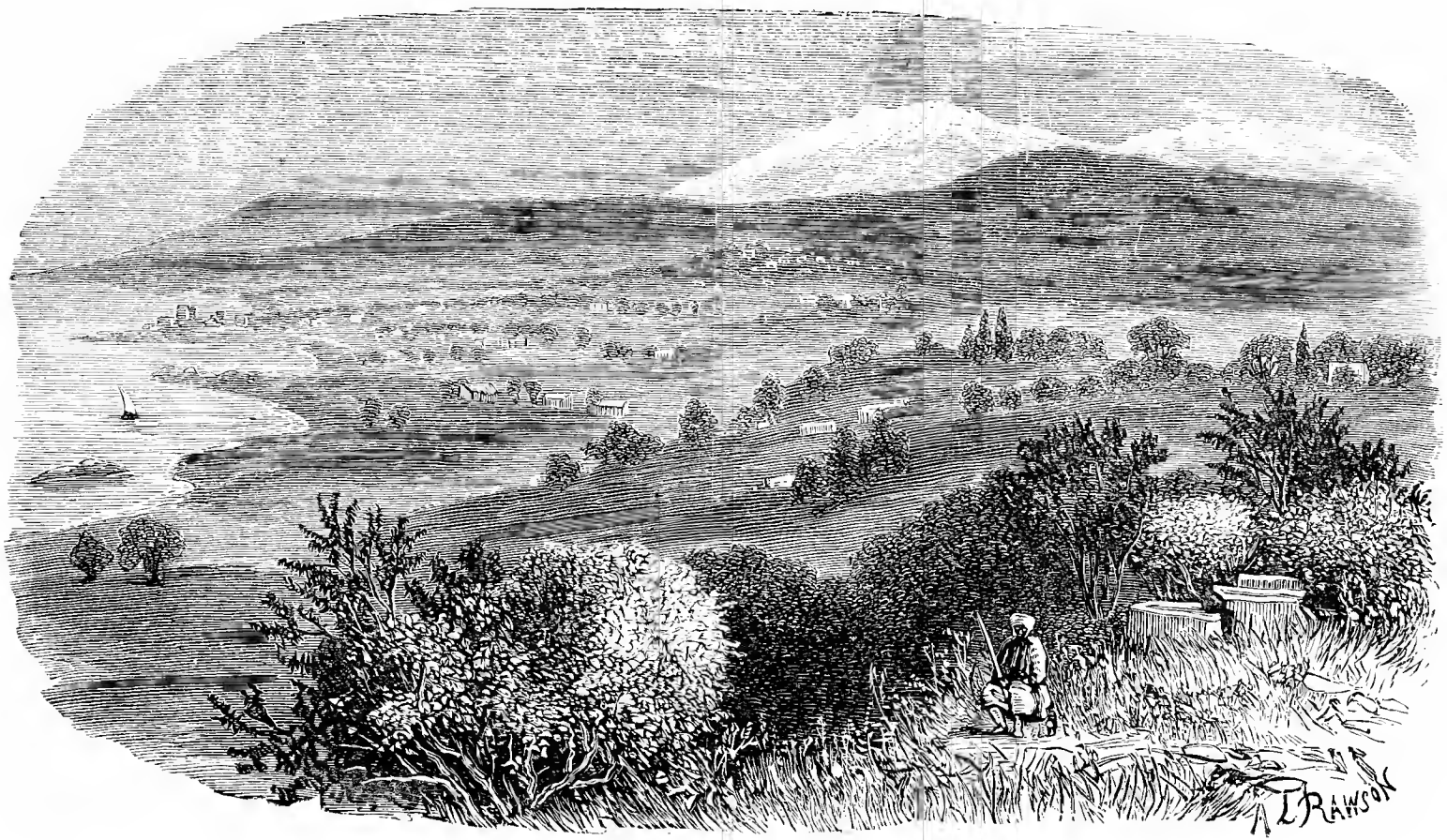
Sapphira to drop dead when they were convicted of falsehood; and when a man in this enlightened age looks over the past and sees the lost in the flood, in the burning which destroyed the wicked cities, Pharoah and his hosts drowned in the Red Sea, Sennacherib's army lying down in camp destroyed by the angel of God, and the pale corpses of Ananias and Sapphira, then let him ask himself: "If God Almighty will drive Adam from his presence and drown the world and burn the cities and destroy armies everywhere, then how can I hope to escape if I am a rebel in God's universe and sin against him every day?" And again, to say that God will not punish sin, he must fly in the face of every line in history and every declaration of the great God that made this world. Ignorance as to the consequences of sin! I have seen enough: I have seen it on the father and on his son and on his son's son. I have watched it in the generations that have come down: the old gray-headed sinner that led the way to ruin, and his children that followed him, and the grandchildren that followed them. And I say to you to-night: The worst fact in human life is the father with his life headed toward sin, and the home and children following in line with him every time they downward and hellward roll. Fire will burn, and whisky will make a man drunk; dishonesty will put him in stripes, and bloodthirstiness will bring him to the gallows, and sin will bring him to hell. We know what sin will do; and you have but to visit places in this town to see, if you don't believe, that sin will do its work. Go there! Look there! Sin will ruin a man in Georgia, it will ruin a man in Missouri, it will ruin him on earth, it will ruin him in heaven, and it will burn him in hell forever.

Sin! Now you say: "Mr. Jones, I know what sin is; I know what its consequences will be." Well, brother, I would press this question upon your heart and conscience as an immortal man. Hear me to-night! Will you say: "I know what sin is, and I know what its consequences will be, but I am indifferent to it?" O, the indifferent men that walk the streets of this town! They know the facts, and know what their life is, and know what the consequences will be; but they are as indifferent as a stick or a stone in the presence of facts that ought to move mountains and make angels weep. "I know what sin is, but I am indifferent to it." I thank God that

in my past wayward life I never was indifferent to the awful conditions under which sin has placed me. Sometimes I wouldn't go to church for six months; sometimes I would scarcely go in three months, and yet I say to you the truth, I seldom ever sat by my good wife or my father in the house of God and heard an earnest sermon preached, that it didn't move me to my profoundest depths. I wouldn t let my wife see the tear that had stolen down my cheek. I wouldn't let my father know how my conscience was stirred and my emotional nature was moved to its profoundest depths. I never grew indifferent to my lost and ruined estate.

The Lord pity a man that can look at all the facts and all the truths connected with his condition, and yet be as indifferent as if he had no soul to save, no heaven to gain, and no hell to shun. Indifferent! Another will say: "Why, Mr. Jones, I am not indifferent; I have been thinking more seriously and profoundly for the last few days than I have in years; I am not indifferent. When I am brought face to face with my danger and destiny it takes something stronger to move my heart and conscience." Then, brother, I come to you with another question: Is it because you say: "I know the truth, and I am reckless as to consequences?" O, the reckless men in the world! Men recklessly sin with a high hand and outstretched arm, and stagger along the streets of the city without a sense of shame, cursing aloud so they may be heard of all men. O recklessness that is enough to startle the whole community! Reckless! reckless! Brother, when recklessness possesses a man, he is a fool; stark, staring mad.

It was in my own town, when I was a mere boy, we had a dipsomaniac: a man who went off on his long sprees, of two or three weeks, and then, racked with whisky, he would sober up, maybe for months; and this man, who lived in my town and went on his long sprees, then protracted the drunk until, torn and racked by whisky, one night he was sitting on the platform of the depot, and several men were sitting around, and he spoke up and said: "Boys, when the midnight express sounds her whistle up the track to-night I am going to jump off this platform and run up the track, and just as that engine runs into the cut I am going to grab her in my hands and toss her into the ditch on the side of the track. They thought it was the expression of a madman and idiot. One by one



THE RED SEA.

they jumped off that platform and went home. That man stayed there alone, and, sure enough, when the blast signal of the whistle of the midnight express was heard up the track he jumped off that platform, ran right up the track, and when the engineer saw him approaching, some forty or fifty feet from the engine, he caught his whistle lever and brought it down with a fearful blast, warning him of his danger; but he ran right on up to the engine and tried to grab the fender in his hands, and as he started to take hold of it the wheels turned and rolled his flesh under them and ground him to powder. And I tell you, a man that runs up to a locomotive engine to toss it into the ditch is a philosopher and a wise man compared to the one who rushes up into the presence of the great, eternal God, who has in the beginning made known his laws and his eternal purpose and thrown around them his own arm, the mighty Spirit that made the world. A man that rushes up into the presence of God unprepared is the biggest fool that angels ever looked upon, and I beg you to-night to consider the proposition, stay that high hand of a reckless spirit, that you may make your way to the judgment bar of God. I know some men are reckless. They will go and drink whisky, and drink and drink until now they are within twelve months of a drunkard's grave. And still they are not satisfied; they will arm themselves with a pistol and walk down the streets and pick a quarrel with a friend, and that friend, in self-defense, must jerk out his pistol and shoot the poor wretch down; and, like men have done in St. Louis, they have run leaping into hell from the sidewalk of your city twenty years before they need have run there at all. God pity men that are reckless and in a hurry to be damned! ["Amen."]

And there are men in your cemetery to-night, and their souls in hell to-night, from this city, who ought to be sitting out here listening to the very sermon I am preaching to-night. Reckless life! It is an insult to God to practice your sins, when any time and in the twinkling of an eye your defenseless, guilty soul may leap out of your diseased body into the presence of God. Reckless! O, the recklessness of men! We see it on all sides, everywhere, men who defraud, men who practice their rascality under the blaze of Bible truth and under the steeple of the churches that scarcely ever cast their shadows from over them. O my countrymen! It is an age

of recklessness; boys are reckless; girls are reckless; parents are reckless; old men are reckless; children are reckless. O God, this night arrest these reckless men as thou didst Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, recklessly arresting men and women and putting them to death. Let thy power come! We are helpless, O God, without thy power, and if thou shalt shine into our hearts, we will fall with our faces to the earth and cry: "O God, what will thou have me do!" ["Amen."] Reckless! O how reckless! Mother, you have seen it in your boy. Sister, you have seen it in your daughter. Wife, you have seen it in the face of your husband. O, the recklessness! The recklessness that drinks; the recklessness that gambles; the recklessness that follows the horse races; the recklessness that forsakes the pure home life and takes up with a club down town; the recklessness that overreaches the lines of honesty and does the dishonest thing. Everywhere recklessness seems to possess men all over this land. And, brother, hear me to-night: it but hurries you, increases your momentum on your road to death and hell. O, recklessness! Recklessness! You will say: "No, Mr. Jones; I seem reckless, but down in my heart I am afraid of a coffin and shroud and of the final bar of God." I have seen men that were not afraid of death. I have seen men that could walk up to the blazing mouth of a cannon without the quiver of a muscle; but I have never seen a sensible man in my life that wasn't afraid of the judgment bar of God.

Old Sheriff Zachary, of Newton County, Ga.—and a braver man God never made—who was sheriff of that county for perhaps twenty years or more, which was a reward for his manly courage, was called upon by one of our pastors, who was carrying on revival meetings in the town, who approached the old gray-headed sheriff, and said to him: "Mr. Zachary, I wish you would come to our meetings and give your heart to God." He looked at the pastor, and said: "Mr. Wordsworth, I am not afraid to die." The preacher looked him in the face, and said: "I know that God never made a braver man than you are, Mr. Zachary; but how about the judgment seat of Christ?" And the old man's lips trembled, and his face turned pale, and he said: "O, sir, I am afraid of the judgment seat of Christ." And a man who is not afraid of that final, eternal bar of God is an idiot and hopelessly diseased in mind

and soul. The bar of God! We are all tending that way; and when I see indifferent parents, how can I be indifferent when a work of grace goes on in my community, and my children are unsaved? I don't understand people, I can't understand them.

I have seen in a courthouse of my own State a young man tried for murder. I stayed there in court while the case was in progress, and his mother sat close by, and I sat there for a week in the court, day after day, and watched that mother's face as witness after witness was introduced. I would watch her. She would look at the judge, she would look at the witness, she would look at the jury; and I would see that woman turn her head, it seemed to me, a thousand times a day, from the jury to the witness, and to the judge; and then the witnesses had all delivered their testimony, and the lawyers had all made their speeches, and the judge turned to the jury and gave them the final charge, and then the jury went out. I looked into that mother's face again when court convened next day, and the verdict was ready The judge and spectators were all in, and the jury filed in; and the judge said to the clerk: "Will you now take the verdict and read it to the court?" The clerk took the verdict in his hands, and then he read: "We, the jury"—and I saw that the mother's heart had stopped beating—she will never be any paler when she lies down in her coffin a corpse. I watched her, and it seemed as if she would die before that verdict could be read: "We, the jury, find the defendant"—I never can forget her face: "Is my boy to be hung, or is he to come back to my loving arms in pardon and in innocence?" And the poor mother sat there, and the clerk seemed to hang before he would speak the next word; he read it, "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty;" and that mother leaped to her feet and threw her arms around her boy and wept like a very child about its mother's neck, and then, turning to the jury, she said: "You blessed men, I would put my arms around you all and imprint a mother's kiss upon your cheeks."

The mother was interested one time, but it seems to me that of all the times when a mother will be most interested it will be when her boy is before the bar of God. The issue there is eternal. There is no after jurisdiction nor revisional control. When once God says to the boy, "Depart, ye cursed," he is gone forever; or when he says, "Come, ye blessed," it is a crown of everlasting

life in his possession forever. Mothers, you will be interested then; fathers, you will be interested then. You may while away your day now, you may set a bad example, you may head the way to perdition; but if you love your children, a day will come when the eternal issues of the judgment hour will stir every nerve and muscle in your soul and interest you as you have never been interested before. O God, drive this into the minds of men, and bring them to see the truth, their danger, and their destiny ["Amen."] I thank you for listening to me. I thank you for your earnest attention. May the God of heaven this night take some sentence from the preacher's lips and send it as a nail driven into a sure place in many hearts! Indifference, recklessness, will wreck and ruin you. You say: "I'm not indifferent." What's the matter, mother? What's the matter, father? What's the matter, brother? Listen to a man who would shield you and help you in all the days to come to a better and a nobler life. Hear me to-night. What do you mean by saying you're not indifferent? Is it that you are leading a compromising life? "I am going to be a Christian after awhile," you say. And Pharaoh said, "To-morrow;" and the last we heard of Pharaoh and his hosts was that they were at the bottom of the Red Sea.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

O God, make us thy servants to-day! You say you are not indifferent; you will become a Christian. The question is one which affects your eternal happiness, and yet you are putting it off. I say in my place here to-night that there is not a soul in hell at this hour who did not say somewhere and at some time in this life: "I intend to be religious." The devil doesn't care who is going to be religious to-morrow. His work and his effort is to keep you from being religious to-day. I am forty-seven years of age, and I've never seen to-morrow. Methuselah spent his nine hundred and sixty-nine years in this world, and he never lived to see to-morrow. To-morrow! To-morrow! You never see it! You will never see it! To-day is ours! To-night is ours! It is yours; it is mine. Say, will you make it right with heaven by the help of God?

Now is the time. To-morrow! To-morrow! Brother, the way to hell is paved with good resolutions. And we ought not to follow the way Do not do that. O brother! If you could only see the force of the truths which I have been preaching. Brother, I appeal to you, I appeal to every man in this audience, whoever intends to be religious, settle the question right now. Become a Christian now The decision of the moment is an eternal one. Will you say deliberately that you are prepared to die in your sins, and that you will stick to sin till the world's on fire? That is what you say if you say: "I intend to be religious." You will say: "I have deliberately, eternally, irrevocably, made up my mind to brave the terrors of damnation and to sink down to hell at last." If you realized this truth, how many would take the latter course? If a blessed angel from God were to come down here and alight on this organ and announce that the decision of every person in this audience to-night would be an eternal decision, how would you make the decision? I dare say every man would say: "I decide to-night for God and heaven and a better life." Yet the decision is an eternal one whether an angel speaks it or not.

There are men in this audience who will decide to-night, and decide forever. What a thought! What a thought! There are some men here to-night who will settle this question for time and for eternity We will never be all in this place again. Some one who is here to-night will never put his foot inside this hall again. Which one is it to be? If I could get you to see it and to feel it, I would have repentance and faith here to-night that would save men by thousands. But you put it off. You lead a compromising life. "When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." This man who talks to you to-night has talked personally and pleaded with men who said to him they would be religious one day And they went on about their way in sin until they were dead and buried. How foolish for a man to go on in his sin, to stand here, and see his coffin there, and say he'll put off turning to God! The man who does that will go on in his ways of sin till he stumbles over that coffin into hell just at the moment he's going to be religious. Every man who dies unsaved in this country does that. Brother, will you hear me to-night? Will you hear me to-night? Are you going to continue your compromising life? Are you go-

ing to put off this great question of your eternal destiny? Will you, or will you not, become a Christian? "No," you say; "I'm not compromising the matter. I know I ought to be religious." That is not it. I have talked to men in this town whose very life in this community is so far from God that it is noticeable by their neighbors. I have talked to them about this question, and I have always thought, "What is the matter with these men?" Here is one who talks like an idiot, and yet he seems to be a man of brains and thought and intelligence. They have talked to me and said: "Mr. Jones, what you say is right. I know I'm a sinner. But I'll come out as well as any of you. I know you think I'm in danger, but I'm not. I know, Mr. Jones, the God of heaven is going to be better to me than anybody down here. I know it's all going to turn out well." O what folly! Brother, as well might a man fall into the flaming fire and lay there and say, "I know it will not burn me; I know it will not harm me," while every moment it is burning his flesh and crisping his bones to ashes. Brother, sin has got in its work already, and when it is finished it is death—eternal death. If I had the physical strength, I would push this question farther upon you men to-night. But I come to you to-night, and I would open to you my very heart and let you see it, just like God sees it this moment, in all the candor of my soul. I come to you and I say that it is time some of you were repenting. Don't put it off, I beg you.

There is a time, I know not when,
A place, I know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

"This night thy soul shall be required of thee." These are the words of God. They did not mean that that night the man should die. No; he might have lived on for twenty years. But the decree was entered, and that man was as effectually doomed as he was finally damned. God have mercy on men who walk these streets, who, if they persevere in their sins, are as certain to be damned as the sun rose this morning and set this afternoon! They go on, and not only their bodies die, but their souls shall die forever. The wages of sin, in which you persist, is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

What is eternal death? I don't know. Somebody thinks it a matter of death prolonged. I do not know what it is. I know what death is. I have seen that. Take that word "death," and take that word "eternal." They are two of the most fearful words in the English language. Couple them together Eternal death, or death eternal. Death is horrible. But how horrible when assoeiated with the other! Eternal death! What is death? I have walked up to my friend's dying couch and I have stood a moment looking at the glare of his eyes and the heaving of his bosom and the jerking of his muscles and the twitching of his nerves, and I have stood and watehed, and I have said: "O death, how cruel thou art." I have taken my eyes off my friend and walked off, and directly I eome back again to my friend, and he is now in the clutches of death. I see the same glare in his eyes, the same jerk of the muscles, the same heaving of the bosom, the same twitehing of the nerves, and again I say: "O death, thou art the most cruel thing I have ever seen."

But what is eternal death? Is it the dying to-day, and on and on and on? "O Lord, is it the everlasting glare of the eyes, the everlasting heaving of the bosom, the everlasting jerking of the muscles, the everlasting twitching of the nerves—dying, dying, dying, and yet ean never die?" I do not know. By the grace of God, I shall never know what eternal death is. No! No! But here is a picture. Take it with you. Here is the death of the sinner: He stands motionless and powerless in his physieal death. And here is the reptile of eternal death approaehing. It eomes closer and closer. He would fly ere it reaches him, but he is motionless. And it eomes and coils itself around his limbs and his body, and he shudders in its embraee. And when it makes its last coil it exposes the fangs of eternal death. And the sinner, in horror, looks at the sight. And then it puts its fangs into the vietim and injeets the poison of eternal death, and he begins to die forever.

And the Christian, what is his death? He, too, is motionless and powerless in physical death. The reptile of eternal death approaehes, and just before it has time to reach the dying man Christ's divine hand reaches out and takes hold of it and extracts the fangs and the poison and turns it loose. And then the reptile

coils around the limbs and body of the dying Christian, and as it envelops his form it makes him shudder? And then the serpent throws back its head and opens its mouth for the fatal bite. And the Christian sees that the fangs and the poison are gone, and with joy he exclaims: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And he leaps out of the coil of the serpent into the arms of God, to live forever. May God help you to-night to seek that life that shall live on forever, and to shun that death that never, never dies! We are going to hold an after service to-night. All of you who say, "I am interested in my soul," remain. I pray God that many of you may say: "I settle this eternal question here and now." I beg every Christian to help us. Now we will receive the benediction: May the blessing of God Almighty abide with us now and forever. Amen.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

LAST night's inclement weather had but a slight effect on the size of the gathering at Rev Sam Jones's revival service at the Exposition Music Hall. The only vacant seats noticeable were a few in the upper gallery The evangelist preached a rousing sermon on "What Must I Do to Be Saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and Thou Shalt Be Saved." The same ripples and roars of laughter, outbursts of applause, and exclamations of approval that these rivival audiences have, as it were, copyrighted, were in evidenee throughout. Mr Jones departed somewhat from his subject in speaking of his personal affairs, and in answering notions said to have been current as to his worldly wealth, and the motives which actuated him in coming to St. Louis. The congregation was clearly in sympathy with him, and he was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic clapping of hands. The earnest appeal just before the close developed the fact that hundreds of the audience were willing to aid in the work of evangelism, while a few moments later hundreds of others stood up to avow their desire to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." There was no after service.

THE SERMON.

Now I will talk to you very candidly and practically from these words: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And they said: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

"What must I do to be saved?" This is infinitely the most important question ever propounded by mortal man. And I want you to notice how intensely personal it is. "What must I," not what must the world or St. Louis or any section of pews in this audience or any dozen men, but "What must I do to be saved?" Listen: It is not, "What must I think or what must I resolve or what must I believe or what must I read nor where must I go?" but it is "What must I do?" And the difference between that man who is a Christian and that sinner who is not a Christian is the difference

in the way they have done. "What must I do to be saved?" Now if a man were to sit down by my side quietly and look me in the face and say: "Jones, are you a minister?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I am a sinner; what must I do to be saved?" Now I might advise that man, in answer to that question, to keep good company; that is a good thing for any man to do. We can never, in this world, know the value of good company; we can never know the baleful influences of bad company. There is not an angel in heaven proof against bad company. "A man is known by the company he keeps;" "Birds of a feather flock together;" "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" "Tell me who your company is, and I will tell you who you are." I would rather associate with a dog than a man that would swear. [Laughter.] I have four dogs at my house (a St. Bernard, a setter, a water spaniel, and a rat terrier) and I am with my dogs a good deal, but I never heard one of them swear in my life. [Laughter.] I reckon I might say for them that they are a good stock of dogs; that may have something to do with it. I would rather associate with a hog than a man that would drink whisky [Laughter.] I have seen hogs in the field, hogs in the pen, hogs in the yard, but I never saw a hog in a saloon. [Laughter.] I mean a four-legged hog; they won't go in there, and if I were to get one in there once and make him drink what is in there, I pledge you my word all the dogs in town couldn't run him in that direction again. [Laughter.]

Now listen: I am talking plain, philosophical facts when I say to you that a man can associate with dogs until he becomes doggish, but he will never become profane. A man may associate with hogs until he has the instincts of a hog, but he will never make a drunkard. Now associating with a dog and a hog affects my manners, but association with swearers and drinking men affects my character. Now just as morals are above manners, so so are a dog and a hog above a swearing man and a drinking man as a companion. [Laughter and applause.] Ain't that right? Now what do you brethren say [referring to the pastors on the stage]? Ain't that right, brethren? Now if you will quit your swearing and drinking whisky, and drinking swearers don't like it, you can lick them. [Laughter and applause.] Now hear! I am talking plain facts. You say: "Sam Jones, do you mean what you say?"

I do. I never feel uneasy about my boy when he is off with my setter dog in the woods; I know he won't come back a worse boy. But if I know there is a man along swearing all the way, I will say: "Wife, I am mighty sorry you let Bob go; he is in bad company." If your children run out in the grass where the dogs and the hogs are grazing around, I don't feel uneasy about them; but if I knew they were down in the saloon with a crowd that is drinking, my! how bad I would feel. You can see the "pint," can't you? [Laughter.] Why, I am right, just as certain as I live. Keep good company The girl said to her father: "Father, let me go to the ball to-night." "No, daughter; I don't want you to go." "Why, father?" "Because, daughter, I don't like the company you will be associated with." He said something then; he did. She said: "I know, father, they are not all right, all of them, but they won't hurt me." About that time there was a dead coal lying on the hearth. He said: "Daughter, what is that down there?" She said: "It is a dead coal." "Pick it up." She picked it up. He said: "Does it burn you?" "No, sir." "Well, throw it down." She threw it down. He said: "Daughter, what is that on your fingers?" She said: "Smut." "Well, remember, daughter, when you go into bad company, if they don't burn you, they will smut you every time." [Laughter.]

If you could induce an angel from heaven to come down to this city to-night, and put him with some of the gangs in this city and give him a bottle of liquor in one hand and a pistol in the other, he would wake up in the lockup to-morrow morning. [Laughter.] He just can't run with that gang. He can't do it. But I am sorry for a fellow that has fallen into bad associations. And when I tell a fellow to keep good company, I have given him first-class advice.

Again, I might advise a man, if he were to look me in the face and say, "Jones, what must a man do to be saved?"—I might advise him, "Well, sir, read good books." We never can know the value of good books. We never can know the baleful influence of bad books. These ten-cent weird, wild, flashing novels, circulated by the millions through this country—the girls seem to hunger for them more than everything else in the world. And I say to parents that the ten-cent novel will get your girl as certainly as a saloon will get your boy ["Amen" and applause.]

I wish parents could see that the literature of the nation is debauching the nation. ["That's so."] You will never get over a bad book in your family. An old mother, innocent in her soul, hung up over her mantelpiece the picture of a great ship out at sea, with the billows tossing all about and sails spread full to the wind. Her four boys grew up under that picture, and in her old age a friend visited her, and she said: "I am so lonely. I have four boys; they have all gone to sea as sailors, and I am alone; O what could take all my boys away, and keep them out on the seas?" The old friend looked at her and said: "How long has this picture been hanging here?" "Ever since I was married." "The Lord didn't take them away and carry them to sea; you sent them with the picture. That picture of a ship in full sail carried your boys off to sea." And the bad book will carry your boy to ruin and your girl to wreck. You had better look out.

Again, a man looks me in the face and says: "Jones, what must I do to be saved?" I can advise him to join the Church, and I know that is good advice. I wish every fellow in the world was in the Church. The trouble is we haven't enough in there, and those that are in there aren't half as much account as they ought to be. That's a fact. [Laughter.] Here let me illustrate what I mean. The Church will never run right until everybody gets in there and goes to work. A father has four boys (Jim, John, Henry, and Tom), and he says: "Boys, I am going off on a journey, and I want you to take this farm and run it. Put this field in corn, this one in cotton; put this one in potatoes, and the other one in wheat." Planting time comes; Jim and Henry say to Tom: "Come on, you and John." Tom and John say: "No; we ain't going to begin with you; if we begin, we will be under obligations to go on and work, and so we ain't going to begin." So Henry and Tom they get their plows and go to work, and are the very boys that can, perchance get along. Now on the 1st of July, Tom and John go down, get on the fence, and say: "Look here, Henry and Jim, you are the poorest farmers I ever saw. Just look at that grass now. It has cut your crop. If I couldn't beat that, I would quit." And Henry and Jim look at them and say, "Look here, you Tom and Jim, father told you he would like you to go to work on this farm; we have been working, and we

will do the talking;" and then they say, "Get your hoes, get down off the fence, and shut your mouths." And I say to the old sinner: "Plow out that land. I think you are a lazy dog; get off the fence and get your hoe and help us clean out the crop. That is what you want." [Laughter and applause.]

It is the easiest thing in the world to criticise; anybody can criticise; but the best critics in America are in the lunatic asylums. [Laughter.] I say, go and join the Church. I wish every man in the world were a member of some Church or other. And I say, if I was the meanest man in the world, I would want to be just as good as the grace of God can make me. Go and join the Church! Every man in this country that has got a soul to save, and a God to serve, ought to belong to some regiment of the army of Christ, and go to work every day that he lives. ["Amen."] And I say, again, I might advise a man, in answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" to be baptized, and believe it is but the emblem of your submission to God and the oath of allegiance, which you pronounce in the presence of the angels, that makes you a loyal son of the Lord Almighty Be ye baptized in his name as an emblem of your loyalty to him and of your fidelity to the commands that he has given you. That is good advice. I might advise a man to take the sacrament commemorative of the death and sufferings of our Lord, and to do that at least once a month. I might advise a man to pray in his family and pray in public, and do all these things. But I want to say this to you: These are all crowned angels in the eye of God to make men better. I say to you, a man can keep good company, read good books, join the Church and be baptized, and take the sacraments, and pray night and morning in his family, and die unsaved at last, and go from the house of profession down to the depths of damnation. You see how that can be done? "What must I do to be saved?" It is a condition, and not a duty to perform. "What must I do to be saved?"

Now I believe in the doctrine of regeneration, and, if you will excuse me, my purpose is to make the subject plain to you. I predicate the necessity of the second birth on the fact, old fellow, that you wasn't born right the first time. [Laughter.] Do you catch on to what I mean? You were born full of selfishness, with a dispo-

sition to run away from God and to do wrong. I say, the highest reason in the world why a man must be born again is not so much in the fact that God says he ought to be, but in the nature of the case he must be, ever to be what God wants him to be. ["Amen."] Now if you will find me a man in this town that is all right without religion, I will show you a case that will bankrupt the whole doctrine of Christianity Show me where is a man on earth to-day that never had a selfish impulse, that never had the impulse of hatred or enmity, or ill will or a disposition to do wrong. O, my brother!

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

I don't believe in the innocence of childhood. If you will watch children, you will never say they are perfectly innocent, you will never say they are wholly innocent. God bless you! they will fight over their little playthings, such as tops and marbles. Before they are three years old they will pull wool and have a big row over the thing, and the first impulse of the child is selfishness, and selfishness is absolutely unmixable with religion. ["Amen."] Then I will tell you another thing, and I want you to hear me: If you don't believe something has got to be done for you, old fellow, you just walk out one time and try to do what God wants you to do, and the first thing we hear sometime you will drop down on your knees and say: "Good Lord, I can never do what you want me to do unless you first make me what I ought to be." Being comes from doing. A man is never better than his heart.

I told them this morning about the fellow down at the spring trying to clear the branch to get himself a drink of water; and a fellow says: "What are you doing?" He says: "I am clearing the branch, so's I can get some water." "If you will go and run the hog out of the spring, the branch will clear itself." [Laughter.] There is many a fellow working all his life on that line of conduct; and if you will go back and run the devil out of your heart, your life will become free just like the water from the spring, which flows free and clear and sparkling. ["Amen."] Get rid of it, and then you will do right. "What must I do to be saved?"

Now I am not one of those going about preaching that a man is utterly depraved. He may be; I don't know about it. They say they get it from the Bible that he is. They never showed me the special place yet; and I have no creeds, and where there is creed it is nothing but the skin of truth, split and stuffed with sawdust and sand. [Laughter.] And it is fit for nothing but for a museum. A creed never saved anybody, and it split the Church and kindled the fires around the martyrs and brought to pass the Inquisition. The creed did it. You can make a Methodist and a Baptist pull hair right now over creeds. [Laughter.] We Methodist preachers are not made for creeds. We have always the grand cardinal truths of the Bible to go out and kill our game, and we can begin to eat it after we have killed it, and you have your powder and shot in the grand old broad gospel to kill your game with. And the Bible never did say that whosoever believeth on the Methodist creed shall be saved, or the Baptist creed shall be saved, or the Presbyterian creed shall be saved; never said one word about creeds. And really there never was a creed till Jesus Christ had been in heaven three hundred years. You know those are facts. Why, Brother Jones, don't you remember the apostles' creed? Well, I'll tell you, bud, they were in heaven about two hundred and fifty years before that creed was thought of, every one of them. [Laughter.] That's a fact. Did you know that, Brother Jarrell? [Brother Jarrell nods assent.] I thought you had forgotten it, then. It is a fact, as sure as you are born. [Applause and laughter.] Creed has never saved a man; there is nothing in a creed to save a man. It is not faith in a creed or ecclesiasticism, but it is faith in a person that saves a man. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now hear: What I mean by salvation now, it ain't a song! It ain't getting happy! It ain't feeling good! Now what I mean when I talk about heaven, the Methodists call it getting religion, the Presbyterians say it's "obtaining an experience," and the Baptist says it's "professing a hope;" I don't know what kind you say, Brother Tyrrell. [Brother Tyrrell: "Becoming a Christian."] "Becoming a Christian," they call it, and that is a right good term, too; there ain't any doubt about that. If the Methodist, when he says "get religion," means to open the door of your

heart and take Christ in, give me your hand. If the Baptist means, when he says "profess hope," that he has thrown open his soul and taken in the Lord Jesus Christ, give me your hand. If the Presbyterian, when he talks about obtaining experience, means "I have thrown open the door of my heart and taken the Saviour in," give me your hand. We are brothers, and agree upon all these propositions in the theologies that have confused the world. Now what do I mean by being saved? Heaven is not a shout nor a song nor a sentiment. It is a definite principle underlying every stratum of life and conduct and mixed with them. Do right because it is right and keeps you from doing wrong. ["Amen."] Now hear: You want to know what is the matter with us poor fellows? We're out of harmony That's it. I was walking through the Pennsylvania railroad shops one day with several gentlemen, some of them pastors, and we were walking among the vast array of machinery about us, and directly we walked up to the great silent-running stationary engine that was driving the machinery, and we looked upon the grand silent power, and one of the pastors said: "I wish my church would run like that engine runs." Another said: "If the church would observe the law of its being, it would do like that engine does; it would run as grandly as that engine runs." It's a fact' And wherever there is infraction of law there is friction, and wherever there is friction there is fire, and wherever there is fire somebody will get burned.

Now listen: Your poor humanity is out of harmony with itself. That's what is the matter. I don't think humanity is rotten. It is out of harmony with itself. To illustrate: God said to Eve: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head, but he shall bruise your heel." And it is a fact; I never saw a fellow yet that didn't limp on one foot. It's a fact. Take the best man in this town, and let him get up and tell his experience. He says: "Brethren, I have been serving God for twenty years, but have come a poor, limping gait." Take the best church in this country, and it goes lame on one foot. It has got its hypocritical and no account members. Ain't that it? Take the best-organized charity, and the first thing you know the treasurer has run away with the money. [Laughter.] Everything goes limping in one foot. You never saw anything that belonged to humanity but had a limp. Did you

ever see, you preachers, in your life, anything, whether it was in the Church or out of it, that didn't limp?

They shall bruise the serpent's head, but he will bruise your heel. Are there any of you brethren who don't limp? [Laughter and applause.] Silence gives consent. [Renewed laughter.] Yes, sir! They all, and we all limp. Of course we limp. Out of harmony? Machinery not in good order? Now listen: A well-trained musician sits down to that piano and sweeps his fingers over the keys. A frown gathers on his face, for the melody of the instrument is destroyed. What is the matter? He says three of these keys are out of harmony And those three keys that are out of harmony are out of harmony with everything in heaven and earth that is in harmony I say to him: "Close up that piano, and tell it to get itself in harmony with itself." He says: "That piano can't do it." I said: "Who can?" He said: "The man that made it." And take the man that made it, and he can sit down at that piano and open up its movements, and he can sit there with his wrench and hammer and bring those three keys up, and when he brings them up in harmony with the others, then they are in harmony with everything in heaven and earth. It is in harmony. Men, like everything else, get out of harmony Sometimes a man will do something that judgment doesn't approve; sometimes will and judgment both concur, but conscience pulls back on them; and sometimes will and conscience and judgment all agree upon a night's drunk, and the fellow wakes up sick in the morning. So you see the thing don't run right. [Laughter.] And the very worst you can say of poor humanity is that it is out of harmony with itself. I am not running right. Hear: What is salvation? I will tell you. Who puts that piano in harmony with itself? The man that made it. Who can put me in harmony with myself? Can I do it? No, sir. I can't catch hold of my boot straps and lift myself up. I am lifting down as fast as I am lifting up, and I can't do it. I can't put myself in harmony with myself. Well, who can do it? The God that made me. ["Amen."]

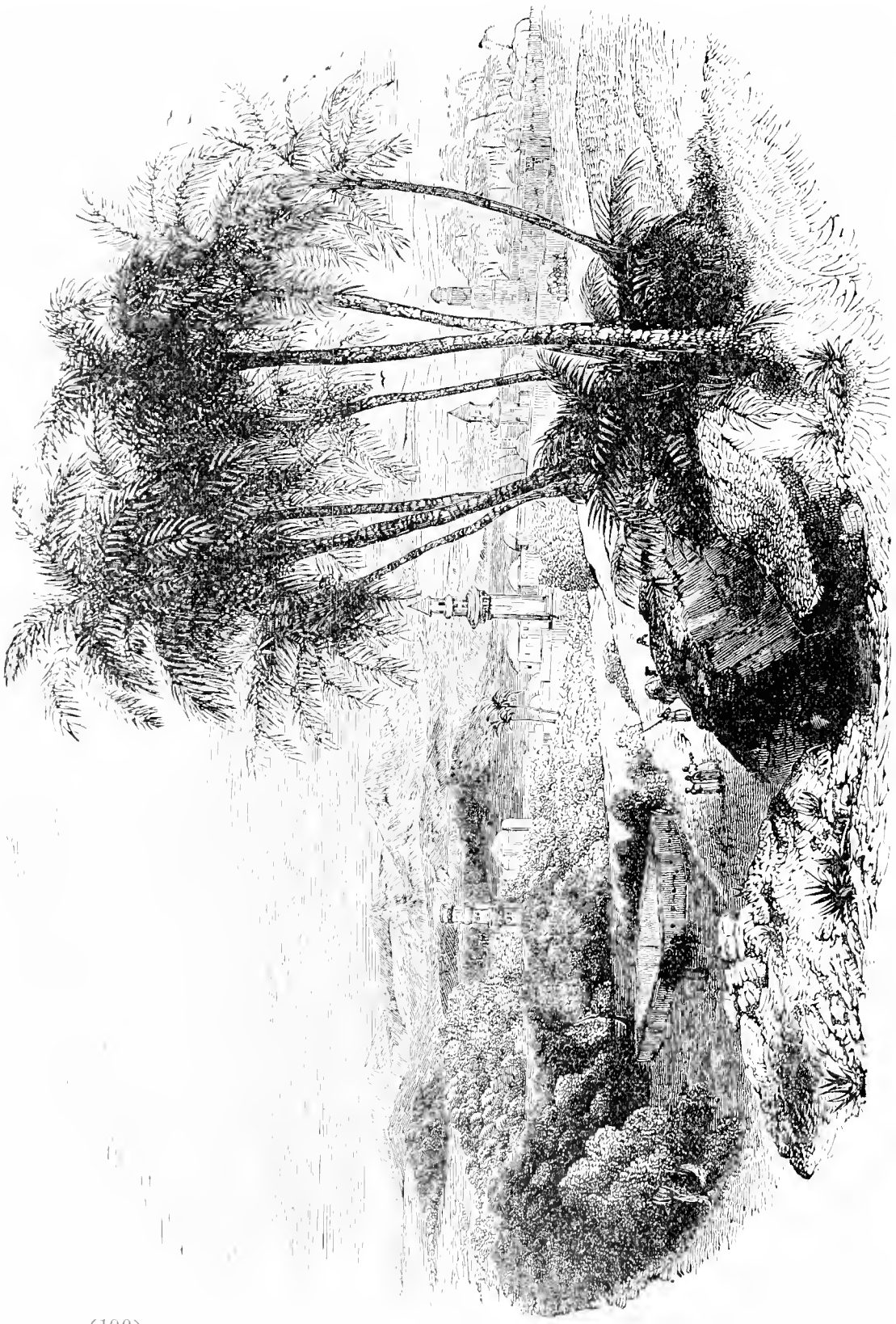
Now some people could never be made to think that. They say we came up through evolution. I wonder if that is so, and when nature will evolute again. I have been watching that thing. [Laughter and applause.] My old grandfather was ninety-one

when he died, and he told me, not twelve months ago, that he never had seen nature evolute, and he said his father told him he never saw it, and I have traced that back through my kinsfolk, and they, not one of them, ever saw nature evolute. It's a fact! It wouldn't evolute when they were around. [Laughter.] Now how many of you believe that you came from an animalcule? From an animalcule to a tadpole, from a tadpole to a lizard, from a lizard to a squirrel, from a squirrel to a monkey, and from a monkey to a man? We don't. We don't. [Laughter.] I don't believe man came from monkeys; but when I look at some fellows I think they are heading that way, and will likely reach there. [Applause and laughter.] Hear me: I believe God made you, I believe God made me, and this I say: Glory to God for the privilege of saying it.

Out of harmony with myself! I can go up into the presence of God, my Father, and in humble penitence and prayer look up to him, and God will take me in his own loving hands and set the Ten Commandments to music in my soul, and every Christian duty to music in my life, so that, whenever God shall touch a chord in my being, it will vibrate and make music that will charm an angel's ear. And what we need above and beyond everything else is to be brought in harmony with ourselves; that's it. ["Amen."] I wouldn't trust the man that wasn't in harmony with the right. If you were at prayer meeting and would rather be down to the saloon getting a drink, you might just as well be down there; you are a bee in a tar bucket, and if you were to get out of it you couldn't fly, because you are more tar than bee. [Laughter.] "What must I do to be saved?" What is salvation? I will tell you: It is such a work of God in the human soul that a man goes out from the presence of his Maker loving the right and hating the wrong, choosing the right and despising the wrong. It is that work of God in the human soul that lifts a man above the environments that have surrounded him in his past and puts him in a higher and better plane; a high elevation. He did right from choice, and quit wrong as a matter of choice. In other words, he is brought into harmony with God, in the sense that he loves everything that God loves, and hates everything that God hates. Now when you get a man on ground like that, you can turn him loose

After all, brother, if you'll tell me what you love, and if you'll tell what you hate, I'll tell you what your character is. The difference between the noblest man in this town and the biggest bum in this town to-night consists in what they love. If I want to get a man right, I will get his affections right. Yes, I repeat it, and I cannot do so with unnecessary emphasis, tell me what you love, and I'll tell you what your character is; tell me what you hate, and I'll tell you what your character is. If I were going to get a Christian right side up with care, I tell you how I would fix him. High above all, I would write the word "law;" below that immediately I would put the word "conscience;" beneath that I would write the word "will," and under that the word "affection." Let the law, with its radiating light, fall on the conscience, and a well-enlightened conscience get into harmony with the will, and the three will become subjected to the affections until a man moves forward and comes to love everything which God loves and to hate everything which God hates. He will give up evil; he will love good, and make his way home to heaven. ["Amen."] What must I do in order that I choose the right as a matter of choice, and eschew the evil as a matter of choice? What must I do that I may get right myself, and then do right because I am right? Now listen: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

That word "believe" is very metaphysical. I say sometimes Christ took that word "faith," "belief," and pitched each to one side because he saw that the people did not understand them, and he said to the multitudes: "Follow me." Or, if you will, take that word "believe" and examine it—"by lieve" (or live), or "live by." Put your footsteps in his footsteps; walk up with him and by him and keep close to him. He who follows Christ believes in Christ and has faith in Christ. By lieve, live by. That's it! "What must I do to be saved?" Well, now, Jesus Christ answers the question: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "I repent of my sins; I turn my life to him; I revere him; I honor him; I will follow him." The man who says that is a saved man. "Well," you will say, "Mr. Jones, how long does it take for a man to be saved?" Well, that's all owing to the fellow. How long did it take Zaccheus to be saved? Christ came by, and Zaccheus was sitting high on a syca-



more tree. And Christ said: "Zaccheus, you rich fellow, you've got high notions [laughter]; come down, Zaccheus, come down!" Well, how long did it take him to get religion? Why, he must have got it mighty quick; he got it while he was coming down, for he had it when he struck the ground. [Laughter.] He said: "I will follow Christ; and if I've wronged any man, I will pay him fourfold." Yes, he had religion, hadn't he? If a man hasn't got religion when he gives four to one, what ails him? [Laughter.] He got it; you may take that for granted.

How long did it take Peter and John to get religion? Christ walked down to the lake side where they were fishing, and he said to them: "Drop your seines and fishing poles by the side of the boat, and follow me." And Peter and John gave up their fishing, and obeyed the command of the Divine Master, and followed him. How long did it take Peter and John to get religion? You will see that it did not take long; they followed Christ, believed in the Lord Jesus. And how long did it take Matthew to get religion? Christ went to him. He was sitting by the customs establishment. Matthew, you know, was a scalawag. [Laughter.] Do you know what a scalawag is? Well, you know in the South we had our scalawags. We called a fellow a scalawag who was a Southerner and who held office under the Federal Government before we got reconstructed. [Laughter.] Yes, and we ain't quite well of them yet. [Laughter.] Matthew was a Jew, holding office under the Roman Government. He was a tax collector, and when Christ came along he said: "Matthew, follow me." And Matthew turned to his clerks and said: "Boys, look after the books; you can take the profits and run the business. I am going with the Lord." And on he went, too. I am afraid if some of us old Methodists had been along we would have tried to hold him back and said: "You can't go; you haven't repented yet. [Laughter.] Go up to the altar and be forgiven." But Matthew did not have time; he walked on. If we will but stick to our Bible, we will stick close to Christ.

How long does it take men to get religion? How long did it take Matthew, Peter, John, Zaccheus, to get it? Why, if you go over the Bible, you will find that every man who wanted religion got it on the spot, and the fellow who didn't want it hasn't got it

yet, and two thousand years have passed and gone. "Well," now you will ask, "how long did it take you, Jones, to get religion?" Well, I was fooling along at it a whole week, but as soon as I meant business I got it right there. I went along a whole week a mournin' an' a cryin' an' a prayin', but at last I said: "Sam Jones, you'll have to give this thing up; you'll have to do something more than weepin' and prayin'." I had an idea that the more you prayed and the more you cried and the more you moaned "the more better," as the darky said, "you got it when you did get it." [Laughter] Well, as I have said, I kept on a whole week. At the end of the week I took a calm, sensible survey of the field, and said: "Sam Jones, you haven't moved an inch. You've turned round instead of going forward." And I just stood right there and gathered up every sin of my life and threw every one of them down in a common pile; and then I crossed the bridge to the other side; and, lest I should return, I stopped and set fire to the bridge and watched the last spark drop into the water and waited till I saw the pillars topple to the ground, and it was not fifteen minutes till I was in the arms of God, a saved man. ["Amen."] If you give up your sins, every step you take is toward God; and as long as you keep them in your life, every step you take is toward the devil. "What must I do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "How can I believe?" Repent. If you do repent, you cannot keep from believing to save your life. [Cheers.]

Faith has its conditions, just as sight has its conditions. If I were to put my hands up this way [putting them over his eyes], I could not see these reporters at the table to save my life; and if I were to begin to pray, "Lord, help me to see these gentlemen of the press," that little boy in front of me would cry out, "Mr. Jones, take your hands down from your eyes, and you cannot help seeing them." [Laughter.] You will hear sinners say, "Lord, help me to believe." You cannot believe to save your life till you repent. You must meet the conditions of faith; and if you meet the conditions, you cannot help believing to save your life. I was not trying to believe; I just gave up my sins. Let me illustrate my point: You have sitting there on the table a jug full of molasses. And you cry out: "Lord, fill this jug with air." He cannot do it without a miracle. But if you want that jug filled with

air, what must you do? If you will throw the molasses out, by the time the molases is out your jug will be filled with air. If you get the devil out of your soul and God in, then you will fill your soul with belief, as the jug is filled with air. A soul emptied of sin is a center of gravity to Jesus Christ. Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile; the door of his heart is open to God and his Spirit at all times. What is the condition of faith? again I ask. I answer: It is repentance. Now listen: There is but one road in this spiritual universe. I used to think that the sinner was off in a wilderness; that he was lost there, and that he would have to grope round to discover some road out. But I say there's only one road. And at one end is God and heaven; and at the other, hell and the devil. It ain't which road you're on, but which way you're headed.

I recollect there was one of our preachers down in Georgia one time preaching on repentance. And he was splittin' hairs on the difference between evangelical and legal repentance. And sitting in the body of the congregation was an old fellow earnestly following. He rose and said: "George, will you allow me to tell you what repentance is?" And the preacher said: "Yes, Uncle John; I will hear you." And Uncle John started up the church just this way [here Mr. Jones paced the platform backward and forward with a limping, halting gait, while the audience laughed aloud at his impersonation of old Uncle John]. And Uncle John, as he went up the church, said, "I'm going to hell! I'm going to hell! I'm going to hell!" and then, turning round, he said, "I'm going to heaven! I'm going to heaven! I'm going to heaven!" Then he added: "Now, George, go on."

Repentance is just turning round in the road; going the other way; turning from the way that leads to hell and the devil, and starting on the way that leads to God and heaven. Now, neighbor, if you haven't sense enough to see that, you don't have to repent, for the Lord has made a special provision for idiots and children. [Laughter and cheers.] Now take that word "convert." It's a compound Latin word. What is its meaning? *Verto*, "to turn." A man "vertos," he turns round, he is headed toward Christ. "Follow me." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I am so glad that a fellow can take all his friends with

him to heaven; that he can take his family and his loved ones with him to heaven. I was talking to a leading citizen of this town to-day. He said: "Jones, I'm sure I'm quite mystified about your being here. What are you doing in St. Louis?" "O," I said, "friend, this is a free country, ain't it?" [Laughter.] "Yes," he said, "but who invited you here?" I said: "I invited myself, friend." "Well," he said, "what are your motives? To whom do you want to preach?' I said: "From Fifteenth Street to the river, where there are no bulwarks in front of the men on their way to hell. I do not want to go to the West End. You have your churches there; and if you go to hell, you ought to go there." Yes, I repeat it, he ought. But I'll go further and say that there's no man in hell to-night who ought not to be there, and there never will be one there who ought not to be there. That's a fact. There's not one of you in this town who'll ever go to hell if you ought not to go there. O, but I hear some one say, "There ain't no hell. What's he giving us? That business is exploded long ago." Well, old fellow, if you've a chance to drop me a line the day after you die, I'd be glad to hear from you. [Laughter.] You'll know more about it then; won't he, brethren? The only man ever heard from in that world of despair said: "If you cannot send any help to me, warn my five brothers lest they come here also."

I have commenced an unselfish work at this place. If any man ever undertook an unselfish work for God and for humanity, I have undertaken it here in St. Louis. I have done it for God, to help men to come to God as far as I can. I thank you for the support and the sympathy you have given to me and to those who act with us in this effort to bring perishing souls to God. [Cheers.] You will hear some one say: "Sam Jones is here for the money there's in it." I can show you by actual facts that Sam Jones canceled a lecture engagement that would have brought me two hundred dollars a night for the easy work of lecturing. I have come to your city, and not only have I announced that I would not accept one cent for this work, but I have gone myself and signed my name to a two-thousand-dollar contract to pay if you do not. I stand here working and preaching for the one sole purpose of helping you to come to God and to a better life. [Cheers.] That is a fact, and the preachers on this platform know it. [Cheers.]

This world has been mighty good to me, and it is mighty good to me. I have never lacked for a friend anywhere, and, above all things, God has never forsaken me. He has helped me everywhere. Bless you! I have a big time with big folks now and then. You see, they think I'm rich. [Laughter.] They do. If they knew me just as I am, they wouldn't think anything of me, you know [Laughter.] Why, they estimate me worth from $250,000 to $3,000,000. They treat me like I was rich because they don't know any better. They don't. [Laughter.] Those big rich folks wouldn't see me if they knew how little spondulics I have. [Laughter.] But they think I am rich, and some of them call me Colonel. [Laughter.] Well, here's one man who is just as rich as he chooses to be. I do not know whether you believe that or not. It's so much out of line with your own views on the same subject that probably you don't. It is a fact, however. I do not believe that a year for the last twelve years has passed that I did not make $25,000. You may go and scrape everything I have on earth; and if you will give me $25,000, I will take it and cheat you. [Laughter.] What do you say now, bud. [Laughter.] And there isn't any man in this town who has worked harder. When I go to my room every night with my clothing dripping with sweat, and when I am tired of body, I pray God to help me in this city, so that men will rise up when I am dead and gone and say: "I thank God that these meetings were held in Exposition Hall!" I do not know of any work a man can do which is so great or so good as that of endeavoring to save souls. It is a crowned work this side of heaven. There is not an angel to-night who would not come down here gladly and take my place and give me his place up there. The chance to do good, the opportunity to help men to be good—how great an opportunity it is! And when men take my hand on the streets and come to the hotel and sit down and say, "Mr. Jones, I'm a better man; I'm a better husband, a better father, a better son; I'll drink no more; I'll swear no more; I'll gamble no more; I'll live right," the music of the skies is not sweeter to the angels than talk like this is to me. I believe in unselfish religion. I believe that one should take every one in the world to heaven if he can. [Cheers.] I have come here for the benefit of the east end of the town to extend to everybody the benefit of religion.

God bless these preachers on this platform! God bless every preacher in this town! If you think I've anything against them, you're left. I haven't. I do not blame them. They're good men; every one of them is a good man. But the Lord never made us all to see alike. They have their methods and plans, and cannot take to methods and plans like mine; they're so far apart. Lord help them to take the souls converted at these meetings and carry them to heaven! They need not come here to help me to win any single soul. They need not come here to help to give me a single push. If they will come here and take those converted in their churches, I shall shout for it when the world shall be burned up and when heaven shall be our eternal home. God says: "One soweth and another reapeth, and he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together." May God's blessing rest on you, and not only on you, but on your household! After this night I want to preach along the line desirable to be followed in speaking to the unsaved. I want to see how many Christians in this audience will promise to help to save them. Will every one who will do it stand up? Thank God! What I want you to do is this: We invite penitents to come to God every night. When they do come, come up and kneel beside them and work with them and pray with them. You have taken a pledge to help souls to God. Will you stand by it? If so, God's blessing will be poured into your heart. We will now receive the benediction. May the blessing of God abide with us all forever and ever! Amen.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

THE Music Hall was filled to its utmost capacity last evening by the friends and admirers of Rev. Sam Jones. Such a throng has not been seen in the place since the adjournment of the last Exposition. Besides the reverend gentlemen who nightly assist Mr. Jones, the following ministers occupied seats on the stage: D. C. Stewart, F. G. Tyrrell, W. B. Palmore, J. L. Parsons, J. M. Spencer, S. H. Werlein, and Claud Gray. Miss Dun occupied a seat at the organ, and Prof. Excell conducted the singing, in which a choir of one hundred and fifty voices took part.

Mr. Jones appeared a few moments after eight o'clock, and commenced what proved to be one of the most interesting sermons which he ever delivered here. He swayed the vast audience at will. In one breath he would cause each member to feel that sorrow had absolute sway, and in the next instant shouts of laughter would resound in all parts of the hall.

At the conclusion of his sermon, as usual, he called for penitents. He stood ready and willing to shake the hand of any one, as he put it, who stood willing to shake off the evil one; and for the purpose of affording the vast audience an opportunity to grasp his hand, he mounted a large table near the main aisle. Besides the large number of penitents who prayerfully took the proffered hand, hundreds of citizens who believed that he had accomplished a noble and good work came forward and congratulated the evangelist. His final prayer was long and fervent, and at its termination many handkerchiefs were drawn across eyes in which tears had not been seen for many months and perhaps years.

THE SERMON.

We have selected these words as the text: "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live sober-

ly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Tit. ii. 11–14.)

I have read the four verses because they embody the thought I would present to you to-night. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." Now this term "grace" of the text is peculiarly a New Testament term, and it means simply the unmerited kindness and goodness of God. How would we estimate or could we estimate this grace? We generally estimate a thing by its market value, what we can get for it, or what we paid for it on the market. The apostle tells us that we are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but that we are redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God; and never was this world redeemed until on Calvary the victim hung and the blood gushed forth from his side. Then it was that God put the *stylus* in his own right hand and signed the *Magna Charta* of man's salvation. The grace, the unmerited favor and kindness of God, bringeth salvation. It would have been wonderful grace if it had brought us to a consciousness of our wicked ways; it would have been wonderful grace if it had made me simply know that I was a sinner; it would have been wonderful grace if it had only led me to repentance; it would have been wonderful grace if it had only brought me to a Christian experience. But this grace, that bringeth salvation, in all of its uncompromising sense hath appeared unto all men. Thank God for the gospel of an atonement that covers the race of man! I have read in creeds of a covenant where, before the foundation of the world, Christ entered into a covenant with God to die for a specific number of the human race. That is in creeds, but it is not in the Bible. From lid to lid I have searched this book, and no such fact appears there. I dare say, from a Bible standpoint, that if there is a human being on this earth for whom Jesus Christ didn't die, and on some lonely island of the sea that one had been cast without a friend or companion, and that fact appearing, Jesus Christ would come down on that island again, in the shape of human flesh, and shed his blood to save that one immortal soul; for it was he who taught us the worth

of an immortal soul. I repeat it, I don't believe that there is a man in hell to-night that didn't have one good, fair chance to get to heaven, and wouldn't take it. I believe with all my heart, taught by the sacred Scriptures, that there isn't a man in heaven to-night that didn't have a thousand chances to go down to death and hell, and wouldn't take them. I would speak the truth in line with the Word of God to-night, and say to you, whoever you are, and wherever you may live, and whatever your age or sect may be, God has fixed it so that if you go down to hell at last you go with the waters of salvation surging in your ears and the rainbow of promise shining above your pathway. Wherever and whoever you are, the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to us all, and there is no reason in heaven or earth or hell why any man in this audience should not make his way to salvation. This grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men. No matter if an Indian or an African sun has burned him red or black, or a Mexico sun has burned him yellow, the great truth he speaks to us is that by the anointing merits of Jesus Christ he stands within and is saved by the precious blood of the Son of God. For that blood was shed for all, and this grace of God that bringeth salvation hath to all men appeared.

Now listen: The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath to all men appeared, teaching us—not saving us, but teaching us—primarily, the grace of God. I come not so much to save as to make you worth saving. ["Amen."] Teaching us! Now, first, what does it teach, what grace first? A lesson to a human life, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lust, we should go forth and live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world. In other words, the first lesson grace ever teaches a man is that you are wrong and ought to get right; you are doing bad, and you ought to do good; you are scattering bad seed, and you ought to scatter good seed; you are on the wrong side, and you ought to get on the right side; you are unholy, and you ought to be holy in the sight of God and angels. The grace of God comes to teach us that we are sinners, and the first lesson Christ ever taught my poor heart was: "You are a sinner in the sight of God, and down in your own consciousness you bear testimony to the fact." The next lesson grace taught my heart is this: "If you would see God

in peace, and escape at the judgment and find your way to heaven and keep out of perdition, you must quit your sin; not only that you are a sinner, but you must quit." And I dare say there is not a man in this audience to-night that will deny that he is a sinner. And when we come to the next proposition, brother, will you quit your sin? If you drink, will you quit and be sober? If you have been a profane swearer, will you let the words of your mouth and the meditations of your heart be acceptable in the sight of God? If you have stolen, will you steal no more? If you have been a false witness, will you be true to truth the balance of your life? And if you have coveted, will you be generous and noble in your nature? And I say that whoever gives up the bad, if he would be what God wants him to be, must come over squarely on the good side. Conversion, if it means anything, means two things: Converted from everything that is bad, and converted to everything that is good; converted from swearing, converted to praying; converted from drinking, converted to sobriety; converted from evil associations of my life over into associations of the good. I am converted from the devil to God, from bad to good, from sin to righteousness, from hell to heaven. And conversion that doesn't mean both doesn't mean anything. A man who simply quits doing wrong don't amount to anything. It is the fellow that takes hold upon the good that means business. Many a fellow who is listening to me to-night has made up his mind: "Well, I am going to quit some things; I am done with them." Well, brother, that won't do. You can't predicate a hope of heaven on a thing like that. There is a man, we will say, that has killed four men over here, and he walks up to the Governor of the State and says: "Governor, I have just killed four men over here, and, sir, I'm done; I will never kill another while I live. Good-bye, sir." The Governor says: "Arrest that man, and we will hang him for the men he has already killed." There is many a fellow in this country willing to quit, but what are you going to do about what you have already done? Brother, that's the point—how to get salvation—that is the profound question, if every sinner in this audience could quit. There is no question about that.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Yonder is a man in jail, we will say. He has been tried and convicted and sentenced to be hung

the third Friday of next month, and last night he broke out with confluent smallpox. Ain't he in bad shape? If they don't hang him, he will die with smallpox; and if he don't die with smallpox, they will hang him. [Laughter.] Now can you get in a worse fix than that? It is nothing to laugh at. Hear my words. Now I want to do something for that man. What will I do? I go and see a doctor. The doctor says: "There ain't any good in my going to see him, as they are going to hang him." What must I do? So I go to the Governor and say: "Give me a pardon for that poor fellow." But the Governor says: "There is no use pardoning him, because he is going to die of the smallpox." Can you make out a worse case than that? And yet, my brethren, every sinner in this world shall stand in just such conditions and relations to God and the judgment. Now what will I do with that man there? The doctor says: "Get him a pardon, and I will go to see him." I go to the Governor and say: "Give me a pardon for that poor fellow." I bring it back and hand it to the doctor. The doctor goes over to the sick bed, and, as he lies there, soothes and ministers to him, and says: "My friend, I will go to work; there is a chance now that you may live if smallpox doesn't kill you, and I will grapple with the disease, and I believe that your life can be saved." And he goes to work, and the man gets up well and hearty.

Now, brother, he is cured of smallpox, and no other impending sentence is resting over him. Now, look at me, diseased by nature.

> Since I drew my infant breath,
> The seeds of sin grew up for death;
> The law demands a perfect heart,
> But I'm defiled in every part.

And there ain't a sinner in this audience but knows, down in the depth of his own soul, that sin will kill his soul as certainly as the stars shine at night. And there ain't a sinner here that the impending judgment of God doesn't rest upon. Now what do you want? Listen: Just what that poor fellow wanted, yonder, in prison. And your Lord gives me pardon for the past crimes I have committed, and then he applies the remedy that heals my nature and purifies my soul; and turns me loose, not only a pardoned man, but cleansed and purified by the blood of the everlasting covenant; and then I walk forth a free man, rejoicing in the Lord.

For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that we are in bad shape; and I am sorry for the man that won't hear. He is in bad shape morally, and bad shape when he gets to the judgment bar of God and the great eternity beyond.

Now hear: Teaching us, first, what is wrong, and that we ought to quit it, and if we are going to do right, that we ought to get at it; and religion, after all, is two forces, and here we see it illustrated in electricity. If you take the negative away, the positive amounts to nothing; remove the positive, and the negative amounts to nothing. It takes the two forces coming together to act together. You take lightning rods that we place on our chimneys. Now they say that they are put there to attract the positive from the clouds to your house, that it may strike the rod and run off into the earth. That is the way in which the lightning rods draw. If you cover up all the negatives about your premises, there will be no direction for the positive; there will be no electricity until you bring together the negative and the positive. See that grand old oak tree out there. It has withstood a thousand storms; and see the negative electricity gathered about its trunk and on all its boughs; and then the positive, passing over in the clouds, is attracted by the negative, and the two forces meet on the top of the tree, and they split that grand old tree from its top sprig down to the lowest atoms of its roots. There is power—the two combined.

Now I say to you that a Christian life amounts to nothing unless it contains the two forces: first, negative goodness on the one hand; and secondly, positive righteousness on the other. George Whitefield was a man whose nature was surcharged with negative goodness and the positive body of the Divine Spirit, and both met in him. He would go out on the moor fields of England in the morning, an hour before day, and meet the miners on their way to work, and would preach to twenty thousand of those old miners before daylight in the morning, who would listen to his earnest words before the sun arose on the world, and Whitefield had a thousand converts praising the Lord at his feet—more converts to God than all the preachers in London would have for the whole year.

O, my neighbor! When negative goodness and positive righteousness combine in a human life there is power omnipotent. ["Glory to God."] But it takes much negative goodness. I like a good man, but that don't make religion. If negative goodness were religion, that piano leg there would be the best thing in the house, because it never did wrong, never told a lie, never got drunk, never cursed, never gambled [laughter], never did anything wrong; and if that is religion, the piano leg is the best thing in the house. You see what I mean, that negative goodness is one thing; that is all right: positive righteousness is another thing. And I want to tell you that I have a good deal of respect for a fellow that has the positive element of doing all the good he can. Now I have in mind two members, when I was a preacher and pastor. I had some members that were just as good, almost as that piano leg; they never did anything wrong, and never anything good. [Laughter.] Absolutely negative! Then I have had other members that would pray in meeting and work and do their best, but about every three months they would get drunk. [Laughter.] See that? "Well, Jones, which of the two did you like the best?" I liked the one that got drunk the best. [Laughter.] You will say: "Why, do you believe in drunkenness?" No, sir; I hate it worse than any man you ever saw But I will tell you what's a fact: I would rather have a member that would work for God and have a weakness like that, that will make him get drunk every six weeks, than one of those old, sober Methodists that ain't worth anything, drunk or sober [Laughter and applause.] Ain't that so, brother [turning to the preachers on the stage]? Hadn't you rather have a horse that would pull like a noble fellow for six weeks, and then balk for three days, than to have a horse that never would pull a hen off the roost since he was born into the world? [Laughter and applause.] I would: and yet I despise drunkenness and wrong doing. And I say to you, neighbor, I am working for religion every day, and I am working for God like I was hired by the day to work my way to salvation. That is business. Here is a Methodist; he will get religion, shout a little while, and feel like the Lord opened heaven to him; and yet, the first time you take up a collection for Missions, he won't give a cent. Another fellow never has shouted, and he will give a hundred dollars for Missions.

[Brother Jarrell remarked, "Give my love to the hundred-dollar man," which occasioned laughter.]

Talk about salvation being free, and these preachers around over this country have salvation until about half of them are starving to death. [Laughter.] That's right. I am like the old negro preacher; he says: "My bredren, de water of life am free; but de pitcher costs somefin, and I's de pitcher." That's business. If you quit the wrong, you will do the right. I served the devil, and it cost me something; I will serve God if it costs me all I have. That is the spirit that wins.

Teaching us that we must deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. You hear preachers going aronnd saying that Sam Jones just preaches reformation; that's all he preaches. Well, do you know anything St. Louis needs worse than that? [Laughter.] What do you say, Brother Jarrell? [Brother Jarrell responds that he does not know that it needs anything worse. Laughter.] That's right. Reformation for the world and regeneration for every individual, and then we shall have the world started right. ["Amen" and applause.]

But St. Louis ain't ready for reformation. [Laughter.] If your papers are correct, some of your preachers are going to sort of divide things up with the devil, and sort of compromise, and say that half a loaf is better than no loaf, and we will just take anything we can get. [Laughter and applause.] Whenever you get Sam Jones compromising with the devil and his gang, you can take me out and saw my head off with a dull case knife right on the spot. ["Amen," applause, and laughter.] I will never compromise with them, so help me God! And I will say this: God Almighty will leave a man whenever he compromises with sin and the devil. ["Amen" and applause.] That's a fact. We will agree for you to break and degrade half the Sabbath, if you will just keep the other half all right. Keep nothing! Just turn a clerk loose in a store, with the distinct understanding with him, "I know you are a thief, and you must not steal but just half the time." We just can't do it! [Laughter.] You will meet a man, and he will say: "Sam Jones is a mountebank, a fraud, a hypocrite, and a humbug." If you will produce a single proof that for twenty-three years Sam Jones has ever raised the white flag in the presence of the devil, or

offered to compromise God Almighty's word and the Ten Commandments, I will give up my license and walk out of town and never preach another sermon. [Applause.]

If there's anything in the world St. Louis wants, it's a liberal preacher. What are these liberal fellows? One that reads the Ten Commandments somewhat like this: "Thou shalt not steal if there's any likelihood of being caught." [Laughter.] "Thou shalt not covet, but get all you can, and keep all you get." [Laughter.] "Thou shalt not commit adultery, but have more than one wife, if it suits your convenience." [Laughter.] O, I know what the world cries for: It's compromise; a liberal fellow, who turns the devil into the Church, and the world over to the devil. [Applause.] You may talk to me about the Connecticut blue laws, and trancendentalism, and fanaticism, and fools; but I tell you that the hope of this country at last is in the people who stickle and stand and will abide by the principles of right as declared in God Almighty's Word. [Applause.] I am for the right; and if I can't get the whole loaf, I will not take any. [Applause.] I would rather be starved to death on principle than live a lean, cadaverous life on a compromise. [Applause and laughter.]

I never see one of those lean, lanky, half-starved, cadaverous Christians that I don't feel like skinning him. [Laughter.] Ain't that right? [Laughter.] I say the hope of the world is that unflinching, uncompromising spirit which will go to the block or rot to death in the dungeon or die in a minute rather than hesitate in doing that which is right, or rather than compromise with what is wrong. [Applause.]

I have got nothing to do with your Sabbath Association, Brother Werlein, nothing in the world. It ain't my skillet, and I ain't toting it. [Laughter.] But if I were President of that association, I'd have it understood that no one on earth could compromise my convictions; that I would stand by them, and have nothing to do with the other crowd, and that I would maintain them or die in the attempt. [Applause.] Brother Werlein is here, but he's behind the piano! [Applause and laughter.] But he's here, all the same, and I believe, sir, you indorse the honest sentiments I speak to-night. [Applause.] I do, and there's no preacher in this town who has the right to compromise the Ten Commandments and

speak for the Christian sentiment of this community either. [Cheers.] Now you say: "Brother Jones, you've hit my preacher." Well, who's your preacher? [Laughter.] I have just been shooting right out where there's something, and if there's a preacher got it, he ought to emigrate, and get away from here. [Laughter and cheers.] Now, brethren, ain't that right? ["Yes."] Well, why don't you say "Amen?" [Laughter.] You see I go away next week, and they have to stay here. [Laughter.] There's a powerful difference there. [Laughter.] There is, as sure as you're born. [Laughter.] But if I had to live one hundred years and be buried in this town I would be buried in the poorhouse rather than not stay by my convictions. [Applause.] I would.

"Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." I like the fellow who has got that element "soberly" in him. Of course that doesn't mean he doesn't drink whisky The apostle never thought of whisky drinking in this connection. In fact, you don't have to tell decent folks they oughtn't to drink whisky! They know that! They have been taught it from their youth up. And if you don't know that it is wrong to drink whisky, brother, you don't have to know it. God has made special provision for idiots and children, and you will get in right at last. [Laughter.] If you don't know that it's wrong to drink whisky, then you don't know anything. You're absolutely a blank idiot. The apostle never got down as low as you are. [Laughter.] When he said living soberly he meant living with a sober mind, like a sober-minded man. I like one of these dead level fellows, just as good on Sunday as on Monday; just as good down town as when he's at family prayer; just as good when he's engaged at his trade as when he's in church—good three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. I got hold of a paper the other day; it was a church paper in this town, and contained a programme for Lent. I want you to understand I'm not cutting at any Church. You have not heard me cut or say a word against any Church since I have been in St. Louis. Nor have you heard me say a word of a sectarian character since I have been here. I'm not running on ecclesiasticism. I'm as good as you are, and I'm a Methodist. The only question is if I am as good as you are; and if I am, I am, I don't care to what Church you

belong. There's no doubt of that, Brother Jarrell; is there? It's a plain proposition; ain't it? And if I'm better than you are, I am better; and if you're better than I am, you are better, and that's all there is about it. It ain't what your forgiven name is, but what you are. [Laughter.] I am not here to-night to raise any sectarian questions. I simply speak of the matter to which I am about to refer as a fact. And I have this to say: I wish, O, my Lord, every Christian in this town would keep that programme during Lent. But the thing which occured to me was this: "What do they do before Lent comes in and after it goes out?" I tell you I want to be a good Methodist all the year round, all the days of the week, and all the hours of the day I'll give a man my head to cut it off if he'll show me a place in the Bible where a man can be pious in Lent and let up on it and run another sort of programme when Lent's out. [Applause.] I love the Episcopal Church. It's a grand Church. It's the best-equipped army God's got in the world to-day, and where you find a thoroughly spiritualized Episcopalian you find the best Christian on the face of the earth. Yes, I do declare that the Episcopal Church is the very best-equipped regiment Jesus Christ has got on earth to-day But they have been in camp one hundred years, and haven't fired a gun. [Laughter.] I noticed you Episcopalians all smiled while I was saying the first part of that sentence. [Laughter.] But when I said the other—well, you did not smile. [Laughter.] Hear me: Live soberly every day in the year, and every hour in the day, and everywhere.

I like a sober-minded fellow I never did like one of those fellows who one day would come up and shake hands and be most jovial, and the next would hardly speak at all. I never liked those moody fellows who are pleasant if they're feeling good and are otherwise if they're not feeling good. Give me one of these sober-minded fellows who walks on a dead level. A sober-minded fellow is always the same. You can't excite him; you can't scare him or move him from his purpose. He looks at things as they are, and acts as he deems to be right, and abides the consequences. I like that kind of a man. You take Cranmer and Ridley, two of the grandest heroes who ever died for God. Watch them as they pile the fagots up around their bodies. Watch them while the fire burns and the flesh is dripping from their limbs, and as their bodies

burn to death. See them in the midst of the flames, and hear the words of Cranmer: "Be of good cheer, brother; we are lighting to-day a candle in England which can never be extinguished." I like the sober-mindedness that stands the fire and shows the world what it can suffer. I like the sober-mindedness which enables a man to say to the world: "You can burn up this flesh, you can burn up these old bones; but, blessed be God! my soul will be on wings of angels, going home to God, before my body is burned to ashes." These little excitable Christians! I have no patience with them. They're in and out. I like a fellow who is going to stay. I must be sober-minded to myself, and live "righteously;" soberly to myself and righteously to my neighbor. I want to see the day —I will never see it here, and this is the one reason I want to go to heaven—I want to see the day when we all live righteously. In heaven you don't have to have police, brother, nor judges, nor grand juries, nor courthouses, nor city attorneys—nothing of that sort. You don't! Everything is run right from the jump. [Laughter.] You can go to bed every night in heaven, and leave the door open. You can't do that in St. Louis. [Laughter.] Don't you wish you could go to a country where everybody did right? I'll tell you the difference between St. Louis and heaven. You take your police and your judges out of this town, and where will the lawless element land you? There isn't a man in St. Louis who would live here if you took the police out of this town, and if there were not a vigilant watchman in the town. You know it. Live righteously! When everybody does right, what a grand thing! I was talking to a railroad general manager sometime ago. I said to him: "Look here, it's a joy to travel over this road. The trains all run on time. I never think any more of missing a connection when traveling on this road than I do of the sun or moon or stars falling on the earth. I have been traveling on the road now for twenty years, and I've never missed a connection except once, and then it was because of the overflow of a river which had swamped your track five feet deep. You did go through when there were three feet of water, and you tried to get through the five feet, but when you got through the five feet, the water had put out your fire, and you did not have any steam to go on with." And he said to me: "Mr. Jones, the reason of that is this: All the men on

these engines have been moving them for twenty, thirty, and thirty-five years. They, as well as the conductors, have grown gray in the service. We made a selection of good men at the start, and now we don't have any trouble at all." When God Almighty gets good people to run this world it will run all right, and it can even run right with the devil in charge. [Applause.] A railroad magnate said to me sometime ago: "Jones, whenever you want any favor come to me. You can never know what you have done for my men." I know myself that over one thousand men on that railroad had become converts to the Church and were living right lives. "And," the railroad magnate said: "I tell you, whenever you can get a railroad man to quit drink, to stay at home with his family, you make him a better railroad man, and yon are doing the world good." I said to myself: "Whenever we can get the farmers, the grocers, the merchants, the professional men to live right we shall have a great world." It is the devil in men that gets up the muss all over this country

What am I here in St. Louis for? I am here to get folks to live right. I want to make it easy for every policeman in this town. I want to make it so that he can go to sleep at ten o'clock every night, and wake up and find everything all right. I want to fix it so that every man who goes into a store to purchase a dollar's worth of goods on credit will go back and pay the dollar. And if he doesn't pay it, I want the reason to be the same as that given by an old colored woman for the failure of a man to keep his engagement down South. The man was hired to do a certain piece of work, and two weeks had passed and yet he had not gone to do it. The man who wanted the work done met the old colored woman one day, and said: "How is it, Aunt Julia, Moses doesn't come to do the work he promised to do two weeks ago? He never disappointed me before." "O, Mastah John," she said, "you must 'scuse Mose. Poor Mose, he's dead." [Laughter.] And I tell you that's the only ground a fellow ought to get out on. [Applause.] Hear me: If I didn't pay my debts, I'd get my wife to send out a notice of my funeral. [Laughter.] The idea of a man living and won't pay his debts! [Langhter.] What do you think of him? [Laughter.] I want to see the day come in the United

States when the very fact of a man being a member of a Church will be a sufficient proof that he will do what he says he will. I'm sorry to say that's not the case now Did you ever go down to one of these banks here and try to hypothecate your Church membership for $1,000? Say you go down to the President of the Continental Bank and want to borrow $5,000. "Well," he says, "what security can you give us?" You say: "O, nothing, but I'm a member of the Methodist Church." What would he say: "O, shucks! That won't go here at all." [Laughter.] Do you believe any bank in this town will let any fellow hypothecate his Church membership for money? [Laughter.] Lord, Lord! I want to see the day when the Church of God will be like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion—on the debt question. ["Amen."] I do.

Down in my own State they have a Hard-shell Church, and they will turn a man out of it as quickly for not paying his debts as for stealing. There's not a Hard-shell in my State, I don't care how poor he is, whose credit is not good. One of these men came into one of the stores one day. He had his old brown jeans on, and he said: "Mister, I want fifty dollars' worth of goods on credit this year." "Sorry," said the proprietor, "but I'm doing all I can; I don't want your custom." As soon as the old man went out the merchant called to his clerk and said: "Who is that fellow?" And the clerk answered: "He's Mr. Johnson, an old Hard-shell, who lives about seven miles down from here." "A Hard-shell, is he?" said the merchant. "Call him back." And stepping to the door, he called him himself. He told him he could have the whole business, clerk and all, on credit if he so desired. I wish every Church had a record like that. I do sincerely wish it. But you members of the Church will not only not pay your debts, but sometimes you won't pay your preacher's salary. I see by some of the papers that some of you are behind time two months in paying your preacher on occasions. I would rather go to hell for anything else in the world, Brother Jarrell, than for swindling the preacher out of his salary. Why, he'd be pointing them out in the fire, and when one would ask what is he there for, the answer would come: "He stole a part of the preacher's salary." I'd take a dive then, and not come to the surface any more. A righteous man! I want to see the day come in the Church of God when a man

will do what he says he will do. What is the meaning of that word "righteousness?" Rightness! Righteduess! Right! Straightness! Straight! You have seen a mechanic turn a board up, take out his pointer, run over the board and then take out his smoother and cut off a shaving as thin as a sheet of tissue paper. Next he looks at it and says: "It's straight now." I saw a fellow run his eye along a log, then he sawed the log to fit a line, but the log was divided into two parts, it was so crooked. [Laughter.] And if one were to run a straight line through some of you rascals, you would be divided into about four bits. [Laughter.]

Now listen: Soberly, righteously, and godly! What does that mean? Soberly as to myself, righteously toward my neighbor, godly toward those who have done so much for me. Now you've got all the relations in life settled right.

You have settled right the relations of help toward yourself, toward your neighbor, toward God, to whom you are responsible, and to whom you owe so much. I look to that blessed day of hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ. There is the star of hope shining over our pathway Many a time in my younger Christian life I had a hard time. I will never forget those days. They were happy days, three hundred of them every year. I remember just as well when they gave me my first circuit. My whole assets were my wife, two little children, a bobtailed pony, and eight dollars. [Laughter.] These were my assets, and I owed about seven hundred dollars besides. I went on my circuit as poor as I could be. My stewards told me I looked like a clever young man, but I'd starve to death on my circuit. That was consolation, wasn't it? [Laughter.] They wouldn't even rent a house for me. I had to give my ten-dollar notes one every month to get a house to put my wife and little babies in. We had scarcely anything in the world. It was a sixty-five dollar circuit. I stayed there three years, and no human being ever said I was preaching for money [Laughter.] They didn't, as sure as yon're born! [Laughter.] And why didn't they, Brother Jarrell? I was the same fellow then that I am now Why didn't they say I was preaching for money then? Because nobody would believe the infernal lie then. You see the point, don't you? I preached one hundred sermons a year on that sixty-five dollar circuit. And

I had five hundred converts on that circuit during my first year. I did not starve, but I once came mighty nigh it. Rations gave out. [Laughter.] I had eaten a powerful dinner, and my wife told me that the last thing in the house in the shape of food had been consumed. I was cultivating six, seven, or eight acres of cotton, and I went out to work at it, and then I cut a big pile of wood. "Well," I said to myself, "what a fool I am to be cutting this wood, when there is nothing to cook with it. But," I said, "I consent that all should die before we will take anything on credit." And I told my wife this: "If the worst comes to the worst, we'll just starve to death, and make believe we died of typhoid fever." [Laughter.] Just about that time a man drove into the yard with a two-horse wagon, and immediately unloaded it. And when he had unloaded there was a wagonload of everything a man could wish in the way of food. Yes, if a man will but do right, God Almighty will put the angels on half rations and keep that man from starving. He will take care of that sort of a fellow. I have seen a heap of corpses of those who were once preachers, but never have seen a corpse of a preacher who has starved to death. Did you ever see one who starved to death? No, but I have seen some who ought to have starved to death. [Laughter.]

Soberly, righteously, and godly, looking for that blessed hope. I tell these things that I may say this. I have always loved my wife and children. Somehow I can't help that any more than you can. I thought when we were so poor—I preached with my elbows out through my sleeves—that I ought to do something for my wife and children. Some old infernal hypocrites in the church would make fun of me and say: "If Sam Jones would pay his debts, I'd have more respect for him." This was at a time when I was trying to pay at the rate of two dollars and a half a month. I have had some of these fellows who gibed me come to me to "stand" for them. And I did "stand" for them, and I'm standing for them yet. [Laughter.] I used to not know what that meant, but I know now And whenever a fellow comes to me of late and wants me to stand for him, I say: "O, no." I find that when I "stand," the other fellow lies down, and, "Shucks," I say, "I'm lying down myself now." [Laughter.]

I had a hard time, and I thank God for it. I thank God that the first eight years of my ministry were spent on the poorest circuits in my State, and I thank God I was faithful to my work. I had to face poverty, and those who were dear to me had to face it, and sometimes I would stop and say, "I believe I ought to locate here or there, and practice law and make a competency for my wife and children:" and then, blessed be God! the star of hope would shine over my pathway And it will come to every man faithful to the grace of God. I don't know what will become of me, but I will not starve, Brother Jarrell! I will tell you this: If the rich and the great of this city were to come to me to my hotel to-morrow and say, "Sam Jones, if you will lop off your style and preach an eloquent gospel sermon for the next ten days in this city, we will give you one million dollars," I would answer them thus: "Gentlemen. if I have to count cross-ties from this city to my home at Cartersville, Ga., I will not accept your offer." I'd rather go into my home and say, "Wife, I'm tired, hungry, and foot-sore, but I stuck to the truth while in St. Louis," than to go in and empty one million dollars into her lap and say, "Wife, I've got it, but I had to compromise God Almighty's truth and fawn upon the rich to get it." [Applause.] Thank God! I don't have to. You've been where you don't have to. Looking for that blessed life, I bless God that I'm the child of a King.

A tent or a cottage,
Why should I care?
They are building a mansion
For me over there.

I can truly say:

I'd rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne.

Thank God for hope in this life of everlasting life in the world to come! "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." O where will we find zeal? Where can we find zeal in the Church of God to-day? O, my Saviour, come and fire the hearts of the Church all over

the country, and let us have a consuming zeal to conquer this world for God. Eighteen hundred years ago Christ called twelve illiterate fishermen and sent them over this world to preach his gospel. And they went two by two. And they dragged Jupiter from his royal throne. And they took Venus and stripped her of her divinity and showed that it was all nothing but a myth. And before the first century had passed the gospel notes had sounded round the world. God bless you and give you the zeal that comes to a life consecrated to God and to the right!

My message is almost delivered. But before I close I have this word to say: How many people in this great audience here to-night, in the Church and out of the Church, will stand up and say: "I look to God for this blessing. I will cease to do evil and turn to do good?" How many of you will? O Lord God, let thy grace come to me and teach me its divine blessings! [The greater portion of the audience arose.]

VACILLATION.

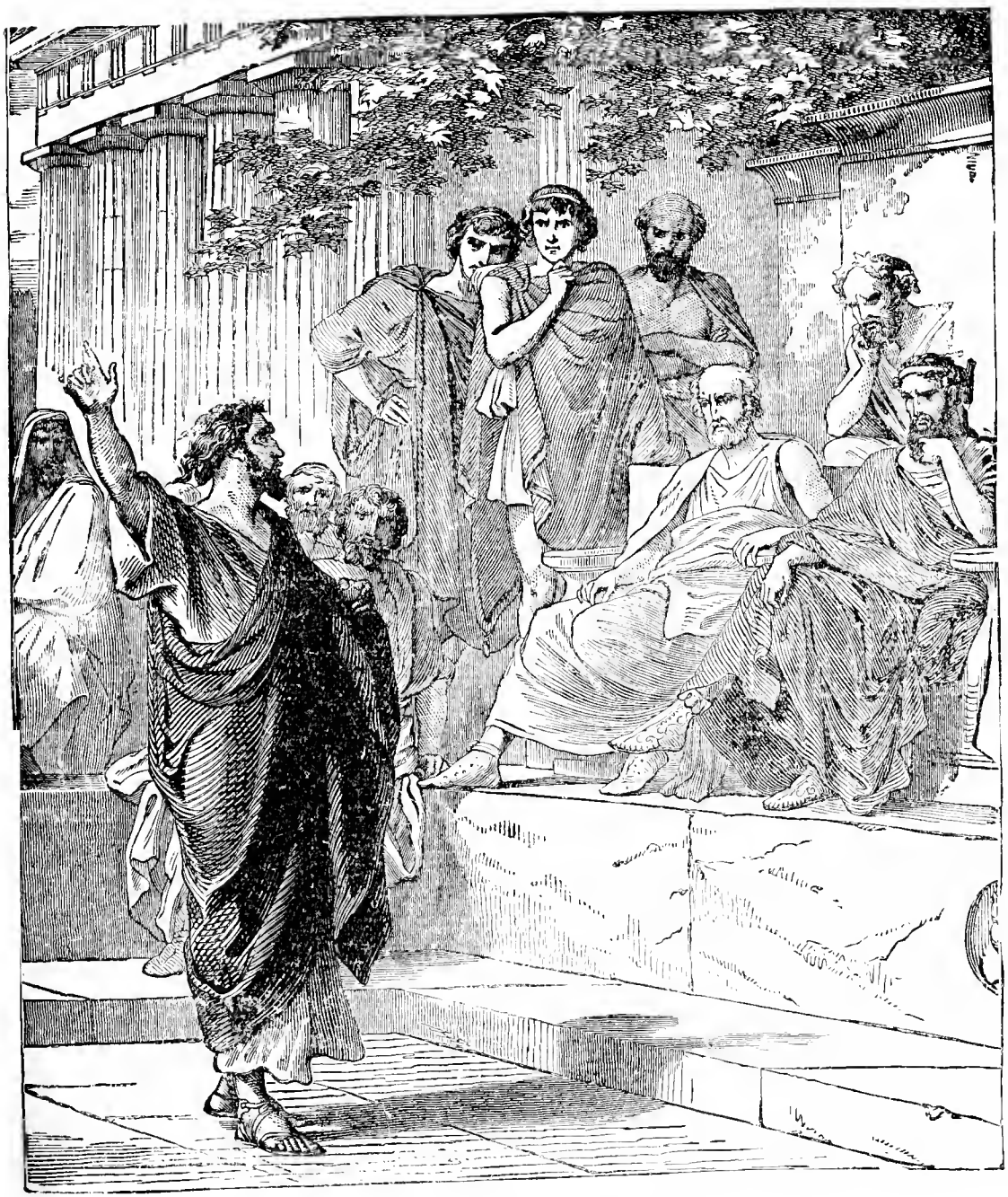
THE Sam Jones meeting at Music Hall last evening was one of the most successful of the series. Long before the time of opening the services the auditorium of the big hall was well filled, and at the conclusion of the first hymn it is safe to say that several thousand persons occupied seats. On the stage were Revs. W. B. Palmore, Josephus Stephan, W B. Gott, Frank Tyrrell, A. J. Jarrell, Felix Hill, George R. Stuart, Ben Deering, Dr. Parsons. Dr. J B. McCulloch, and others.

Occasionally during the discourse laughter would resound in all parts of the hall, while the next few words would be followed by a general exclamation on the part of the audience heartily seconding Mr. Jones. He was very anxious to compliment those present for attending the meeting in such inclement weather, but finally held that those who loved Christ would brave any storm and would do all in their power to bring others out.

The Sermon.

The interest that brings this vast audience here to-night, such a night, must be profound. I trust that we shall have one of the most profitable services into which we ever entered in our lives. Let us look to God in prayer for his blessings on this hour. "Then Agrippa said to Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I have read as the text the twenty-eighth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

There are two other instances in the sacred Scriptures very much akin to this. There was a lawyer once who came to Christ and put the question: "Master, which is the first and the greatest commandment?" And Jesus said to him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, . and thy neighbor as thyself." And Christ looked at the lawyer and said to him: "Thou are not far from the kingdom of God." But that was his death knell. There was a nobleman, a rich young man, who came to Christ on one occasion



PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

and said: "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" And Jesus turned to him and said: "Go keep the commandments." And the young man looked the Master in the face and said: "All these have I kept from my youth up." And Jesus turned to him and said: "One thing thou lackest." And Agrippa said unto Paul: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Now here are three sensible men—one a king on his throne, another a busy lawyer from his office, another a princely young nobleman—men of thought, men of influence, men of social position, men with a thousand accomplishments coveted by their less fortunate fellow-men. They came to the Lord. To one he said, "Thou art not far," or bordering right upon the line; to the other he said, "One thing more thou lackest;" and the other replied for himself, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Now I have selected this subject to-night, and, by the help of the Good Spirit, I hope to bring out some truths that will help some persons in this audience. I am talking to men fifty years old, forty years old, thirty years old. You have a hundred times in your life been right where you are now; you have on many occasions in the past walked right up to where you stand now, and you have receded, gone back, time after time and time after time; and again you are brought face to face in your busy life, amid all the cares and troubles and anxieties which press upon a human life in this world. One more time down to the very shrond and the judgment bar of God. You are bronght face to face with the great question of your soul with its immortal interest. And, brother! if you have come up so far on this very point a hundred times and receded every time from that point, I beg that you will not do so again. And if you do, will this not be your last time that you shall ever approach the line where one great step may put you over. Now I take the position, and it is clearly a scriptural one, that every time you are brought up and have receded your chances that you will ever cross that line will grow less and less and less. And I say to every man to-night who has not settled this question, and settled it once and forever, and has his face toward God in heaven, and launching that way to-night, the last man of you is closer to hell and closer to perdition and the bad, and the eternal settlement of this question,

and to your eternal woe, than you ever were since your eyes opened on the light of this world for the first time.

Every good man in this audience, serving God and doing good, is closer to heaven to-night than in any night of this world's history, as far as you are concerned. And every undecided soul is nearer death and damnation to-night than any night in which the clouds ever gathered and the stars ever shone down upon mortal man. And I want to press upon your heart and conscience this evening this fact, and it is truth, and I hope you may weigh it with all the interest that truth can put into a question like this. Brother, you could have said it ten years ago; some of you could have said it thirty years ago; some of you could have said it ten years ago and five years ago, and have gone back. Almost! almost I have surrendered; almost I have made up my mind; almost I have surrendered my sins; almost I have accepted Christ as my Divine Saviour. And I say the *almost* of the history of this world and the history of immortal souls, the *almost* up to this hour has never saved an immortal man, and has never kept a man out of hell, or put one in heaven. The *almost* doesn't avail; the *almost* doesn't save; the *almost* doesn't keep a man out of perdition; the *almost* doesn't take him to heaven! And I want to get you to where you will be as afraid of that word "almost" as you are of the doom to which it will finally lead you, as sure as God's word has spoken the truth.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Now to be a Christian is to be saved here and hereafter. Not to be a Christian is to be damned. This is a clear statement of the sacred Scriptures, and I had nothing to do with that statement; it was made before I was born; it was made before you were born. We got it when we stepped across the lines of accountability and moral responsibility before God. The Christian man, in his life of consecration, is saved here and saved hereafter; those who are not Christians are ruined here and damned hereafter. Now if this be a clear statement of the truth before us to-night, I want you, as a sensible man, as a lawyer sitting there, as a merchant sitting there, as, perchance, a countryman sitting there, as a mechanic sitting there, and a railroad man sitting there, to accept it. Brother, up to this time, with the *almost* looking you right in the face, on which you have

run up a score or a hundred times in your life, what has it availed you? What good has it done you? How many sins has it kept you from committing? How many hours of happiness has it brought to you, and what promise of heaven is it to your immortal soul to-night? Almost! I have lived just as other men have lived in the past. I take my life from the time I was ten years old. I go right along up through the works and meetings of Christ God sent to my community when I was a boy When I grew up to young manhood I can remember a hundred revivals where I almost gave up, and almost surrendered to God, and almost became a Christian; and yet, after a score or a hundred of these, when approached to surrender to God, I found myself, at twenty-four years of age, right at the gates of hell, with wreck and ruin scattered all around me. And, brother, I say to you, as an honest man, this night, the *almost* of my life, as a sinner, instead of being a blessing to my life, was a curse to me, because I found I rolled down that hill at a momentum that I couldn't have reached unless I had climbed up to a point where the altitude lifted me and the incline was steeper. The man who approaches that point and turns his soul adrift again, the last state of that man is worse than the first. And O how my heart aches and how my soul shudders after running a meeting like this for two or three weeks in the various cities, sometimes five hundred, sometimes a thonsand people join the Church and come out on God's side and start a religious life; and when I look at that company and rejoice for a few moments over that, then I look at the thousands who have been almost persuaded, but instead have drifted backward and downward and hellward!

It makes my very soul shudder, and I have been asked many a time: "Jones, you have had a wonderful meeting here; perhaps a thousand or two thousand have professed religion and joined the Church; are you satisfied with the work?" And my uniform answer has been: "No; I am the greediest man after souls, it seems, that lives upon the face of the earth." And, if I could see every human being in this town converted and saved, except one man, I would go away from here feeling bad because he hadn't given his heart to God and become a Christian. And, brother, I am talking to men here to-night as close as you come to a decision, as close as you come up to the point of surrender; some of you

are just as certain to draw back and get closer to perdition as that I talk to you to-night. You will see that work and step over the line; you will settle that when this meeting is over. Who will say that we will step over the line? Who can say it? And I say to the audience here to-night: I hope to God I will see the time when there will be six thousand people in this hall at one time shouting the praise of God. ["Amen."]

You all talk about fanaticism; I tell you, as sure as I live, fanaticism is not hurting St. Louis. You may all say just what you please, but I state it as a fact that religious fanaticism is not hurting St. Louis. The Lord knows that dearth and coldness and the callousness of Churches and Christian people of this town is the thing that wounds the heart of God and impedes the progress of the gospel. There is nothing truer than that. And I pray God that I may see six thousand people in this hall shouting the praise of God and telling of his wonderful dealings with them. ["Amen."]

And I say to you, my countrymen, to-night I am talking to men who ought to come to a decision, who ought to settle it. And if it is right to be religious, if it is right to be good, if it is right to serve God, if it is right to surrender to Christ, if it is right to be an honor to yourself and a blessing to your family, and an ornament to society as a Christian man, make the decision; and having made the decision yourself, stay there forever.

Almost persuaded! What would it amount to if a man in the great political parties of the country were to say: "I am almost persuaded to be a Republican, or almost persuaded to be a Democrat?" Or if there were a financial scheme, by which money could be made by the thousands, what would it amount to for a man to say, "I am almost persuaded to make an investment?" or, "I am almost persuaded to go to New York?" I tell you, brother, it is the fellow that decides and then abides the choice that stays by us till results are reached. That is the character that amounts to something. I have some admiration for a man who has decision of character, and if you will hear me to-night, the very point where Agrippa broke down, the very point where the lawyer broke down, the very point where the young nobleman broke down, was that they were lacking in the essentials of a true man. And with decision of charac-

ter, if it is right, I am in all over; if it is wrong, I am out all over. And whenever you show me the man that has decision of character, if he will take one step, he will take all the steps; if he moves an inch, he will move a thousand miles; if he starts, it will lead him to the finish; if he chooses, he will abide by it and stay by it, world without end. That is what we want in this meeting now: people who stay by the first step. ["Amen."] You have stood up in the audience, and some of you have walked down here and taken these front seats—almost persuaded, almost persuaded. I go to the altar, I stand up in the audience, I run up my right hand and I say, "I am along on the proper line, right where another step will land me over on God's side," and yet I hesitate and I halt and I recede and I go back again; and I look, and I look, but I won't leap; I won't take the step that settles and fixes me along the lines of truth and right. And David never said a thing that tied him on to God more fully than when he said: "My heart is fixed." O God, my heart is fixed. I have settled this thing, and I am staying by it till the world burns down. I don't like vacillating parties in anything. A man that is running from law to the ministry, and from the ministry into commerce, and running and jumping back and yonder! "A rolling stone never gets any moss," and "Three moves are equal to a fire." These are some of our old adages; and I say, the fellow that plants himself square on the principles of right and the declarations of his principles will reach land, and he stays by us. That is the fellow that will make a good Methodist, a good Baptist, a good Presbyterian, or a good anything, anywhere you put him, the fellow that decides. [Applause.]

I can look back over my life and see how I dillydallied. I went to the altar and they prayed for me, and I said in my soul, "I would like to be a Christian and do want to be a Christian;" but I looked at them and never knelt down and prayed, "Lord, I am a sinner; I want to get ready" But I will tell you this much: It didn't amount to much, and didn't amount to as much as the pop of your finger, as far as my character was concerned, until one time in my life I walked up to the river of decision, and then I said, "This bridge I will cross," and I walked deliberately over the bridge, and then turned around and said, "Lest I go back, I will burn this

bridge," and I set fire to the bridge and stayed there and saw the last expiring spark of fire drop into the water, and looked at the old, naked pillars standing in the river, and said, "Now, for heaven or nothing," and I started forth. And, blessed be God! my determination has grown upon me, and my choice has been more confirmed and my determination is more settled, and I am getting farther away from the "almost" every day of my life, and living and moving in, not the "almost," but the "altogether," on God's side and for the right. And that is what we want, as sinners and as members of the Church, to plant ourselves somewhere and stay by it. Not dillydally and namby-pamby, half of you, and I wish I was, and I don't care if I ain't. That sort of a thing never made character, and, above everything else, it never made a Christian out of anybody. ["Amen."]

You have heard the question asked, "Do Sam Jones's converts stick; do Moody's converts stick; do Fay Mills's converts stick?" Look here, brother. I have found out there is a thousand times more in the convert than there is in who converted him. Now you put that down. Moody has converts who are sticking, to the glory of God, to-day; and then he has some that have gone back; and so has Fay Mills, and so has every preacher in this country. And then, bless the Lord! a whole lot of us preachers have converts that came to stay, and they are staying yet. They took one step, then another, then another, and another, and took every essential step in order that they might become Christians; and, having become Christians, they will die before they will go back on it. [Applause.]

Let me run over the past, and I will show you from the biographies in the sacred Scriptures that every fellow that ever could do grandly was just such a fellow as I am talking about. Now listen: You take Daniel, that grand old hero that planted himself, and earth and hell couldn't move him. They said to him: "Look here, Daniel, a decree has gone forth from the King that you pray to your God no more; you shall certainly be cast into the lions' den." And Daniel said: "Well, if I don't pray, I will be cast into hell; and if I do pray, I will be cast into the lions' den. I will take the lions' den, and stand by my God and say my prayers." And when the usual time came he knelt at the window and turned his

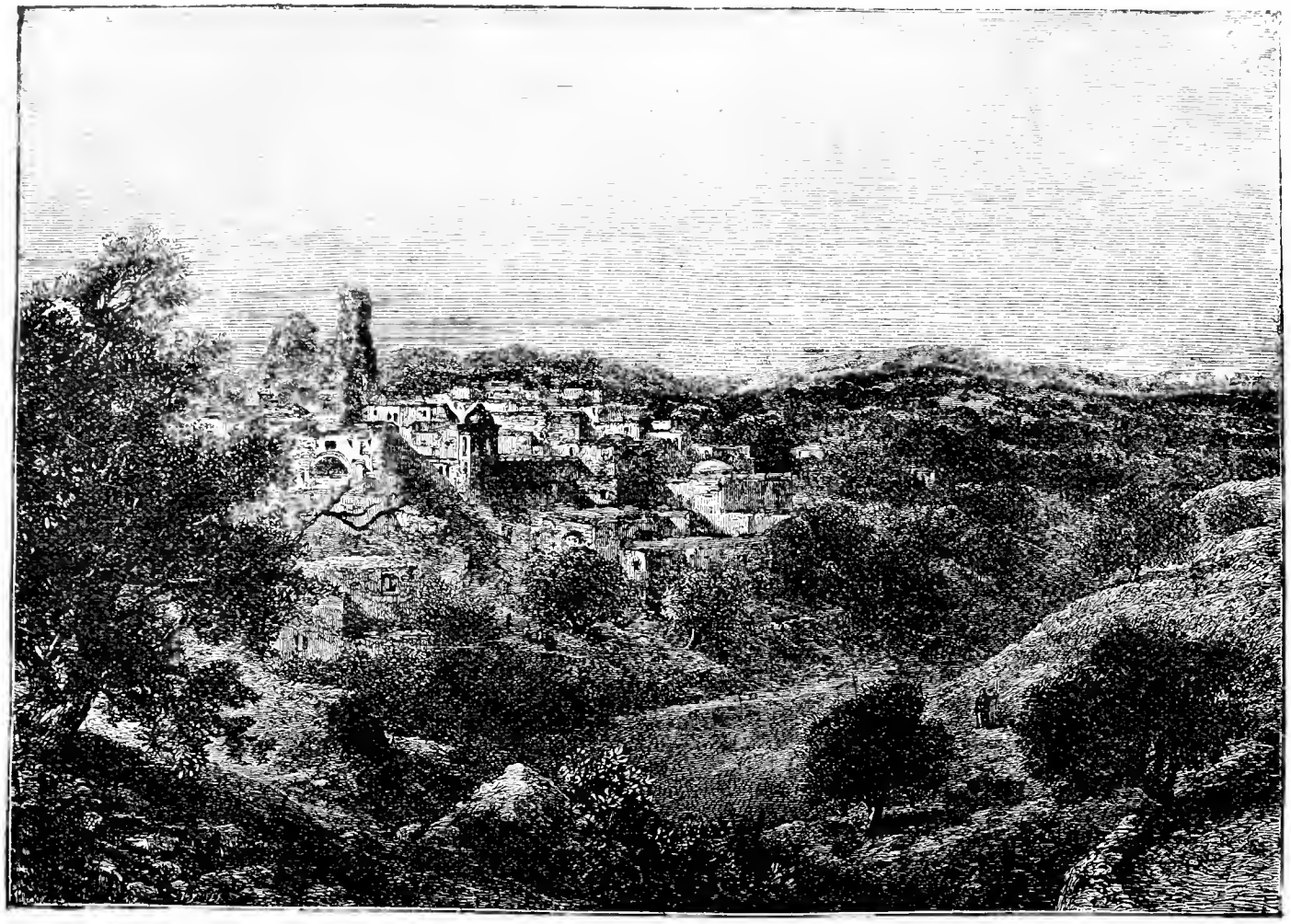
face toward Jerusalem and prayed to God, and they came to him and took him a prisoner and carried him to the lions' den; and when they dropped him down into the lions' den, I expect Daniel, with the company that brought him, thought that in a moment the wild beasts would be champing and chewing his bones and his flesh. But God went in ahead of Daniel and said to those ferocious old hungry lions: "My servant, Daniel, will be here in a few moments; he is true to me and true to his convictions, and now when he is put down in this den be very hospitable and kind to Daniel, and treat him kindly." And when they dropped Daniel into the lions' den every lion was as kind as a brother. And when their supper was thrown in to them the old lions stood back and told Daniel: "You eat at the first table; if there is anything there you want, eat that; we will all wait on you." [Applause and laughter.] And then when bedtime came a gray old lion laid down in the den, and they said to Daniel, "We have no bed to offer you, but this lion will be your pillow;" and Daniel laid down and straightened himself out and pillowed his head on the shaggy mane of the lion and slept like a child upon its mother's arms. And when daylight came, they came and looked down into the den and saw that Daniel was unharmed; and they said, "Daniel, your God lives forever," and they brought him out of the lions' den and cast his persecutors into the den, and the lions devoured them.

Take the three Hebrew children. They said: "We will never fall down to a golden image and worship it; we worship God, and we stay by our convictions of right." They dropped them into the fiery furnace, seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. And then when they looked down into the furnace of burning fire they said: "We see four down there, one of them like unto the Son of God." And directly the great burning furnace threw them out to the surface again, and they came out without the smell of fire upon them. And they said: "Look! these men have been into the furnace and come out, and their garments haven't been scorched, and there is not the smell of fire about them." And I tell you, brother, if a man will stick to his convictions and to God Almighty and be true to them, there are no fires that can burn him, and no waters that can drown him, and no mountains that can check him, and no deserts he can't cross, nor any heights he can't

reach. And the man that is true to his convictions of right, and will stay by them unpurchasable and unbulldozable, for God and the right—when you've got that spirit and start in your work, you will be saved, and something will be saved when you are saved.

Brother, you come into the New Testament Scriptures, and there was St. Peter; he was made of that sort of stuff, and when they came to him and said, "Thou shalt suffer like thy Lord unless thou recant; we will curse thee as thou didst thy Lord;" and Peter said, "I wabbled once and my courage gave way once." And do you know that is the saddest picture in all the Bible to me? Peter was a hero and a noble fellow; and do you know, that when my Lord sat in that mock court and was being tried, and when they buffeted him and spat upon him and plaited the crown of thorns and pressed it to his temple, and he stood there without a friend in the world, and Peter stood off in the distance and one walked up to him and said, "You are the disciple of this despised Nazarene," and Peter looked up and spoke aloud as he stood there without a friend in the world and said, "No, I don't know him?" And another came up and said, "You are one of his disciples;" and he said, "I am not. I don't as much as know him." A little girl came up and charged him with being a disciple of the despised and persecuted Lord; and he said, with cursing and oaths, "I don't know him," and then the cock crew again.

Listen: I don't object to the way my Bible is written; it is right that it should be that way But in my devotion to my Divine Lord, sometimes I have wished and felt, when every human being had forsaken him in the world that he had come to redeem, and only Peter stood in the distance, I have wished a thousand times that when they approached him and said, "You are one of his disciples," and Peter, looking up and seeing his Lord with the blood trickling upon his face, I have wished that one man in this world had rushed up by the side of the suffering Christ and said, "I am one of his disciples, and I will die by his side." I believe God Almighty would have rushed every angel in heaven down to Peter's side, and not suffered a hair of his head touched. But, no! no! Peter knew what it was to flicker and to give way; but, when the moment came afterwards, and they said, "Peter, we will crucify you as we did your Lord," tradition tells us that when they came to



SCENE OF PAUL'S WORK.

execute Peter, he said, "I am not worthy to die like my Lord." He said: "He was crucified with his head upwards; nail me to the cross with my head hanging down, for I forsook him once, but I will stay by him now." And when they nailed him head down, hanging on the cross, it is said that for nearly twenty hours he hung there and preached the meritorious death of his risen Lord to the sinners who gathered about him.

O, that is the determination! They said: "Paul, you must cease preaching this doctrine; you are a disturber of the peace; you have broken into and are driving out our trade; you must desist; you must cease." And St. Paul said: "I have said it, and I am staying by it. His life was dear, and his peace was sweet; I count not my life dear unto myself, but that I may do the work." And when finally thrown into prison and led out to the block, St. Paul looked at his executioners and said, "I am right! I am right!" and when they laid his head down he said, "It will soon drop from the block;" and he said, "As soon as my bloody head shall roll off the block, God Almighty will stoop down and pick it up and place a crown of everlasting life upon it." And in all ages God has crowned the hero who stood by his convictions of right and stood by duty at all costs.

Brother, I see folks dallying sometimes and hesitating and almost persuaded, and I just feel like, O how I would love to be out there and head the procession toward God to-night. I just feel like, if I were a sinner, wicked and wayward, in an audience like this, when the call was made I would rise up and say: "Come on, boys, let a thousand of us march, every fellow on God's side to-night." O, I would love to lead that host from sin to God, and be a hero that would stand when the last man on earth had turned his back on God and run the other way.

Almost! Undecided! As far as I myself am concerned, thank God! that word has been abandoned. With me it is altogether. It is the eternal conviction of my soul, and I will stay there. You cannot put me out; you cannot scare me out; you cannot guy me out; you cannot lead me out. I am in for time and for eternity. And I wish you would say that. It is only the man who says that who means business, for he is the man who will stick to a fight to the finish. Almost! I wish I could get every man in this audi-

ience to-night to give up that word forever. It has been your characteristic in the past; it has been your ruin in the past. Say that from this day you will settle, and that henceforth it shall be replaced by "altogether." Say: "I will now take a stand, and I will stand there till the world burns down." By the use of that word "almost" you put God at a disadvantage, you put the Church at a disadvantage, you put the preacher at a disadvantage, you put the Divine Spirit at a disadvantage; but when you say "altogether" you put God at an advantage, you put the preacher at an advantage, you give the Church an advantage, you give the Divine Spirit an advantage. For then you declare that you have come over to the side of God, and that you will stay there.

A man comes up to me at the altar and I ask him: "Brother, have you made up your mind?" That is the first question: "Have you made up your mind deliberately and unalterably to give up your sins?" If he says, "Yes," I take hold of his hand and say, "You have settled the question, you are answering the call of God." But when a fellow comes up and he is asked the same question, and he answers, "Well, I'll be good by and by," I always say, "You do not mean anything on earth; there's nothing in it." [Laughter.] We have no time to chunk away with men like that; no moments to waste with that sort of fellow But when a man says, "I've made up my mind," then I know that man means business, and God means business with such a man, too. When a man means business in such a matter, then God means business also. And, neighbor, if you do not mean anything—I say it reverently—God doesn't mean anything, as far as you are concerned.

I think the grandest hero living for God in America to-day is John C. Kee, of Monticello, Ga. I was his pastor for many years. I know him well, and I do not believe there's a nobler man working for God than is that man to-day. He was fifty years of age that day when he gave his heart and his soul to God. He is a lawyer with a splendid practice, and is a thorough gentleman. It was on a Sunday morning, the anniversary of his birth, I think, and, I believe, the anniversary of his marriage as well. His wife was the best woman I ever knew. He called her Sister Mary and Martha. She was the best Mary I ever saw, and the best Martha I

ever saw. She was the sweetest Christian woman and the best housekeeper I ever saw in my life. She was both Sister Mary and Sister Martha. That Sunday morning after breakfast he was sitting talking to his wife, and he said: "Wife, I am fifty years old to-day; we have been married nearly thirty years. Wife, you have been a Christian woman ever since you were married to me, and before that, too. You have been a lovely Christian, and I have cared for none of these things." And he said: "I'll tell you, I'm fifty years old to-day; I'm going with you to church and I'm going to ask the preacher when he's finished preaching to open the church doors, and then I'm going up to the altar to join the church with you." She said with joy: "Husband, are you?" And he answered: "That's what I am." "O," she said, "how I rejoice!" He accompanied his wife to church and sat and prayed by her side during the service. And when the sermon was over he said: "Will the pastor of this church please open the doors of it?" The pastor did as he was requested, and that man walked up and gave his hand to the preacher, and then he turned to the congregation and said: "Fellow-townsmen and neighbors, you all know me; I have lived among you from childhood; I am fifty years old to-day; I have been thirty years married. I have a good Christian wife, but I have not been a Christian. I said to her this morning: 'Wife, I am fifty years old to-day; we have been married thirty years; during all that time you have been a devoted Christian woman, but I have never cared about anything of the kind; now, wife, I'm going to join the church where you have been for so many years;' and, as you see, I have just joined it. Now, brethren, I do not claim to have any religion, but I promise you this: There shall not be a man in this church who shall beat me living right or beat me serving God, if he has not more sense than I have." And I have never had a better member of my church than that man has been ever since. Whenever I was absent from home I would write him: "Dear Brother Kee, I cannot return; will you preach for me Sunday?" And I always received the reply: "Dear Brother Jones, I cannot preach much, but I will do the best I can; but you go on bringing souls to God." That man teaches in the Sunday school; he does everything which a true Christian man can do. He is one of the finest Christian men to-day that I know upon the

face of the earth. He settled the question with himself that morning. He said, "I'll be a Christian," and he went and became one.

"Well," you say, "Brother Jones, don't God have to do the work for a man?" Of course he does; but, brother, listen: Christ looked at Peter and John on the banks of the Sea of Gallilee. He said: "Take up your nets and your seines and follow me." And they followed and became his disciples. And Matthew was at the seat of the customs, and Christ said: "Matthew, follow me." And Matthew arose and followed him. And it is the same whether he said it to Peter, to Paul, to John, or to Sam Jones, or to any one of you. If a man follows Jesus Christ, he has religion, and the best sort of religion in the world. The following of Christ is Christianity Almost! You are almost persuaded. Brother, you should settle on something; drive the pegs down; settle what you want and then remain with it till you get it. That is my doctrine. And if I did not believe in Christ's everlasting promise I would hesitate here to-night. But when he says, "If we confess and forsake our sins, we shall find mercy," I know he meant what he said. I wish I could get you men to settle this question to-night. It is the best night for you to settle it forever. There are not so many here as there have been on other occasions, owing to the rain. There is all the greater opportunity to you. My message is delivered. There is no reason why any of you should leave during our after service. There are men here to-night who ought to make up their minds. Let them say: "If there's any fellow who has made up his mind to live for God and a better life, it's I." Will every man and woman who is not yet a Christian step up and say that? Let each man say: "Here's a man for God, for the Church, for a better life." Say it, brother, and stick to it. Will you, brother? Will you, young man; and will you bring your friend up with you? Come down to the front here to-night; take my hand and say: "God helping, I will lead a better life; I have settled the question forever; I have taken my stand on the side of God."

SUDDEN DEATH.

THE inclemency of the weather had its effect last night upon the crowd that gathered in Exposition Music Hall to hear Rev. Sam Jones. Vacant seats, which heretofore were unknown, were on this occasion plainly noticeable, while standing room, which has been rated at a premium, fell far below par. A conservative estimate would place the number of persons in attendance last night at about three-fourths of the number present upon former occasons. The central thought of the Georgia evangelist's discourse was the awfulness of sudden death. Probably at no time since the series of meetings were begun did he preach with more earnestness and with more telling effect than last night. The evangelist was in an unusually serious mood, and not once after his sermon began did he utter any remark of a humorous nature. Enlarging upon his text, he drew many an illustration and incident in a manner impressive beyond description.

When Mr. Jones made his appearance upon the stage during the preliminary service of song, he was greeted with applause, and after making a few remarks with reference to the singing in which he said he had been listening to the songs and hymns of praise for years, he took his seat.

THE SERMON.

I shall talk to-night from the first verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of Proverbs: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

There is enough in the bare announcement of this text to bring every man of us to our feet with a question; and that question should be this: "Who is the author of those fearful words?" And the answer comes back: The great God, the infinite God, who made us all, whose sleepless eye overlooks us all, the great God who will finally judge us all. Then if God be the Author of those words, each of us should propound another question: "To

whom does he address himself in these fearful words?" And there are a thousand persons in this audience who could jump to their feet and say: "Surely God means me. I have been often reproved, often warned, often rebuked. Wagonloads of sermons have been wasted upon my life and upon my ears. God has multiplied his calls to me and his warnings and rebukes from my cradle up to this hour." And I say to every man present to-night: Brother, if you ever weighed a verse of Scripture; if you ever took a verse of Scripture into your heart and conscience, take this one in to-night, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

I but announce to-night a fact patent to every thoughtful reading man in this audience when I say to you that there have been more sudden deaths in the last twelve months of this world's history than any twelve months since the evening and the morning were the first day I but state what you can prove to be facts, and I state to you that more men have been swept suddenly and awfully into eternity in the last twelve months than in any twelve months of this world's history By heart failure, by apoplexy, by paralysis, by shipwreck, by railroad disaster, by accidents, by cyclones, by earthquake, by hurricane on the sea, everywhere, and the columns of our papers daily come laden with the sudden and awful deaths that multiply year after year in the pages of human life. You can scarcely pick up one of your daily papers without reading from a dozen to three thousand sudden deaths recorded in its columns, and every sudden death in this line is but a fulfillment of the word of the Lord in this text. We may say what we please, and heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot nor tittle of the divine law God hath spoken it. He hath said: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" And God shall bring to pass the fulfillment of his word if he must sweep a nation into hell in the twinkling of an eye. God hath spoken to-day, and God will fulfill it. And, brethren, this is a personal message to you. I am talking to hard-hearted, stiff-necked sinners here to-night, that have been preached to from your infancy up to this hour. I am talking to men and women here to-night, in the range of my voice, that have not heeded ten thousand calls, and are unheeding the reproofs and

warnings that have been thrown about you all the days of your life. But God speaks to you in that message. Sudden deaths have multiplied and become so common that we scarcely notice them. We glance up and down the columns of our daily papers, and notice where this score here, and that hundred there, and this thousand there have been swept into eternity since the sun set the day before or rose this morning, until it is so common that it does not attract our attention at all. I say to you, my countrymen, that because it is common it is not noticed, but it is as fearful to die suddenly to-day as ever; it is as awful to be swept suddenly into eternity to-day as any day in the world's history. It is as tremendous a fact in heaven and earth for a man to be swept suddenly and awfully into eternity to-day as it was six thousand years ago. Awful fact! And I propose to-night, with your forbearance and prayers and patience, simply to run over some things that have come under my own observation, and I tell you that which I know, and I tell you another thing that you don't know. This man quit telling lies the day he joined the Church. Put that down! Some of you fellows can afford to lie, but I can't. If I tell a lie, they catch me in it, and prove it on me, and I am ruined and I know it. Some of you little fellows can tell a lie and it don't amount to anything, and nobody will notice it; but whenever I may say a thing you can put my immortality on the truth of what I say. You put that down! For twenty-three years I have never found it necessary to establish the fact that I am sticking to my integrity. Now, understand that I don't care who doubts it, I don't care who says it is not true; I say it is true, and facts are facts and you can't dodge them. Now, understand that! And I want you to understand that I have no reference to anything said about me in this town. I am talking on general principles; and if you think I have told a lie, you come to my room, old fellow, and I will show you that my lie is the biggest truth you ever heard in your life. Now do you hear that? [Laughter.] You see what I mean? Thank God! I quit telling lies when I joined the Church; and if every fellow in this town had done the same thing, we would have been a heap better off in this world. We would that. I am sticking to facts.

Now hear me: I simply relate to you to-night the incidents which have occurred in my own life and under my own experience

and observation. And I start in with this proposition, which I want you to take home with you: that this man who is preaching to you to-night has preached the gospel earnestly and faithfully to thousands and tens of thousands of men who, since my voice died in their ears, have been swept suddenly and awfully into the presence of God. When I was preaching in the most memorable meeting in Nashville, Tenn.—ten years ago, the most marvelous in grace I ever looked upon in my life—I believe more men were converted, and more people joined the Church from that memorable meeting, than any work of grace almost in this nineteenth century. It was marvelous to behold at that meeting that grand man, Capt. Tom Ryman, of Nashville, Tenn., than whom there has been no grander convert to Christianity in this nineteenth century. He came to that meeting as others did; he came up to the altar, knelt down like a little child, and gave his heart to God. The day after his conversion he walked up to me and said: "Brother Jones, I want you to go to my home." I said: "Captain, I can't go before Friday" "Well," he said, "I will be glad to have you then; I want my wife and children to see you, who have won me to God, and will you give me that pledge?" I said: "Yes, Captain, on Friday after the preaching." On that morning I went with him over to his home, and when we walked into his elegant home in Nashville he carried me into the parlor, and there were thirteen guests, his friends, gathered in the parlor. He invited them there on that occasion, and he introduced me to them one at a time. We sat down a few moments, and his noble wife came to the door and said, "Gentlemen, dinner is ready;" and we walked across the hall into his dining room and sat down at the long table. He put me at the head of the table, and said, "I want you to occupy that place, the post of honor, sir; take this place here;" and he put his friends to my right and left. Of the four that sat next to me, two of them, steamboat captains, were immediately to my left; the one immediately to my right was the Mayor of the city, and the one immediately by his side was another one of his steamboat captains, for Capt. Ryman owned several boats plying up and down the Cumberland River. Just as we crossed the hall going into the dining room he had said: "I have invited my friends to meet you, and whenever a question arises you

can put in some word and you can press the question of surrender to God upon my friends as we eat; you might not have another chance to do personal work with them." And I sat there at the table, and as we ate I pressed the great question of eternity upon those men, and especially the four who sat next to me. Now listen: Not one of those four men was ever, as I knew, moved at all in that meeting. Now results: I don't think it was three months after I left that town till Capt. Ryman wrote me: "Brother Jones, the steamboat captain who sat immediately to your left fell over on his boat the other day, and was dead when his friends got to him." It wasn't many weeks till he wrote me again: "Another one of our steamboat captains came up the river, came into his home and died suddenly; and his wife and children gathered about him, but he was gone." And he said: "O what a fearful fact that those men wouldn't come to God in that meeting!" It wasn't many weeks until I saw where the Mayor of the city of Nashville was up in Wisconsin out hunting, and his friend's gun went off accidentally and put a great load of shot into his head, and he fell forward, and spoke not another word. It wasn't long after that till Capt. Ryman wrote me: "Brother Jones, the steamboat captain who sat next to the Mayor at the table has been swept suddenly and awfully into eternity" And those four men—whether they were prepared or not, I am not here to say—but those four men who sat next to me at the table all went suddenly into the presence of God. And these are but instances that have occurred all along the line.

O, my countrymen, I say that this man who talks to you to-night has pressed the gospel with its weight and power upon hundreds of men who have died suddenly and awfully after the gospel had died out of their ears. I preached in Charlotte, N. C., at the men's meeting. I pleaded so earnestly; many came forward. Just before the invitation closed a young, bright-looking fellow, perhaps twenty-five or twenty-eight years old, walked down the aisle. He came more than two-thirds of the way; he turned suddenly and went back. It may have been the scoff of a companion, or the jeer of a friend that turned him—I know not. The next morning he went down to the depot, for he was a conductor on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line. He pulled the bell cord, and about eight

o'clock he left. After he ran down the road a few miles he held his train in to meet another passenger train, and there was a freight box standing on the side track, and when the passenger backed against it he was standing behind it, and it knocked him down on the rail, and the wheels ran over him from head to foot, and mashed the very watch in his pocket till it was as thin as a piece of tin, almost; and scarcely fifteen hours had passed from the time my voice had died out in his ears until he was suddenly and awfully called into the presence of God. O what a fact! O what a fact!

Brother Stuart, my coworker, was with me at Palestine, Tex. A man walked those streets with oaths and profanity, and said that Jones was a scourge on any community and a blight, and he said that I was doing more harm than could ever be corrected, and he cursed me upon the street. And when I was preaching the last sermon of that meeting that man fell dead there in that community, and people on their way home from the service found his dead body as it lay helpless upon the ground. And I speak the words of truth and soberness when I say to you that all along through this country where I have preached there have been instances enough to make the devil himself look in horror upon criminals like that. And if you will get the record of those who come to this meeting and hear the words that ought to win them to God, you will find in the history of this congregation instances enough to make your hearts stop beating and your blood curdle in your veins.

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." I was preaching at High Bridge Camp Meeting, Kentucky, earnestly asking men to come to God. A young, stalwart fellow stood there. He had been listening for fifteen or twenty minutes, and a friend told me afterwards that he turned with an oath from his lips and said that he had had enough of that. He walked right down to the depot and stood but a few moments there when a train ran along. He grabbed at a ladder at the side of the car, missed his balance, and the wheels crushed him, and he was in the presence of God in less than twenty minutes from the time he turned with an oath upon his lips. God have mercy upon men who despise truth, and then die suddenly and awfully! I tell you, my countrymen, you will listen to the word, and you heard what the Lord says. Men may speak things

that they cannot bring to pass; but God hath uttered, and the millions that have been swept suddenly into eternity are but attestations to the truth that God will bring his word to pass. You may say what you please, but it is an awful thing to die. You may laugh and scoff at death; but I tell you, my countrymen, it is the most serious hour that ever crowded its issues in on human life. To die! A man leaves his place of business, his store, his shop, and walks up to his home and stands on the front porch of his home just a moment, and then thinks of some kind words he is going to say to his wife and to one of his children, and the first thing you know there is a dull thud on the floor, and the wife runs screaming, and he is gone suddenly

There is a good old superannuated preacher in my Conference. He is frequently at my home, and he is one of the best men I ever knew And when I am at home, frequently he leads the family devotion, and I scarcely remember the time when he was praying at night that he didn't make use of this expression: "O Lord God, save us this night from sudden death; let it not overtake any beneath this roof." And the old man scarcely ever went over the expression but what it impressed me profoundly It is an awful thing to die, brother; to die anywhere and anywhen; but it is tremendously awful without a word of warning, a moment to pray or a second to repent. You are gone, and gone forever, into the great beyond.

I don't know where or when or how I will die. I may fall in the pulpit; I can't tell. I may die away from home; I can't tell. But I say this to you: If God will answer my prayer in this and give me the choice of my heart, I would come home some day worn out and tired, and lay quietly down diseased and sick, upon the bed in the family room, and there I would linger for a week or ten days under the kind ministration of my wife and children; I would look upon and enjoy their sympathy and ministrations, and as the days drew nigh and I should bid them good-bye I would talk to my wife and talk to each child; I would gather them about me daily, encourage them to love God and live for God, and get home to heaven, and on and on until the last evening came, I would take my children, beginning at the oldest, I would gather them about me and say my parting words; and then, when the doctors

had turned their backs upon me and said that my case had swung beyond where *materia medica* reaches, I would spend my last moments talking to her who has been such a friend to me and who has helped me in all my life. And then, when the last moments came, I would wade down gently into the river of death, and when the river should come up to my shoulders I would reach back and kiss my wife and children good-bye, and go home to God as happy as any schoolboy ever went home from school. But to die suddenly! Without a good-bye, without a moment to commit my soul to God! To die suddenly! It is awful! And awful beyond my power to express it. "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." I know there are parties in this audience that will go away and say: "I can't be frightened into Christianity; I can't be scared into being religious." Now, brother, let me say this, then: If you are not afraid of death and the judgment bar of God and the awful hell that awaits sinners, you are braver than I have ever been or want to be in this world. If there is anything that ought to rouse a man and frighten him, it is the fact that he is exposed to death and hell, and all that there is between him and eternal wreck and ruin is the fact that his heart beats, and yet it may stop at any moment. "I am not to be frightened into Christianity." Brother, that is the whisper by the graveyard; that is the talk of a coward; for a man to say that he is not afraid of the coffin and the shroud and the grave and the judgment and eternity.

My brethren, let me give you an illustration that we have on that. Into the fated Conemaugh Valley at Johnstown the State sent its civil engineers to examine that dam that held back that lake of waters. They went up and examined the dam. They came back down the valley and said: "We warn the people that that dam is unsafe; some of these days it will break and turn the flood of waters loose upon you." They laughed at those engineers and scoffed at them, and said: "You scare us if you can. It is a trick of land sharks to buy our property at half price. It is not for sale." That fall those engineers went back up there. They examined that dam and said: "We warn you people again; that dam is unsafe and will turn that flood of waters loose upon you." They said: "Scare us if you can. We understand your project. Our

SCENE IN THE EAST.

property is not for sale." They went back up there in the spring and examined the dam, and came back down and faithfully warned the people and said to them: "That dam is cracked from base to top, and we warn you people it will turn the waters loose upon you." They looked at them and laughed and said: "That's an old chestnut, and it don't amount to anything; we have heard that so often." And it wasn't fifteen days till a man on a fleet horse came loping down that valley with the horse in a foam and sweat from the top of his ears to his hoofs, and as he rode down the valley he cried: "Flee for your lives; the dam is broken and the water is coming." And the people stood on the streets and on their porches and laughed at the horseman and said: "Fool us if you can." But the sound of the man's voice hadn't died out down the street when they heard coming the heaving, sweeping, pouring waters, and in fifteen minutes three thousand three hundred of those poor people were drowned and mangled and buried in the *débris* down at the bridge below the town. And it took almost six long weeks to dig their putrefying bodies from the fearful pile of *débris* at the bridge.

Now in my heart I pity a man who despises the warning and turns a deaf ear to the voice that would bring him to peace and to safety. ["Amen."] And I am talking to men here to-night who will say: "I am not to be frightened by the cry over these things; I have heard that sort of gospel before." But—my brother, mark my words—perchance in less than ten days, maybe in less than ten hours, from this moment the heaving, pouring, and sweeping waters of God's judgment will rush upon you, and you will find yourself overwhelmed forever. O, my Lord, help men to heed the warning given them this night! If you ever intend to move your head and heart and repent and believe, God help you to do it to-night! ["Amen."]

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." O what an experience! What an experience! "Shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy!" Remedy! O how we lean toward the faithful physician in the hour of sickness! How he leans upon the effective remedies that he has used so often! O brother, the time may come in your life when the very disease that has struck a vital spot will

scoff at your doctor and despise the remedies that he gives. Mark what I tell you. Disease will touch your vital spot by and by, and all the compound remedies of *materia medica* and of the pharmaeists will never reach your case. You may have been sick and got well a dozen times, but Death hath an arrow in her quiver that will reaeh your vital spot at last. We must all die. "It is appointed unto men once to die." We will die once; God help us that we may never die the second death. ["Amen."] "Without remedy!" I think the saddest hour ever sent to my poor heart was after I had nursed and watched by the bedside with my wife for seven weeks; and on Christmas eve her physician, the one that stood by her almost day and night, took me on my front porch and said: "Jones, I break the saddest news that ever fell on a human heart. Your wife has swung out beyond the reach of human skill, and no remedy in the world now will reach her case." O what a moment that was to me! What a moment! What a moment! O, bless God! in that hour of despair I walked into my upper ehamber and knelt down and said: "O God, thou the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and thou, blessed Christ, who didst heal the siek and raise the dead when thou wast among men; thou art the same to-day and forever. ['Amen.'] O God, intervene now; do for me what no human power can do." And, bless his holy name! she lives to-day to bless the children of my home and the heart that would have been broken if God had called her hence. Thank God! when human remedies fail we may fall back on the divine arm. O what a fact! And listen, brother! God says: "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." And when that time comes in your case—and it will come, neighbor—hear me, when your disease will laugh at the doctor and scoff at his remedies, when wife can do nothing and mother can do nothing, and finally when the body is dissolving in death, and the death rattle is in your throat, and your eyes sink in your head, and yonr tongue cleaves to the roof of your mouth, and your pulseless heart is lying still, then the soul reaches out toward God, and God shall say to you: "No remedy!" In rejecting your salvation forever, you swung out where God himself can't reach you. It is the most tremendous hour that ever came to a human soul: the hour when God himself

stands powerless to help and powerless to reach. And God has said it in these words that he who has been often reproved, and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. Without remedy here, without remedy at judgment, and in hell to meet its tortures forever! Without remedy! O brother, shall you experience that, just as others have? The hope of your life and heart is to heed the warnings now served out and fly for your life. My soul is in danger. I give you a picture at conclusion of this hour, which I would have you take home with you. Hear me, and let every Christian pray that this incident may go into the heart of every sinner. I think the most forcible illustration of the hopelessly wrecked was given to me by Brother Culpepper, an evangelist of my State—and I know no better man who lived in it, or who ever preached the gospel. He said to me: "Brother Jones"—this incident which he related occurred in Georgia, just out from the city where he lived, a little inland town off the railroad—"Brother Jones, one morning a man came riding into my little town on a beautiful little black pony. The little pony had a bridle and a saddle and all other trappings. The man stopped on the little town square, and began to walk the little animal about as if to emphasize his good qualities, and the people began to look at the pony and to gather about his owner. They wondered and admired the beauty of the animal, and all began to praise it. Presently a little boy about twelve years of age walked up into the circle. One of his friends said: 'Johnny, we're going to raffle for this pony. This man has put him up at fifty chances, two dollars a chance.' Johnny answered: 'No, I don't think it's right; I don't do that sort of thing. I have never done it.' But the other boys began to guy him, and said: 'You're afraid; you haven't the money' And then, the boy's desire getting the better of him, he said, 'I have the money, and I'll take a chance,' and he pulled two silver dollars ont of his pocket accordingly. Soon the tickets were all sold, and the raffle commenced. The dice were thrown amid some anxiety and excitement, and when it had ended the man pointed his finger at little Johnny and said: 'Son, it is your pony; you've thrown the lucky number, and you've won.' Little Johnny took hold of the bridle and threw the reins over the little pony's neck, and put his foot in the stirrup and mounted.

And he was proud as he rode off so gracefully amid the applause of the crowd. His father, a merchant of the little town, was sitting at the door, reading the morning newspaper, which had just arrived. And he read of an incident which told how a man had a beautiful little pony in the city in which the paper was published the day before. The paper described it as being the most beautiful, but at the same time the most vicious little animal the world had ever seen. It also said, in proof of the assertion, that it had killed no less than four men. And the father just then lifted his eyes from the paper, and, as he did so, he saw his boy on the pony's back. He huurriedly threw the paper on the street, and ran to where the boy was. And as soon as he got near him, he shouted: 'My precious boy, get down off that pony! Get down, as life is dear to you! He will kill you if you do not. He has killed four men. He will surely kill you.' But little Johnny lifted up his head, and said: 'O no, papa; he won't hurt me; he's all right now; he's my pony, and he won't hurt me.' And again the father cried for him to get down. But little Johnny rode off. And presently he passed his own home. His mother and sister ran to the door and cried: 'Johnny, Johnny, get down; that pony has already killed four men; he will kill you; why don't you do as your father asks you, and as your mother and sister ask you?' But little Johnny again lifted his head, and said: 'O, don't fear, mamma! Don't fear, sister! He won't hurt me; he's my pony now, and he won't be vicious any more.' And little Johnny rode on. And he rode beautifully for two miles, and then he said to himself: 'I will turn back now and let papa and mamma see how this little pony won't hurt me.' And he turned back. He tightened the reins as the animal began to quicken his pace. But it took the bit between its teeth, and plunged forward beyond all control. And they came to the angle of a road which led to a precipice. And the pony took the road and jumped over the precipice. And when that little boy's parents and friends went to search for him, they found him and the pony crushed to atoms."

There is a young lady on the black horse of worldliness. God, the angels, and good men cry: "Get down! get down! That horse has damned millions." But she says: "O, don't fear; he won't hurt me; I want the pleasure and the enjoyment of the moment;

he will not hurt me." Young lady, you will want some day to turn back to God and to heaven. And then, when you take the reins in your hand and tighten its grip, the black horse of fashion and worldliness will take the bit between his teeth, and will rush on and over the precipice of destruction.

There is that young man there. You are on the black horse of profanity. He has landed his millions in hell. God and his angels and good men call on you to get down; they warn you of the fate which others have met. But you say: "No, he won't hurt me. I know just how far to go." But some day, when you tighten the reins, when you wish to turn back to God and to heaven, that horse will get the bit between his teeth and rush on to hell with you.

There is that man sitting on the black horse of intemperance. Neighbor, that black horse is leading you over the precipice of destruction into the river of death, which is lined from source to mouth with human wretches. Get down, young man! You say: "O no; I know just where to stop." Some day in the near future, blear-eyed and bloated wretch, as you'll be, you'll take the reins in your hand to turn back to sobriety and to God. But the black horse of intemperance will take the bit in his teeth and run to hell and death with you. Would to God that every man on the black horse of sin would take the lesson to heart! A preacher in Alabama one night related this incident in his pulpit. And after service four boys rode off on horseback. One was detained a little. He rode rapidly after his companions. And on reaching them, he said: "Look out, boys! I'm on the black horse." They all rode along about two hundred yards, when suddenly the boy said: "Boys, I've a pain in my head; and, O boys, I've never had a pain like this before. What a horrible pain! It struck me just a moment ago." He rode on for half a mile with his companions, and just as they had reached a point where the road forked he said: "Boys, please let one of you ride home with me. I am bad. I do not know whether I'll get there or not." The preacher told me he adjourned the meeting the next day to bury that young man, and thanked God that he had a little time before dying.

God pity the man that is closer to the precipice than that young man! God pity the man that is closest to hell! Take him by the hand to-night, and bring him back to peace, to God, and to heaven.

My message is delivered. I have conscientiously preached the truth to you; may God make it a message of salvation! O take heed! God have mercy on you, and may you all be prepared for the day to come!

We are going to hold an after service. Do not go away from here to-night to harden your heart. But stay, you who have been often reproved, and let your heart be softened. Stay and come and surrender yourself to God. Get down off the black horse of worldliness and sin and give your hearts to Him who has died for your salvation. Now we will receive the benediction. May the blessing of Almighty God abide with us now and forever! Amen.

The After Service.

The majority of those present remained to the after service, and after those who arose to leave had made their exit Mr. Jones took his stand upon a table in front of the stage, from which he made an earnest appeal to the sinner. He also directed his remarks to the Christians, whom he requested to speak to unconverted persons nearest to them. A hymn was selected, and while it was being sung an opportunity was given to the penitent to come forward and clasp the speaker's hand. The audience was requested to stand, and while the singing continued a number from various parts of the hall came forward and made professions of religion. "There are five hundred unconverted persons in this building to-night," the revivalist said, "and such an opportunity may never be presented to them again. Won't you come? Come now, while we sing." A second invitation to the effect that he wanted every man and woman who had made up their minds to lead a better life to come forward and give him their hands was responded to by a number far in excess of the number of penitents.

EVIL ASSOCIATIONS.

REV. SAM JONES preached last night in the Music Hall to all who could find seats there, and to many hundreds who had to stand. The sermon was a forceful exhortation against the keeping of bad company and a word portrayal of the evils that accrue from sinful associations. About half of it, while delivered with great vigor and earnestness, was conspicuously free from the characteristic sayings and humorous flings of the famous evangelist; but as if to make up for lost time, the latter portion was replete with uncompromising attacks on such social institutions as the clubs, with mirth-provoking illustrations of the points raised, and with personal and pathetic appeals.

THE SERMON.

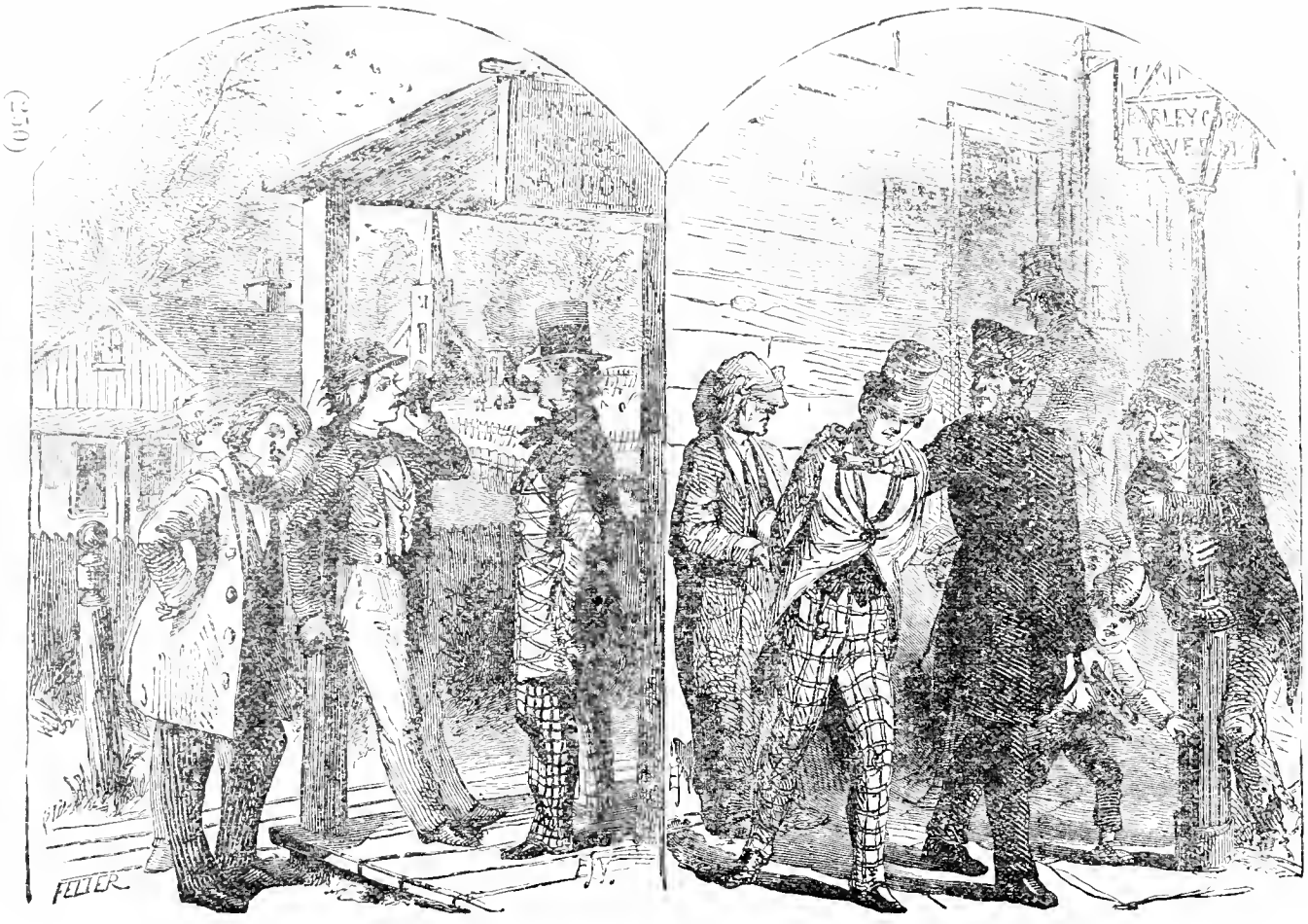
"Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth. Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." (Ps. xxvi. 8, 9.)

"Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." Associations in this world, brethren, determine character, and character fixes destiny. You form your associations, your associations form your character, and your character fixes your destiny. The sun of hope sets on any character whenever a boy or a mortal swings out beyond the boundary line of good associations. Two old college professors were sitting near a window after school was dismissed, and one spoke to the other and said: "Professor, you see a certain young man walking down the street there?" "Yes, sir." "Did you see who that is—who he is with." "Yes, sir." "Who is it?" "The worst boy in the college to-day, and that boy associates with him. When he first came here he associated with the best boys in the school." "Have you noticed any change in his character?" "Yes, sir." "How have you noticed that his character has changed?" "Just as his associations have changed; just as his company has changed."

And in this great city, in this great audience, I have given the epitome of many histories. Young man, look me in the face; listen to my words; don't you read your biography in the sentences I have already uttered? Who did you associate with ten years ago, five years ago, five months ago, five hours ago? And can't you read it in your own life, in stronger language than a preacher can treat it, that your character has shifted downward and hellward as your associations have shifted downward and hellward? A man is known by the company he keeps. I believe that the grand science of heredity has never been understood and studied as it should have been. The doctrine and science of heredity takes hold of every man's life. I believe that the hereditary traits in human character are as fully marked as the physical traits of the son are marked by the physical traits of his father. I believe we transmit moral character and intellectual characteristics just as we transmit physical characteristics. I walk up into your elegant home, and little Willie comes running in gleefully, and I take him on my knee; his mother sits here and his father sits there, and I look him full in the face and I see the mother's forehead, I see the father's nose, I see the mother's mouth, I see the father's eye, and I see the features of that father and mother blended in the face of that little boy Your little boy is as much like you intellectually and morally as he is like you physically This is the most tremendous truth in all the world. The doctrine of heredity! Our scholars are thinking and studying and probing that great science and that tremendous doctrine, and they will tell us more about that by and by Then the great doctrine of environment! that has much to do. Which is the most potent force of the two?

The world has never determined whether it be heredity or environment. I will give you an illustration of the two that you can take home with you. When I was in Texas three years ago, more or less, I brought home with me a full-blooded Scotch rat terrier, and he is born to work. He is a rat terrier in the fullest sense of the word; he thinks of rats, and he seems to dream of rats, for I have seen him open his eyes and jump and run; he seemed to have dreamed that they were about; he thinks of them while he is awake, and seems to dream of them while he is asleep. He is a ratter from Rattersville. There is no question about that.

[Laughter.] But hear: A few months after that I was in Memphis, and carried home with me a beautiful water spaniel. He is a lively dog, and I took him home and turned him in the yard with the rat terrier. And the boys told me sometime ago: "Papa, Prince"—that is the water spaniel's name—"Papa, Prince is a better rat dog than Gip." The Scotch terrier got it by heredity, and Prince got it by environment: associating with the rat dog. [Laughter and applause.] Do you see? And there is no cleverer illustration of the doctrines and effects of heredity and of environment than you will find in those two dogs: one was born to it, and the other got it by the company he kept. [Laughter.] And the boys say that the water spaniel is the best rat terrier of the two. My, my! There is many a boy in this town who inherited the tendency to drink and to lie and to loaf and to do nothing; and there is many a boy raised up with every instinct of a gentleman in him, and he began to associate with the vilest and the bad, and to-day he heads the procession downward and hellward in this town. O, the boys of good mothers in this country that have gone to destruction and broken the hearts of mothers in this land, if they could be gathered together, would make a mountain, enough to make the world weep and make the angels shudder to look down on the good mothers, precious mothers, pure mothers that love their boys with all the depths of their natures, who have been singing for years: "O where is my wandering boy to-night? He was once as pure as the morning dew; go search for him where you will, and bring him to me in all his blight, and tell him I love him still." O boys, listen to a man who would take the burden from your mother's heart and make her happy one more time. Poor old mother, the gray silvery hairs now turn her temples, and the wrinkles in her face are all the furrows plowed by your wayward, godless life. Listen, boys: Let a man take you and bring you back with him to-night to the purity that you once enjoyed about the old home circle, and let me warn you that the associations of the past have blighted your life and, if you keep them up, will damn your soul at last. Associations! There is hardly a boy in the land that has not been more or less affected by the associations about him. There is many a boy in this town now just stepping over the boundary line beyond which no good mother's boy ought ever to


FELTER

go. And, boys, can you retrace your steps and come back? If you can, then, now and forever you will be grateful, and precious old mother will spend her latter days in sunshine and song and blessing. "Gather not my soul with sinners."

I say that the associations of this world will be perpetuated in the next. Do you get hold of that? A man forms his associations in this world, and they will be projected in the world to come. "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." We have to spend eternity somewhere, and you may say there is no fire and no brimstone and no worm that shall never die that will gnaw at the vitals of your memory; you may deny all that Scripture says upon that subject. And now listen to me: There is an eternity to be spent somewhere by every person in this audience, and I beg you to look at the scriptural truth to-night that comes with a force of eternity to every conscience in this audience. Brother, to-day, and to-morrow, and next week, and next year, you gather about you the crowd which you shall live with in the great eternity beyond. There is scarcely a penitentiary in this and adjacent States within whose walls I have not visited. I expect I have been into thirty-odd of the penitentiaries in the United States, and preached the gospel, perchance, to nearly that many thousands of the penitentiary convicts in the different States of this Union. I find men everywhere that I have preached to; I have visited the prison and I have shaken hands with them, and I have said a kind word to them, and I have never stood by and talked to those men that my heart didn't go out in sympathy toward them. There is a noble father, maybe a better man in many respects than I have been in the past. There he is, with a sweet wife at home, with precious children at home; there he is, disgraced and confined and chained in the stripes of a convict; his wife is missed, the little children have grown from the husband up nearly to manhood, and there he is; and when I stand and look at him I think of that wife at home and little children growing up at home. I see a boy, a manly-looking young fellow, with the stripes of the penitentiary upon him, and I think of his mother; and I might say that I cannot disassociate the man from his mother and from his wife and daughter. The older I get the more I live to see, and the closer I get to the mothers and wives and daughters of this country from whom the

husbands and fathers and sons have run away and strayed off in the wrong. And I thank God for this growing disposition to stand up by the side of every broken-hearted, suffering woman in America and plead for her peace and her happiness. [Cries of "Good!" and applause.] I say I have visited the penitentiaries of many States in this Union, and have been frequently called upon to preach to the inmates. They write me: "Dear Mr. Jones, we hear of the great meetings, and we want you to come and talk to us." And I want to say that the saddest hours I have almost ever spent have been within the walls of these prisons, talking to those that are wearing the disgraceful stripes of a convict.

I have gone into the penitentiaries and sat at the little table, and I have taken the Bible from the table and opened it and commenced to preach; but I couldn't keep my mind on the text; it was thrown on the objects before me instead of the subject in hand. And while I was preaching to them my mind was looking and reasoning and thinking of the scenes before me. I'd see the vilest wretch, whose very contorted countenance discovered the fact to the world that he is a villain of the deepest dye, and he is serving out a just sentence in this prison, never to be turned loose upon society He is a criminal of the deepest dye. And joined next to him was an innocent-looking, precious boy of some good mother; there he wore the trace of his once innocent life and of his cultured home and a thousand blessings that have crowned his life. He was chained next to that infamous wretch; and next to him was the most degraded, debauched-looking negro I ever looked upon in my life. And then I would come to a noble, manly father of sweet children at home and husband of a good wife. In the heat of passion he had drawn his pistol and shot his friend, and was convicted and sentenced for life. There he was; and on and on, interspersed with men who had seen better days and better things. There were criminals in there great enough to make the very devil himself hide his very face under his wings and weep with horror as he looked upon such debauchery and such a criminal life. And I would look at the picture before me, and I would begin to reason about it. O, my Lord! Here they are. In your own State the other day I saw twenty-two hundred of these poor fellows within the walls of that prison that represented twenty-two hundred homes in this State.

Twenty-two hundred mothers, and maybe one thousand wives, all suffering; and maybe three thousand children look to the State capital, where their fathers are confined. And there they stood, and there they stand all over this Union. You say: "What did this?" Listen: Crime put the last one there. What is that one? He is a rapist of the deepest dye. Who is that next to him? He is guilty of manslaughter. In the heat of passion he committed the crime. Who is that fellow by him? That man committed midnight arson and burned a family up in their home. Who is that one next to him? He is a man who, with the temptation before him, overreached and took money that he wouldn't have taken if he had known where the thing would end and what his disgrace would be. And I ran down the line, and I saw that these men had all committed some crime; they haven't all done the same deeds, but they are strung along on the chain that fastens them together in the penitentiary of this State, and they are all confessed and condemned criminals in the sight of God and man. There is a picture for you! Gathered from all over the State, twenty-two hundred of them in the State of Missouri are gathered together. And O, my God, what a gathering that is! What a gathering that is! And that picture makes me look down the dim vista of the future in the dateless calendar of time when, from all nations and ages and climes and centuries shall be gathered the guilty of this world, and all men, though not having committed the same crime, shall spend eternity together with the associations of the bad and the demoralizing influences of the debauched! What a thought! "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." And I tell you, my countrymen, to-night, that sin will put you in the assembly of the wicked, and the home of that assembly shall be hell. Wherever it is, and whatever it is, it shall be your home forever.

"Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." O, I tell you, if hell has nothing but its associations; if it has the most equable climate known; if it has the fruits and flowers of all beautiful countries, and yet, if I must go where eternity shall confine me with every fellow that ever cursed God and ever violated the law of Christ, to be my brother and my companion forever, then, like David, I can pray: "O Lord God, gather not my soul with

sinners, nor my life with bloody men." ["Amen."] David got where he could pray this prayer. He says: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth!" My Lord, I have chosen the company of the good. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." And then when he made these declarations the prayer came from the depths of his soul. O Lord God, I will associate with the good in this world; don't gather me with the bad in the next. And the only basis upon which a man can rest this prayer is the fact that he cuts loose from them in this world to live with them and run with them in this world, and will not be shut up in hell with them in the next.

GEN. R. E. LEE.

"Gather not my soul with sinners." It is an awful thing. I want to say to the young men in this audience to-night that I thank God that so many of you boys are here. I dare say, as I look over this audience, that three-fourths of it are men and boys; men grown old, and middle aged, down to boys from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Then listen to me. I look at my associations in the past; I was born in a Christian home; when I was only nine years old I kissed the cold lips of my sweet mother, and I haven't seen her from that day to this. My father was a captain in the cruel war; he went to the front, and under the tap of Gen. Lee's drum he marched to battle and back to camp; and I was left at home, and the associations of my young life threw me into their whirl. And, boys, I stand here to-night, and say to you: God deliver my innocent boys to-night from the associations that have ruined their father! O Lord God, reach thy good arm about my boys, and may they never have the associations their father had! In those reckless, cruel, wicked days, with sin rampant all about me, I ran away from my mother's teachings and my father's counsel, and the first thing I knew I was overwhelmed with the conviction that I was

leading to hell the crowd that led me away from my mother's prayers and my father's counsel. I can run back over my life. It has been more than thirty years ago, boys; but I can go back and talk to you of places and the times and the circumstances when I took my first downward and mistaken step. Men don't go to hell alone. They go in schools and groups and squads, and the boys of our country go to the devil just in that way.

As Dr. Parkhurst said the other day, crowds have no consciences, crowds have no moral conception; they get together and they fall in with each other, and the momentum of one pushes the other, and arm in arm they go linked every day, prisoners by the scores and hundreds and thousands. I look back and I see what my life was. When I was twelve years old I was absolutely a stranger to the evil ways of boys. I can remember a little boy that I run with that swore, and it sounded so strange, but I thought I could endure men swearing if this little boy swore. I didn't run with him long till I began to swear, and on and on until the first I knew I caught myself in company with boys that would drink. I didn't run with them long until I was drinking. And, brother, there is not a life in the universe of God that can gather around the evil influences and escape without hurt and harm and ruin. And there is nothing but ruin in the crowds of this town which debauch this State, if you will hover about them.

You talk to me about bad influences that lead men to the bad. Take your social clubs in this town. If my boy were here, twenty-one years old, he shouldn't join the social clubs with the saloons in them in full blast if I could prevent. I don't care who you are, nor what your club is named, if your club has got a saloon in it, that one feature alone is enough to damn it in time and damn it in eternity. [Applause.] It is as wrong for what you call the four hundred in this town to put up a saloon as it is for a bum to run one, and the red-nosed vagabonds and bums about the bum saloons are as decent in character in the sight of God Almighty as those who frequent the finest club in this town, where they drink their wines and champagne, but who, in heart and life, are the same dirty scoundrels that curse the bum saloon. [Applause.] You can gild sin and make it beautiful, but it is sin just the same. Brother Palmore, lend me a five-dollar bill and a pencil. I want to stop here and

show what I am talking about. Let us keep quiet. This is no joke. It is worth while to take the time. Now you look at this here! [The speaker held up a piece of paper before the audience.] What is whisky and whisky drinking? I have spelled it in a word of five letters; look now, w-r-o-n-g. Every man who has got any sense will say: "Jones, you hit it with one word." It is wrong! Wrong continually! Wrong everlastingly! You can all see it now. [Here the paper was covered with a bill.] Can you see it now? Don't you see how I can take a five-dollar bill and cover the biggest wrong in the world; don't you see? You see what I am talking about, don't you. Well, the wrong is there, just like it was before. You put five dollars or ten dollars over it, and you cannot see it; and all a fellow wants to do in this world and to call himself respectable is to hide his infamy in fine clothes and a bank account, and, God bless you! he will stand well in almost any community [Applause.] But take off his fine clothes and exhaust his bank account, and he is the same old bum with his red nose down at the lowest down saloon in town. [Applause.]

It is just a question of clothes and bank account that God Almighty takes no cognizance of at all. That is what I am talking about. I have got no more respect for a rich rascal than I have for a poor one. [Laughter.] I haven't! No, sir! I never pandered to the rich in my life; never did; never had to. Bless God! ["Amen."] There is a good deal in not having to. There is a heap in having to do a thing; as sure as you are born there is. [Renewed laughter.] If you are a rich man and a good man, give me your hand; if you are a rich man and a rascal, fix for my foot. [Laughter.] You see the difference! Now Abraham, one of the richest men the world ever saw, was one of the best men the world ever saw. It is not your money, but it is the man! The man! The man! And like Burns put it: "A man's a man for a' that, for a' that." And it is not how much he has, nor how little he has, but what sort of a fellow it is that has it. That is where the rub is. [Applause.]

God pity the man that hasn't anything but money, as characterless as the devil! He stands awhile because he has a big bank account. And it is as true as the world. You let a poor negro steal a chicken, and a big lawyer will get up and say, "This negro stole a

chicken, and he must go to the chain gang," and he does. But if he is a white man, and stole one hundred thousand dollars, they will call him "Colonel." [Laughter.] It is not whether you are a thief or not, but how much did you steal, bud? If you just took a little, you go to the chain gang; and if you took a big lot, then you just misappropriated funds; that is all there is about it. [Laughter and applause.] That's right! A poor fellow is hungry and steals a loaf of bread, and he has to go to jail; but the monopolies and trusts of this country can combine and rob the poor and tear their clothes from their backs and rob their stomachs, and yet they are the biggest men in America. [Applause.] Look here, old fellow, whenever God Almighty runs his willipus-wollipus over this old world he will level things off; you needn't be afraid about that. [Applause.] Do you know what a willipus-wollipus is? It is one of those great iron wheels that run over macadamized roads and mash them down good and make them level; that is a willipus-wollipus. God Almighty has one, and he will run it over this world by and by, and he will level up things and make them come right. I say this to you, brother: If you are rich, you can have associations that will damn you like the old buck with his associations that damn him. The wine and the champagne of the rich and of the four hundred is as debauching to them as is the sour beer and the mean whisky to the red-nosed bum. [Cheers.] "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men," rich or poor, high or low. I will make the standard of my associations to be purity, uprightness, and manhood. I shall not select it

because men are worth money or because they yield me an hour's pleasure, but because they're good and true. That's why they'll have my loyalty and the friendship and fidelity of my life. [Cheers.] "O Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy throne." Now, let me tell you—and I will hurry along as fast as I can, but I must say this: As God is my judge, I believe this: I believe that if I were to go back to such associations as I had of old, to the associations of twenty-three years ago—I believe, I say, that if I went back to that association I would go right back to the very same life, to the very same destruction and ruin in this life, and damnation in the world to come. This is true. But let me tell you: As soon as Sam Jones cleaned up he got rid of that old crowd; he quit it! He said, "You must quit right now," and he did quit. [Cheers.] And he quit for good. [Cheers.] I tell you now that when a fellow gets into the right sort of company he wants to stay right, and when he gets right he wants to stay in the right sort of company. And when he is wrong he wants to stay in his evil company. You have rascals in this town, and if you were to go up to them and say, "You must go down to Sam Jones's hotel and stay with him for five days or you must go to jail for that time. Which will you do?" they'd answer you, "My Lord, put me in jail; I don't want to go up there with that fellow." [Laughter.] That's what they'd say. [Laughter.] Why, I was riding in a carriage with a fellow the other day I looked at him and he looked at me. We knew each other. He was pretty full

Well, he'd keep looking at me every few moments, and then he'd look furtively toward his pocket. We rode five hours together. That fellow had a bottle of whisky in his pocket, and he was very nearly dead for a drink. But he'd have sat there and died before he'd have pulled out the bottle before me. [Laughter.] He wouldn't do it. [Laughter.] Well, for five hours this man who's talkin' to you kept that man sober. Every policeman in St. Louis could not have kept him from taking a drink, if you had the captain, the chief, and all; and yet I kept him sober for five hours! [Laughter.] How is it that one man can do that, and that all the police in St. Louis can't keep anybody sober? Have you ever thought of that, neighbor? It's astonishing. It's astonishing, I say, that one man can do what five hundred police cannot do. [Laughter.] It's so! Why don't you pull out your bottle, bud, and drink right now? [Laughter.] Some of you have it, you know. [Laughter.] And if you sat here till midnight, you would not touch that bottle. [Laughter.] You know you wouldn't. Somebody says: "Sam Jones panders to the lowest tastes in the town." Well, it ain't low enough that a fellow'll sit and drink while I'm preaching. And if this isn't a decent crowd, I don't know what is. There is not an old bum who'd come in and pull out a bottle and drink in the presence of this audience.

When you put a fellow in right surroundings, you put him out of line with his life if he's a bad man. If you were to say to me, "Sam Jones, you've got to spend every night in a gambling hell," I would say, "Please let me go home. I cannot and I will not stand it." And I could not, and I would not. [Cheers.] And if you were to go to a set of gamblers and say to them, "You must go down and stay with Sam Jones," they would say, "O shucks, he's a blackguard. We'll not stay with him. No, no; we'll not associate with him at all." [Laughter.]

They say I'm vulgar. [Laughter.] Let me tell you, neighbor, there's a difference in men you never thought about. If I were to go down to-night and take a drink of whisky, it would be telegraphed all over the United States. Yes, and every paper would print it. That's a fact, neighbor. Well, now, if you go down and take a drink, what will happen? Nothing will be said about it. That's a fact, ain't it? Now ain't there a sight of difference

between a gentleman and a vagabond? [Laughter and cheers.] Did you ever think of that? [Laughter.] "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men." I did live with evil assoeiations, but I am sorry for it. It was near being the wreck and the ruin of me. And now I say: "O, my Lord God, I will not run with them here; I shall have no assoeiation with drunkards or gamblers or liars, or with the wieked or bad; I've eut their acquaintance in this world; do not shut me up with them in hell." And the only ground on whieh you ean make that prayer is that you give up and eut your evil assoeiations here. If you do not, you're a playing the simple fool. old fellow. [Laughter.] That is all. There ain't a boy in the audienee to-night who doesn't say, deep down in his heart: "Mr. Jones, every word you say is true." I know it is true. I know it in two ways: first, I know it because God has said so; and secondly, I know it beeause I've been there. I do. Thank God for experienee. It's a dear school, but fools, they say, will learn in no other. I was a fool. You folks fall out with me beeause I've ealled folks fools. I was the biggest one that ever lived in Georgia. I quit the assoeiation of God; I left my father's eounsel and my mother's prayer and advice, and I went off to the bad. I had almost ruined my soul; I almost broke the heart of my wife and of my father. Wasn't I a fool? I was; and I was the biggest fool you ever saw exeept when you look in the glass, and then you will probably find a twin brother. [Laughter.]

"Gather not my soul with sinners." Brethren, hear me in these few closing words. There will be a division by and by What does God say? There will be a division by and by And in that division God will say to the one elass, "Come, ye blessed of my father;" and to the other, "Depart, ye eursed." Whieh elass will you be with? To whieh one do you belong now? That is the question. Brother, it will be a tremendously awful hour that will eome to my immortal soul when I am overwhelmed with the fact before me, and realize that I am shut up in hell forever. My, what a eonseiousness! What a faet! I am here forever! I am here at last! What a thought! What a thought! But listen: That will not be the worst thing that ean happen to me. Sometimes I think I might, under certain conditions, endure anything. I have said

to my boys—and I want those boys here to hear this—I have said to my boys: "Boys, I don't reckon it makes much difference on your father's account what may happen. I might stand anything, boys. You can take your father down to the railroad track, and when the ponderous locomotive rolls along you can push his head under the wheels. I can endure that. But," I have added, "in the name of Heaven, if you ever swear and drink and go to the bad, I beg of you, by all that's worth having, to think of your sweet mother. And never do either one or the other till you have kissed the cold lips of your sweet mother good-bye forever. When she has gone, if you have to, do that, but not while she is here to see it, for it will break her true mother's heart." And so it would. Never did mother love her children more, and never did mother try harder to raise her children right. "Yes," I have said, "you can do anything you like with your father; you may butcher and murder me any way you please, but wait till you look upon the cold brow and kiss the cold lips of your sweet mother before you stagger home drunk." ["Amen."]

One of my boys just got through school the other day. He had just gotten back home, and no sooner did he arrive home than he wrote me: "Father, I'm at home again, and I'm doing my best to make mamma happy. Mamma has not been well for some time, and I'm doing my best to make her happy" Thank God for such a boy! When I read that letter I could have shouted a mile high and jumped over the moon. [Laughter.] Boys, do you hear that? God bless the boy who is making his mother happy, and God pity the boy who is making his mother miserable! Yes, I reckon I can

stand anything. I might stand the horrors of the damned, but I'm going to tell you something I cannot stand. Hear me now: Tossed about on the crested waves of salvation, I could endure it as others endure it. But it seems to me that in some fearful and awful moment I should hear the rustle of a passing one, and then a thud and a fall into the ocean of ruin. And turning my eyes I should see it's the face of my oldest boy And he looks at me with a wild gaze in his eye and horror trembling in every nerve, and says: "Father, father, I am shut up in hell forever, and it was your example and your counsel that brought me here." My God, what a moment! And then there's some other awful moment, and I can hear the rustle and noise of a coming one, and a thud and a fall in the ocean of despair; and looking around would there see my other boy And with distorted countenance and pangs and pains that man can scarce endure he looks at me and says: "Father, father, I am here forever with you and my oldest brother. Father, you guided him, and I followed him, and we are here forever." And then, again, in some other house I hear another noise and another rustle. And looking round I see it is my oldest daughter, and again I hear the thud and the fall into the ocean of eternal misery, and she says: "Father, father, I am shut up here with you and my brothers forever." And on! And on! And on! And then I not only realize that I am gathered with sinners in the horrors of the damned, but here are my precious children all about me. Then, brother, listen: It will take more than human nature to stand that. The fires would go out; my whole nature would be benumbed in the face of the fact that my children, my precious children, were in hell, in hell forever, and that they had been led by that father down to that world of despair. O God Almighty, help me as a father to guide aright my footsteps. O brother, where are you and your loved ones to be gathered? "O Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thy honor dwelleth." Let each man say: "I will correct my life here. Lord God, gather in my soul with thee when the world is on fire." Let us do right. Thank God! we can do it. I hope five hundred people here will say: "I will give up my evil associations; I will come out from among them; save my soul and save my loved ones."

My message is delivered. We are going to have another service.

I wish every boy who wants to be a good boy, and every father who wants to be a good father, would stay for it and settle the question of their future right here to-night; say they will come out of the evil and into the good to-night. And may the blessing of God abide with us forever and ever. Amen.

The After Service.

The sermon was followed by an after service, during which, while the choir sang "The Great Day Coming," "Jesus Is Passing By," and "I Can Hear My Saviour Calling," Mr. Jones went among the audience imploring all who were willing to give their hearts to God to pass down to the front and shake hands with him. The row of chairs nearest the orchestra had been vacated for the accommodation of penitents. The responses were slow at first, but in a few minutes the pent-up feelings of many who had been affected by the preacher's effort began to manifest themselves. One by one men and women passed down the aisles, and tearful eyes indicated the internal struggle in progress. As the mourners' seats were gradually filled, the ministers in attendance, headed by Mr. Jones's associate evangelist, Rev George R. Stuart, spoke earnestly and affectionately to each occupant. Mr. Jones went some distance up the aisles, and fresh additions to the converts came each moment. A touching scene was presented when a mother brought forward her son, the latter bowed down with emotion. Besides those who thus openly evinced contrition, scores stood up or held up their hands to be prayed for. Rev George R. Stuart prayed for a special blessing upon those who had been influenced by the service, and Mr. Jones gave the final benediction.

The after service was the largest attended of the revival thus far, almost all the great audience taking part in it.

MOSES'S CHOICE.

ANOTHER great audience fairly filled the Music Hall last night and listened to a powerful sermon from Rev Sam Jones. It was his second effort of the day, for in the morning he preached at Glasgow Avenue Methodist Church, while in the afternoon his associate, Rev George R. Stuart, of Tennessee, conducted similar services at the Third Presbyterian Church, on Grand Avenue. On each occasion the churches were crowded. The gathering at Music Hall last night was cosmopolitan in character, but, like its predecessors of Sunday, it was with the evangelist from beginning to end. Many of his most telling passages, especially those in which he vigorously denounced existing evils, evoked hearty and sympathetic applause. His pathos and his earnestness at times had a marked effect, but at the close of the sermon no attempt was made to bring penitents to the front. Mr. Jones's method is apparently to obtain a firm hold of his night congregation, to sow the seed thoroughly before he reaps the harvest. He was greeted after the service by many who wished to express their warm approval of his utterances, but after a few moments he left the hall with Rev Dr. Frank G. Tyrrell and others of the ministers.

Rev Sam Jones, accompanied by his brother evangelist, Rev. George R. Stewart, passed onto the stage at 8:10, just as Mr. Excell had aroused the big audience to a gratifying pitch of singing enthusiasm. The opening prayer, an especially earnest one, was offered up by Rev G. D. McCulloch. At its conclusion Mr Jones stepped to the front to direct the nightly collection, designating the route to be taken by each brother. He seemed to be bubbling over with good nature, but he nevertheless delivered some home thrusts. "I want to say this," he observed, as the army of collectors started on their rounds, "you contribute what you do to the payment of the rent of this hall. As I stated yesterday, two thousand dollars has to be raised for the payment of the hall. I suggested last night

that if every one would give five cents we might get from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty dollars a night, but half of you did not give anything, and the other half seemed to think no one must give more than a nickel. Now I have read in the Bible all about 'tabernacles,' but nothing about 'tabernickels.' Again, the Lord says in Revelation that he despises a 'Nicolaitan.' As for those who contribute pennies, did not Paul say: 'Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil?' Now let us make each night service bring in one hundred dollars."

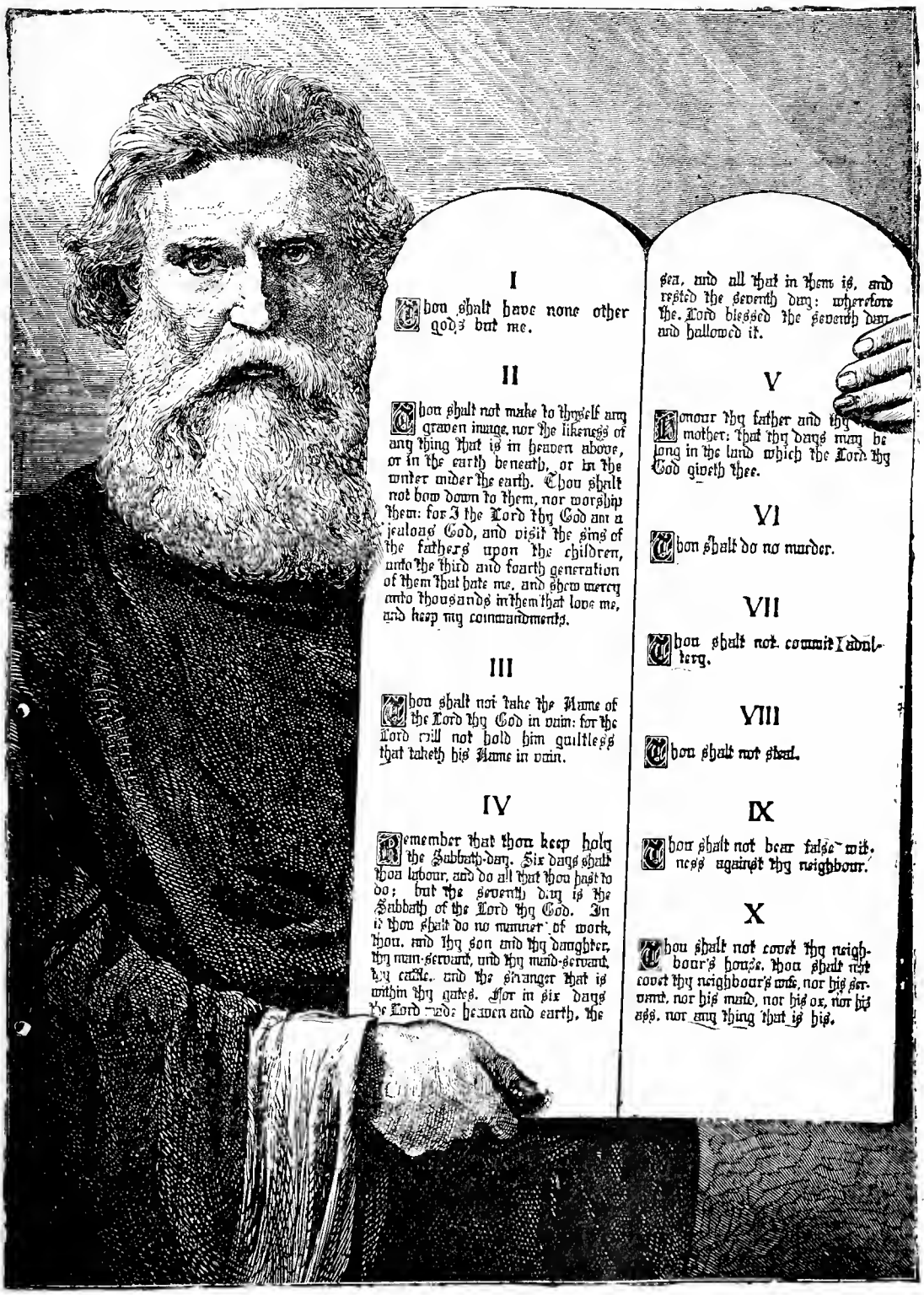
The Discourse.

I am glad of the interest that brings these thousands here this Monday night. It betokens an interest that inspires faith and hope in the ultimate results of this series of meetings. Now we have selected to-night these words as the text: "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." (Heb. xi. 24, 25.)

David expressed about this sort of sentiment when he said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." St. Paul caught onto the same inspiration when he said, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

Thus we have three of the grandest characters in history Moses, the great lawgiver, and no grander character presents himself in the Old Testament Scripture. David, the sweet singer of Israel, and king of his people, gave us the keynote of his song and character when he said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." St. Paul, the grand hero of the New Testament Scripture, gives us the keynote of his inspiration and consecration when he tells us that he counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord. Now it is not my purpose here to-night to go into the biography of Moses. That is familiar to us all. How he, in his infancy, was hidden away in the basket of bulrushes on the banks of the river; how he was discovered and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter and carried to the King's palace and reared

amid the luxury and comfort of the King's palace; and how he grew up to manhood amid these regal surroundings, and how he was called the king's son, and, perchance, heir apparent to the crown of the Pharaohs. All these things surrounded him, when he grew to the age of manhood, when the supreme moment of his life came when he was to decide whether he was to yield to inclinations and to comfort and to regal surroundings and political honors and social preferments upon the one side, or to duty and to God and the right. Upon one side were his despised and oppressed countrymen. Duty called him here; nothing else could. Look here at the picture upon one side—his despised and oppressed and enslaved and hopeless and despairing people; on the other side, social honor, political preferment, all the enjoyment and pleasures that belong to the king's palace, and the outlook for the future was glorious. Now Moses looked at this and looked at that. Make your choice. This determines your character, and character will settle your destiny. Now what are you going to do about it? Moses looked on that, and then turned his back upon it and said: "I will pick me out a lot where duty calls me." If Moses had lived in St. Louis and had done a thing like that, nine-tenths of you members of the Church, when you met him on the street, would have said: "Moses, you are the biggest fool that ever lived in St. Louis." [Laughter.] There ain't nothing like it. And I will tell you, a man, to be the biggest fool that ever lived in this town, must be a dandy: there is no doubt about that. [Laughter.] And he who starts the procession in that direction in St. Louis is utterly brainless. "Moses, you have played the fool; you have given up everything, and got nothing." And I want to say in my place here tonight that what was true of Moses is true of you. The time, the supreme critical moment, comes in every human life when you must make choice, and the choice you make determines your character, and your character settles your destiny I am glad that ever and anon in the history of humanity God has had a fair chance to see what he could do with a man who will give him a fair chance. I am so glad that in all ages in this world some men have walked up and, by an eternal consecration and committal of themselves to God, have said: "O Lord God, I will do all I can; do all thou canst for me." [Response of "Amen."] The result is a grand, royal,


I
Thou shalt have none other gods but me.
II
Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shew mercy unto thousands in them that love me, and keep my commandments.
III
Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain.
IV
Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou, and thy son and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.
V
Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
VI
Thou shalt do no murder.
VII
Thou shalt not commit adultery.
VIII
Thou shalt not steal.
IX
Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
X
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.

imperishable, immortal man. [Response of "Amen."] My countrymen, the dearth of manhood in this century, the dearth of manhood everywhere, is owing to the fact that when the supreme moment came and the hour of decision was pushed upon you, you chose to give up the grit from under your manhood that made a baby of you instead of a man.

I grant you this: there is something in a king's palace. Why, this whole country to-day is agog over a prince's marrying an American lady Why, it is paraded over this country as the greatest event in this nineteenth century, almost. And an American girl is a princess now That is something wonderful. I hope she will turn out better than a good many others that went that way. [Laughter.] There is something in the royal life of a king's home, in its pomp and splendor, and the wealth to minister to the intellectual and physical life of a man. I grant you all that. I grant you, again, that this is a very unpromising side over here for Moses. But I say that history has demonstrated day after day, and eternity will demonstrate that Moses was the wisest man of his generation the day he turned his back on pomp and splendor and pleasure and took his place in the ranks where duty called him. ["Amen."] There is no higher position, and no position of greater honor and immortality than the place where duty calls. I will take my place.

Now look at the club houses, as they are called in this city, the prominent club houses; that is one name, I think; hog wallow is another good name [laughter], and if I have given offense I shall beg the hog's pardon [renewed laughter]. I say it in kindness. There is not a hog in this country, if you will take him out of his pen and carry him into one of these club houses and keep him there until one or two o'clock with the gang that gathers there, and pour that red liquor down him, but what, as soon as he is able to travel next, he will arise and say, "Boo!" [laughter] and he will leave there. And no power on earth could get him back there again; he will get enough in one night. [Renewed laughter.] But these two-legged ones, they will take it every night in the week [more laughter], and pay for the privilege. But, my countrymen, there is many a poor wife in St. Louis literally clubbed to death. That is a fact.

I grant you that horse races have an attraction, in some measure, for some folks. A thoroughbred horse no mortal man has a higher admiration for than the man talking to you to-night. To stand at the side of a race track and see a half dozen thoroughbreds prancing for the start, and see them ready to leap and lunge around, to see them on the home stretch with nostrils distended and swollen as they are bearing for the last hundred feet, then watch them—just before they reach the goal you find them neck to neck and nose to nose, touching for the last ten feet. Why, preacher as I am, I would go one eye on that. [Laughter.] But I haven't seen a horse race for twenty years, and never expect to see another. Not that I don't like the thoroughbred horse and don't like to see him run, but I can't stand the dirty little devils standing around him, betting on him. [Laughter] The horse is a thoroughbred, but the little devils betting on him are the scrubs. If you will breed up your folks, I will go to the horse race. [Much laughter and loud applause.] I know there are attractions out there.

These pool rooms and ballrooms and places of vice have attractions, but those pleasures are like poppies spread; they are

> Like the snowflake in the river;
> A moment white, then melts forever.

I grant you that the whirl of the ballroom has its attractions for those who are attracted to it. I grant you that, frequently, these half-nude forms that dance around behind the footlights of the theaters of this country have an attraction for baldheads. I'll admit that. [Laughter.] I say it is true. But hear me: I have a profound respect and reverence for a young woman, or a man or woman of any age, who says that there is something better than that, and something higher than that, and something nobler than that in the things that foster my manhood and develop my character and purify my nature and help me to live after my body is buried. [Response of "Amen."]

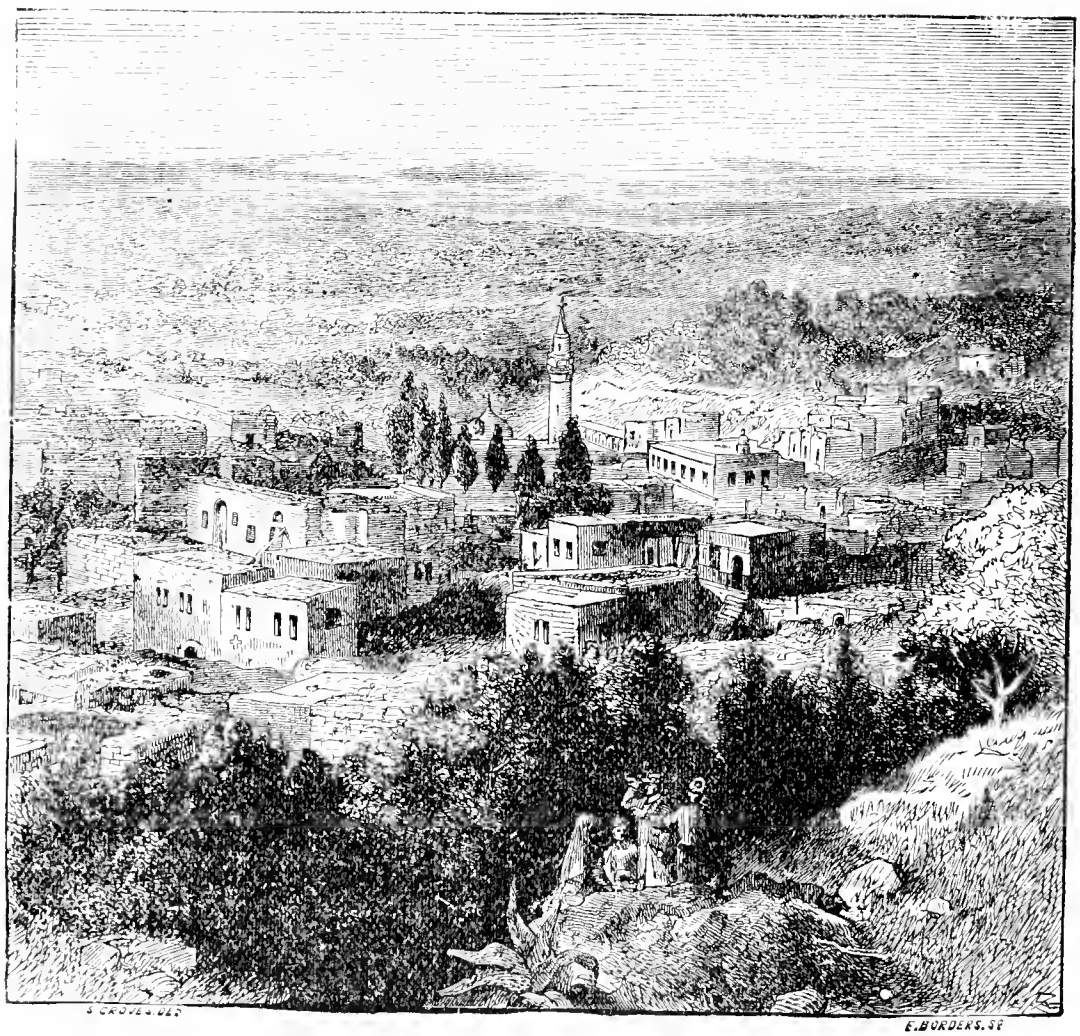
The little fellow; you can tell the size of a fellow by what amuses him. I went into a home sometime ago, and while sitting talking with a lady I saw little blocks with letters on them, and little dolls and some tops and marbles scattered about over the floor, and I looked at them. I said: "There are some babies here, ain't there?" She said: "There are." Directly three or four little toddlers came in

and picked up their playthings. I said: "I knew there were when I saw the playthings; I knew the little ones were around." You can tell the size of a fellow by what amuses him [laughter], and when I see pool rooms and race tracks and ballrooms and card tables and all that sort of stuff, I know there are some little bits of folks all around in that center. [Laughter.] If there were not, then those things wouldn't be. You can go into any room in this town where the husband and wife are the happy parents of a poodle dog and a canary bird, and you will never see any of those little things lying around; there are none there. [Laughter.] No children to play with them. You can tell the size of a fellow by what interests him.

There was something in the pomp and splendor here [indicating by a gesture the temptation of Moses], but there is more here, and the day comes to you and me. I can remember well when the day came to me, twenty-odd years ago. I looked; I saw all there was here; I saw just over there; but I thank God this night, and will praise him while eternity passes away, that that day came to me. And I thank God the day came to me when I had to decide what what I would do, and I decided, and I chose, and I am abiding my choice. That hour I can remember so well. I turned my back on all, and gathered my Bible and hymn book and got astraddle of my little pony and rode my first Georgia circuit—I reckon the poorest one in all the South. But I went to my work with a happy heart. I went around with a joyous mind and began my work on that poor little Georgia circuit twenty-two years ago, rejoicing in spirit that I had a place at all to go forth to in the new life that I had chosen and where my choice sent me. I went there and I went to work, and to-night I say to you that I wouldn't go back again and choose to be President or King or Czar rather than the humble Methodist preacher that started in Georgia twenty-odd years ago. [Applause.] It was the wisest choice I ever made. I am staying by that choice to-night. Every minister in the world can quit preaching if he wants to. My job is for life, and I will never quit it till my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth and my right hand loses its cunning. I am in for the war, having made my choice. And I will tell you another thing: When a fellow settles a question once, and settles it forever, he doesn't have much trouble

after that. [This sentiment elicited a loud "Amen."] No, sir. This old world knows when a fellow is in earnest. I was in a prayer meeting sometime ago, and they had a talking meeting. I am always interested in a talking meeting. The brethren began to talk; they talked about their losses, and their crosses, and their ups and their downs, and about the obstacles in their way to heaven. Well, I enjoyed it. There isn't anything in a fellow's way when sitting down on a stump on the roadside; he just imagines there is something in his way. But listen: When they got through the preacher saw me sitting down the aisle. He said: "Brother Jones, I think that is you sitting down there; come up and say a word or two." I got up and walked down there. I said: "Well, it ain't my say. It is the brethren talking; but I want to say I have been very much interested." They had been talking about their obstacles and difficulties in their pathway to glory. Said I: "The gait the fellow is hitting determines the obstacles in his way." I can take a slow, poky horse in a dray and start him up and down Olive Street, and I will have to turn out for everything that comes across. It's a fact. The newsboys would make me jump around to keep from hitting them [laughter] with my slow, poky old team; it is my business to keep out of the way. I can take Nancy Hanks, tighten the reins and go down the street, and the whole city will roost on the sidewalk and let me go by. [Laughter.] The gait you hit determines the obstacles in the way. And the old brother going a mile a week to heaven has many obstacles in his way. [Renewed laughter.] But if you will start to heaven in earnest, and hit a mile a minute toward the good world, why, the flesh and the devil will roost on the sidewalk and let you go.

The man who walks up and says, "Every ounce of my flesh, every drop of my blood, every dollar of my money, and every passion of my soul I have committed to the choice of my life," and will stay by it through weal and through woe; that is the man that wins. A little fellow joins the Church and starts out. What about him? A preacher told me the other day, in one of the Southern towns, that one of his copastors in the city, last summer or spring, had a big revival in his church. When it closed, he said to the other preacher: "I have had the grandest meeting I ever had in my life, forty accessions to my church." "Well," the other pastor said, "wait



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a year and tell me where they are." He said he met him just a year after that, and said: "Brother, the year is gone by; now tell me, can you locate any of your new members?" "Yes," he said, "I can locate one." "Well," he said, "where is he?" "He is down here in jail." [Laughter.] You will hear the questions asked: "Do Moody's converts stick?" "Do Sam Jones's converts stick?" "Do other revivalists' converts stick?" Let me tell you, old fellow, there is ten thousand times more in the fellow who started to stick than the fellow who stuck him. [Laughter.] Now you can put that down. I never ask a man, "Under whose ministry were you converted;" I just ask him, "Have you stayed converted?" [Responses of "Amen."]

My neighbors didn't understand me when I started. I think the whole town was glad I had joined the Church, and every fellow I met would shake hands with me so cordially and say: "Sam, I am so glad you have joined the Church; I hope you will stick." Every fellow I met told me he hoped I would stick. I got so I didn't want to meet them; if it hadn't been for my religion, I would have had a hundred fights the first week I joined the Church. Every fellow that I met said: "I hope you will stick." I have stuck for twenty-three years. I have got more stickability to-night than I ever had in my life. [Applause and laughter.] Stay by it. I have got it after a Presbyterian sort. He is able to keep us, blessed be God! [response of "Amen"]—able to keep us from falling; his grace is sufficient; and there is no more reason for a Methodist to fall by the way than there is that an angel from heaven should drop out of heaven. Not a bit. A Methodist preacher preaches falling from grace on Sunday, and his members will go off and practice it all the week. [Laughter.] I wish we would quit it. The Baptist preacher tells his folks: "Brother, once in grace, always in grace." Well, God bless you, he has a heap of them that never were in grace, then, hasn't he? [Laughter.] There ain't any doubt about that. I say, then, stick to it. The difference between the Methodist and the Presbyterian is about this: A Methodist knows he has got religion, and he is afraid all the time that he will lose it; a Presbyterian knows he can't lose it, but he is afraid he hasn't got it [laughter]; and both are working out their salvation with fear and trembling.

Brother, meet the issue squarely and fairly. Has that moment come to you in your life? Have you ever settled it once and forever, and are you staying by it to-night? I say, do right. I am there more fully, unalterably, and eternally to-night than I ever was. Now, I grant you, Moses didn't have a picnic all the way. Moses gave up everything for duty to that crowd. Did you ever look how the crowd turned against him? They came mighty near mobbing him several times. Did you ever look at that picture of Moses upon Sinai? God's own presence on the mount made it tremble from base to top, and God chiseled the Ten Commandments out of tablets of stone, and when Moses came down the mountain he had the great tablets from the hand of God himself. When he reached the base of the mountain the Israelites had built a golden calf, and were down on their knees worshiping it, and I expect Moses thought: "Well, I made a mistake to give up the king's home and a good heirship to the throne, to lead such a gang as you." Take him over in the wilderness. When he got over there among the snakes, Moses had a hard time with them; there was no question about that; but I verily believe in my soul that it never came to Moses to retrace his steps. He left a land knowing intelligently what he was leaving, and he knew, perchance, what he was undertaking, and led them on and on, until finally he came in sight of the promised land. God led him up to the top of the mountain, and showed him a land that flowed with milk and honey, and told him that his people would pass over soon; and when God showed him the promised land, God said, "We will lay your body down and bury it, and your spirit shall go with me to the skies," and Moses proceeded and led them on and on, and the character of Moses stands in history to-day above every name, almost, that mortal man ever carried. And I say to you that the names of the Pharaohs would have perished but for their connection and association with the name of Moses. Blessed be God, that a man can perpetuate his name and his character forever.

David said: "I had rather be a doorkeeper." That's the fellow on the outside in the cold. He cannot hear or see what's going on. It is about the most undesirable place a fellow could have in the world. If there is music going on, he can occasionally hear the strains, and he wants to get in to hear some more. If there is

speaking, he cannot hear it. A doorkeeper has a cold, freezing, unpleasant job. Yet David would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Now here, let us consider the matter as it applies to us to-night. What did David say? Listen: "I would rather be a doorkeeper," etc. You may say what you please, but a man follows his "rathers." You may say what you please about the Church, about preachers, and the Bible, and heaven and hell, but I repeat again that a man will follow his "rathers." Whatever a fellow "rathers" he is going to do. A fellow follows his "rathers" as the cow's tail follows the cow. [Laughter.] They're both in the procession. [Laughter.] The tail belongs to the procession of the cow, and the "rather" belongs to the procession of the man. [Laughter.] Yes, a man is going to do what he'd "rather." And a woman is going to do what she'd "rather." [Laughter.] If a woman would rather play cards than attend a prayer meeting, she be found round the card table, even if she were the "leadingest" member of the Church, as the old darky called her. If you, brother, "rather" be at the ball room, you'll be there. If you would "rather" the club to the company of your good wife and sweet children, then you'll be at the "hog wallow." Find the young man who would rather go to the horse races and bet and win money than to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and that young man will follow the horse races. If a man would rather serve the devil and the flesh than God and the right, he too will follow his "rathers." Give me the fellow who'd

> Rather be the least of them
> Who are the Lord's alone,
> Than wear a royal diadem
> And sit upon a throne.

Find me such a man, and I'll show you a man upon whom God can bank, and whom the world can honor. [Applause.]

St. Paul counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, his Lord. When a man can say, "In Jesus I trust altogether," that man will follow the object of his love through thick and thin every day in the week and every hour in the day. Remember that God looks more at the preference and choice of your heart than at anything else. Whenever it is your

choice, your preference, your desire to please God, that moment you are brought into harmony with God; that moment you will do right because it is right, and you will not do wrong, because it is wrong.

A good many folks in this world are trying to do what's right because they want to get to heaven when they die. Well, you may get there, but, God bless you, brother! there'll not be much there when you do. [Laughter.] Then there are a good many folks who want to do what's right because they don't want to go to hell. Well, brother, you may make it; but if the devil does happen to get you, he won't get much. [Laughter.] Give me the fellow who will not do wrong because it is wrong. Turn such a man loose in St. Louis, and you will have a good citizen whether he be in heaven or hell. [Applause.] A fellow who does right because it is right, and who settles the question once for all, there is no need to fear for him. Give me a man who, like David, would rather take a humble position among the despised than follow the kings in their glory and splendor to hell, and I tell you such a man is worth his weight in gold to any Church to which he belongs. Give me a woman who will do right because it is right, and that woman is a precious jewel in any Church to which she belongs. Walk squarely up to duty, and stay there. I want that sort of men and women in the Church.

I will delay you but a few moments longer. I want to impress the matter upon you as individuals. Brother, look at me a minute. It will soon be over with you. Perchance the very spade that will dig your grave is in yonder hardware store. It may be that the coffin in which your body will lie is in the undertaking establishment this minute. Perhaps the very shroud in which your body will be wrapped is ready in this town. Have you lived to any purpose? Now there is a chance for you to rally and be a new man and set an example to those you guard and love. Now there is a chance for you to turn to God. What a privilege, what an opportunity we have in this day! What a privilege and what an opportunity we have here to-night!

"O that they had known in this thy day the things that belong to thee!" Look to your boys, to your home! It is in your power yet to say: "I will set them a good example. I will labor to lead my loved ones heavenward every day" But the odds are against

you. When you come down to facts—and we have to come to facts at last—you may overcome a man's argument by your rhetoric or your eloquence, but there is no getting round a fact—and I say when you come down to facts, in what way will your life be accounted for when you are called away? Your children look to your life as a model for their own. They have to live by it when you are gone. And I say that the boy who grows up in this city without being a drunkard or a gambler has to run the gantlet, and he is deserving of all praise. Take this city of yours. You have eighteen hundred saloons belching out like cannons of hell upon every citizen. The son of the best man in the State of Missouri shook hands with Brother Stuart here yesterday and said to him: "I'm a wreck; I'm a ruin; I've gone to the dogs." And he was a boy scarcely out of his teens. This town to-night has no less than five thousand young men leaping, jumping, skipping their way to hell. What a lamentable condition! I look to my boys, one seventeen and the other nineteen. I see all the responsibilities of life just about to rush upon them. I drop upon my knees and pray God to take from my life and character any example that is bad, any influence that is wrong, and hide them from my children, so that when I am gone they will have seen nothing but what was straight and upright and truthful in this life, and that they may follow in my footsteps and walk in the ways of God. Your children will soon be out in the world. The life you are living to-day will be reproduced in them when you are buried. What are you going to do about it? Do you "rather" your home or your club? If you were to ask me to-night, "Jones, what is the brightest, sweetest place on earth to you to-night?" what would be my answer? My mind would leap five hundred miles away to Cartersville, Ga. There I see the matronly wife; around that hearth I see all that makes life happy I regard it as the happiest place God's sun ever shone upon by day; the happiest place that stars ever shone upon by night. The home where wife lives and children grow up—what spot can be so full of happiness? Be men in your homes; be heroes in your homes; be Christians in your homes, spotless in your life, pure in your character. Moses made the best choice that could be made when he selected the place to which duty called him rather than accept the offerings of a king. We

can do as he did, brethren. Here in St. Louis there is the necessity for it. To be a genuine Christian in this city is to be a hero indeed. If you walk in the procession that has started for heaven, you will meet nine out of every ten, going the wrong way I remember walking up Broadway in New York. Both sides of the walks were filled with the moving throng. Bless your life, brother, when I was walking up Broadway I thought everybody else was walking down Broadway [Laughter.] I had a hard time of it. When a fellow starts to heaven in St. Louis, God bless you! he'll meet, as I have said, nine out of every ten, going the other way [Laughter.] But listen: Suppose we can get this town turned right? What would we have to do then? Why, nothing but to step into the line of march and walk right on to heaven. God help this city! Brother, suppose you attempt to turn it right, and then you will get others to join you. Let us fall right into line, catch the step of the march to glory, and move all together. Do this, and in the coming ages your name will be handed down as that of a worthy man, who honored God and served your generation. You will be blessed now, and generations to come will bless you. You have done these things for your God and for your children, and they will bless you when you are dead and gone.

My hour is up. The message I would leave with you is this: When you get down on your knees by your bedside to-night, quietly talk to God about the present, the past, and the future. Ask him to help you to live a nobler and a better life.

PAUL'S SUPREME WISH.

REV. SAM JONES'S revival services have reached this stage: the only limit to the size of his audiences each night is the capacity of the Music Hall. Few living men could fill the immense structure night after night as he is doing. The record was again broken last night, when Mr. Jones preached to a vast and appreciative congregation on the supreme wish of St. Paul. During his sermon he incidentally, and not inaccurately, referred to his hearers as numbering six thousand, and those who are familiar with the Music Hall will realize what a grand aggregation of humanity, what a living sea of faces, gazed on the remarkable preacher who held them and swayed them according to his will.

Just as the Georgia evangelist is unlike any other man in existence, it would seem as though his audiences were entitled to a similar distinction. Hanging, as they do, on his every word, there are times when they apparently lose all restraint. They applaud with clapping of hands, with shouts and exclamations of approval, while from the southeastern corner is heard at least a score of times during the sermon the long-drawn-out, penetrating "Amen" of one individual who has not yet missed a sermon. Mr. Jones is an ardent, old-time Methodist. He is known to entertain an especial fondness for the "amen brethren," and he often pauses with a bright smile as the gentleman above referred to signalizes his approval of the preacher's doctrine.

The Sermon.

Now, brethren, I want to say to you that there is an upper chamber in St. Louis. It is a Pentecost to some of us. We have been praying there. We haven't prayed, like the disciples of old, until the tenth day, but we are expecting every day to see the presence of the power of God upon the great audience that comes here. Many hearts are looking and expecting the power to come upon

us. Now if you will give us your thoughtful and, I trust, prayerful attention, we shall use these words as the text to-night: "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." (Phil. iii. 10, 11.)

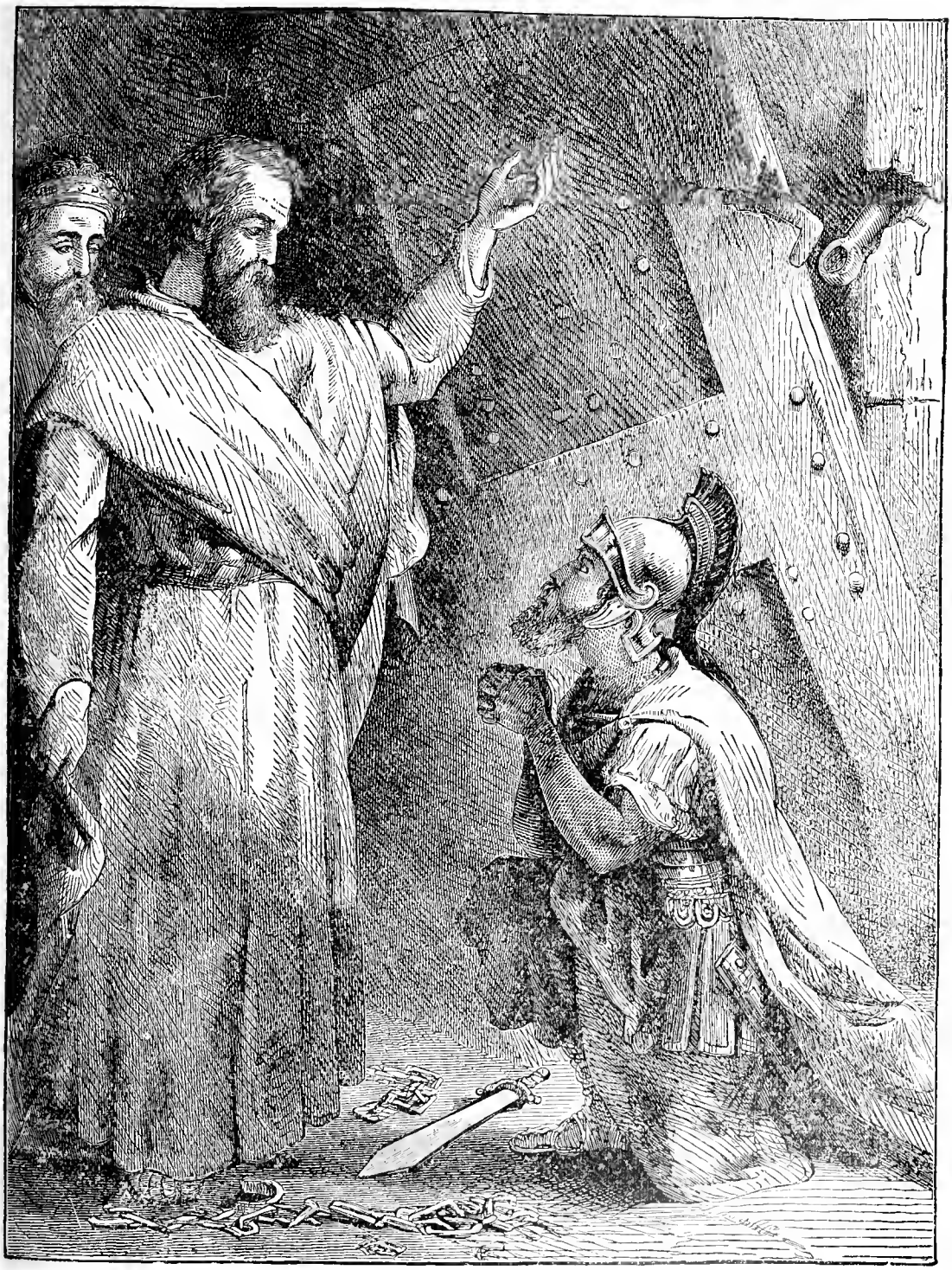
We have before us to-night the supreme wish of the greatest man in history: Saul of Tarsus, or St. Paul. As I see this great man—great in achievement, great in character and great in history—as I see and hear him breathing forth his supreme desire, I listen, and, if I would climb to such heights as he does, and look out over such breadths, I, as an immortal man, would adopt his supreme wish and incorporate his supreme desire in my own life and character. The three great questions, my brethren, of this nineteenth century are about these: Who is Christ? Where is Christ? What is Christ? And the answer to these three questions not only honors Christ, but saves the souls of immortal men. Now, that men doubt and question all along the line of these questions, I don't hesitate to admit. This we say: Whoever looks upon the miracles of Christ and staggers at their wonder-working power must have a superficial mind. If we leave miracles and come up into the words of Christ, we look on and say: "Well, of course a being that could talk like this could work like that." We have had most splendid books on the miracles of Christ. They furnish food for thought and culture and blessing. We have had wonderful books on the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as we stand and look at his words we find that they fairly glimmer and glisten and break down under the force and power of the meaning that he puts into them. Rudolph Steers's "On the Words of the Lord Jesus Christ" is one of the most wonderful books ever written. But now what the world needs above all things else is a wonderful book on the thoughts of Jesus Christ. And if we will get up into the realm where he thought, and will look at these words and works, we will see that they were bubbles on the great ocean of his life. And the wisest man in the world to-day is the man who puts his heart against the great throbbing heart of Christ, and his forehead against the forehead of Christ, and then he not only feels like he did, but begins to think like he thought. And when the world

thinks like Christ thought, then the world will do like Christ did. ["Amen."]

The curse of the world to-day is the thought of the world, and the preacher to-day that is the greatest benefactor to the world isn't the preacher that gathers most into the Church; he isn't the preacher that preaches to the largest audiences of men; but the preacher who is an everlasting benediction to humanity is the preacher that has left the world with higher thoughts and purer and nobler ideas; for, after all, as men think so they live. You will never do right till you think right. Tell me what you are thinking of to-day, and I will tell you what you will be doing to-morrow, for the deeds of to-morrow are the children of the thoughts of to-day A man, I repeat it, will never do right till he thinks right. We may laugh at Tolstoi, or make fun of him and his chimerical, dreamy way of putting things, but he has written one book—the "Census of Moscow"—which is one of the most practical books of the day, and I would recommend it to every preacher and thoughtful parent in this country You will remember, you who have read that book, that Tolstoi went with the census takers who were to take the age and group the occupations of the people. Tolstoi was getting the moral census, and on that line he studied three different characters, and said: "I will come back to these." One was a bright little boy, ten years of age, amid the most squalid poverty and vice and ignorance. He went and sought to get possession of the boy, and obtained possession of him, and took him home with him, and gave him a plate at his table, a bed in his house, and said to the boy: "I want to make a man of you; I have put a suit of clothes on you; I give you a plate at my table; I give you a bed in my house; I start you to school, and I want to make a man of you. And he started this boy to school, and the second day he came up missing, and he commenced hunting for him all around, and at last he found him over in the zoölogical garden, dressed in calico clothes and leading an elephant at a penny a day. He said: "I could have brought him home, but I saw that my boy needn't need good clothes, nor need good grub nor a good bed; he didn't need these things, but something on the inside of his head; and if he thinks that dressing in calico clothes and leading an elephant at a penny a day is right, as long as he thinks thus,

neither God nor man can make a man of him." [Applause.] It's a fact, too. You can take the streets of this town and watch these young bucks chasséing around a billiard table, or chasing a ball, or kicking a foot ball, or running around here with the dudines of the town; and if they think that is the biggest thing agoing, neither God nor man can ever make anything out of them. [Applause.] That's a fact.

As a man thinks, so he is. He found another character, an old, broken millionaire, a bankrupt millionaire merchant, and he came back to him. He said: "You are melancholy, morose, and miserable; I want to make you happy" He said: "I can never be happy until I get my fortune back and my home back and my character back and everything back." "Why," Tolstoi said to him, "friend, I find a great many people that have got money and carriages and fine houses and everything else, and they are not happy" And he said: "Those things don't make happiness, for," said he, "among the very rich I find some happy people and some miserable ones; among the middle classes I find some very happy and some very miserable, and among the poor and the outcast in poverty I find some very happy and some very miserable; and I find out that a man's happiness doesn't consist in what he owns, but it consists in what he is." I wish the world could see that fact. I would rather be a pauper and feel like a prince than to be a prince and feel like a pauper. [Applause and laughter.] All these things are as you feel about them and think about them. The other character was an abandoned woman. He said to her: "You are living in shame and in disgrace; you are a strong, stalwart woman, and if you will quit your life of sin I will get you a place where you can work and make an honest living." And she looked him in the face and said: "It is a disgrace to work." You see the point? I tell you, folks will never do right until they think right. St. Louis will never live on right planes till St. Louis thinks on right planes. But if you want to think right, live right. Keep your heart against the heart of Christ, and your forehead against the forehead of Christ, and don't stand where you are any longer, but go where he is and look from the standpoint where he stands, and you will see things you never saw before, and you will see things in a light you never saw them before.



PAUL AND THE JAILER.

O that the world could see right, and think right, and the world would bid sin and folly good-bye and go home to God. [This sentiment brought forth loud "Amens."] That brother hollers like he is most fit to go there now [Laughter.] Now hear me, men! Don't switch our thoughts off from this eternal, momentous question, for, after all, the law and the prophets hang upon the very line I am running on. Now hear me! This old world is probing and dissecting along the lines of these questions: Who is Christ? What is Christ? Where is Christ? This old world has always been anxious to know Four thousand years ago, the old, eager, anxious, expectant world gathered in a great mass of human beings, and they looked into the clouds and darkness above them, and they cried out, with a loud voice, and said: "O God, dost thou live above us, or are we orphan children through this world? O God, if thou dost live and reign, speak and let us hear thy voice." And they turned their ears into the darkness above, and the voice shouted back and said, "I am;" and they caught it up and said, "Glory to his name! our Father lives; he reigns above us, we are not orphans, wandering through this world." And we were satisfied with that for a thousand years. But the day came in the future when poor, eager, anxious humanity gathered again, and they looked into the darkness above them, and cried, with a loud voice, and said, "O God, our Father! Let us hear thy voice. If thou dost still live and reign, speak to us, thy children," and as they bent their ears into the darkness above them, the voice shouted back, and said, "I am that I am!" and they caught it up and said, "He has told us more than he did our fathers; he has spoken to us more than he did to our fathers a thousand years ago." And they were glad and rejoiced. On and on time wore away, until it came to pass that the multitude gathered before the Son of God; and then, listen: If I would know who Christ was, and what he was, and where he is, I go to Christ's own lips. There I learn that the great expectant world gathered about him. Directly they said, "Be quiet; he is going to speak;" and Christ opened his lips and said, "I am." And they caught it up and said: "Be quiet; our fathers heard that three thousand years ago, our fathers heard that one thousand years ago. He will preach on the whole subject. Let us be quiet." And he opened

his mouth and said: "I am the way!" O what a glad announcement to this old world that had groped in the darkness and stumbled in the wilderness for more than four thousand years! At last it walked out in the way, the royal way, the way out of sin, the way out of misery, the way to God, the way from hell, the way to heaven. O what a grand day when this old world found its way out of misery and sin! "I am the way" O what an announcement! If I were to go down to the yards of the Union Station and look at those two steel rails stretched along just outside of the depot, I would stop and ask any one near me, if I didn't know what they were, and say: "What is this?" If he didn't tell me, and no one told me, and I was obliged to find out for myself, I would say, "It is a way, but I don't know what for, and I will take a wheelbarrow and run it on that way," and I find that it doesn't do, and I go and say, "It wasn't made for a wheelbarrow." I drive a wagon along for a few feet, and as it jostles on the ties I say: "Take it off; it wasn't made for a wagon." You step out just a little piece into the roundhouse, and look at that magnificent, ponderous Rogers engine, and begin to look at its proportions and its weight; I measure the distance of its wheels there, and look at the flange of the wheels, and I say: "I believe I have found the thing made for that way" I start it up and run it out of the roundhouse and couple it to six or eight passenger coaches, and with a steam gauge increasing and trembling to one hundred and eighty pounds pressure, I pull its throttle open, and see that engine thundering down the road like a thing of life, running a mile a minute. And then I see that that engine was made for that way, and that way was made for that engine. The locomotive on the track is a thing of power, of beauty, and of speed; but did you ever see one off the track? It is the most helpless thing a man ever looked at. It can't pull itself, much less pull any cars. But listen: A locomotive engine can't run on the dirt road; it mires down in its helplessness. And I want to say to you, my brother, you can't ride on the dirt road of sin. I look at this highway, and I say: "I don't know what it is for." I tested it. I was deceived; I had a moral nature. I looked into the infinite distance of my soul and its eternal life and longings, and I said: "I believe it's my soul it was made for, and it can reach that way." I tried it. I tried the

dirt roads of profanity: I mired in the way all the time. I tried the dirt roads of intemperance; I tried the dirt roads of infidelity, and mired in the road which is fenced up ahead, and eternal darkness sets in. But, glory be to God! twenty-three years ago last August the Lord God led me out of the miry ways of sin, and out on the way to Christ Jesus, my Lord, and I have been skipping it along on the highways to heaven, as grandly as ever a locomotive clipped it along on the steel rails. My soul was made for the way, and the way was made for my soul and fits my soul like those two steel rails fit the wheels of a locomotive engine. Neighbor, you get on that road. And I will tell you, all the care I ever brought to my mother, and all the anxiety I ever brought to my noble father, and every pain I ever brought to my own soul, was caused when I got off that way Now I got on this way, the way of right, and the way of truth, the way to God, the way to salvation. Brother, get on that way, and you will rejoice greatly every hour of your life.

And listen: He opened his mouth again and said, "I am the truth." And, bless God! this old world had reveled in falsehood and in lies and in the things that were wrong and false for four thousand years. But it walks now out on the truth. The truth that shall make us glad and free. Thank God for truth! And the man that implants truth in his soul and fills his life with truth is more like God than any man that walks the face of the earth, that isn't filled with truth. And if the truth makes us free, we shall be free indeed. The freedom that comes from truth makes us as free as the air we breathe. Nothing but truth ever set a man free. Why, just after the war down South four millions of human slaves jumped up, slapped their hands together and said, "Glory to God! Mr. Lincoln set us free," and twenty thousand of these poor negroes are in the chain gangs of the South now. [Applause.] Free! No Lincolns can set any one free; but truth can make us free, and every soul made is free, free behind

LINCOLN

the plow handles, free in the railroad shops, free going along on the locomotive engine, free behind the counter, free in the law office, free everywhere; the liberty that comes from truth. Brother, if you want to be a free man, get the truth; fill your soul with the truth and live it, and you will be as free as the God that made you, and you can't be fre unless you are filled with truth.

They took John Bunyan and put him into the jail and locked him up, and he sat down with his manuscript and wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress," and when the last page was written, God threw open the doors of the jail, and he walked forth with his manuscript, and he has been flitting around the world for two hundred years. You can't put in prison a man whom the truth has made free. Put him there and lock him up, and the first thing you know the locks are burst and the jail doors fly open and out he walks, and the jailer is scared to death for fear something is going to happen to him. You see, you can't imprison a fellow when truth makes him free. Thank God for the truth! If there is a free man in America, it is the man talking to you to-night. I go where I please, I say what I please, and when I go to a place I leave when I please. If I ain't free, then I don't know what freedom is; and there ain't but one man in twenty years who has tried to lick me, and he says he ain't going to try it any more. [Laughter.] If the truth makes us free, blessed be God! we shall be free indeed.

Brother, love the truth and live the truth. Thank God for his grace that helps us to live it! There is many a fool in this town shooting off his mouth on these streets about Sam Jones and what his views are. If I didn't stand any better than you do, I would shut my mouth. I wouldn't talk about other folks. [Laughter and applause.] I will tell you what I will do: If you will appoint a committee, I will pay their expenses to go down to my home; and if they find one single thing against the Christian character of Sam Jones, and they will come up and report it, I will foot the bill

and quit the ministry and leave this town in disgrace. Now let them send the committee down, or shut their mouths; that is the way to do it. [Laughter and applause.] There is no law in this country to keep a dog from barking at you as you pass by, is there? [Laughter.] He will bark or die. I am like the old Hard-shell Baptist brother. He says, "Brethrener, I have been serving Goder for nigh onto forty yearser, an'" he says, "they have persecuted me an' abused me, an'" he says, "they are like my little doger; my little doger, he runs out to the fencer, an' barkser, an' barkser, an'," he says, "brethrener, whater do you reckoner he was doin'er; he was barkin'er at the mooner;" he says, "brethrener, whater was the mooner doin'? It was just shinin' oner an' shinin' oner." And here is one fellow in America that the dogs holler and whoop at, and I just shine on and shine on. [Loud applause and laughter.] "The truth shall make you free."

But listen, he speaks again, and he says: "I am the life." Bless God! Not only the way; not only the truth that shall make me a freeman; but "I am the life." O what a glad announcement! In your own town to-day I stood about the dead. At two o'clock this afternoon, at the earnest request of a friend I went and officiated at the funeral of his brother, and I looked at the silent lips, I looked at the weeping wife, and I looked at the sweet little innocent children who told their father good-bye forever. And, brethren, I have told my mother good-bye; I have told my father good-bye; but I never saw a wife grow pale, nor a child suffer that I didn't thank God there is a life that shall live beyond the ravages of the grave, and shall live on forever and forever. Life! When I told my noble old grandfather good-bye I knew I would never see him again in this world; but I said, as I left my noble grandfather: "You will be gone when I get back; but I will know where to find you, and by the grace of God I will hunt you up in the bright and beautiful world up yonder."

Life! "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." That is true. I know that I will live forever, because I want to live forever, and God Almighty never made a fish with fins until he made an ocean for it to swim in; and God never made birds with wings until he made an atmosphere for them to fly in; and God never put the instincts of immortality in my soul till he built a

grand heaven for me to live in forever and forever. And I know I will live forever because I want to live forever. ["Amen."] Thank God for immortal life! "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." And do you know that when I was nine years old I buried my good mother? If an infidel should go down to my mother's tombstone in Alabama, where she has been buried now for thirty-eight years, and with a mallet and a chisel in his hand dig out those letters, "I am the resurrection and the life," my God! I could not endure that. But I could go there to-night and take up the rusty casket from the ground; take the rusty lid from over my mother's body, and I expect that I could stand there and rake up the bones of my mother in my hands this way, and as I looked at the bones of my mother in my hand, my knees would smite together, and I would say: "O God, is this all that is left of the sweetest mother a boy ever had?" And as I looked at the bones, the voice of God whispers in my ear and says, "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality;" and I look just beyond the river and I grasp my mother's hand, with the light of life shining in her eyes, and the glow of beauty on her cheek forever. I know she lives on. "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die," and if she were dead, blessed be God! she shall live again.

And listen, he talks again. He says: "I am the way; I am the truth; I am the life." Then he speaks again; he says: "I am the bread!" O what a glad announcement to this old hungry world! "I am the bread!" And listen; he speaks again: "I am the water! and ye thirsty, famishing millions, come and drink, and be dry no more forever." And listen; he speaks again: "I am the door!" And door means house, a home and hospitality and welcome. No wonder that the poet sang of these promises of Christ. And the soul that finds the Lord indeed finds him the way, the truth, the life, the bread, the water, the home of the soul, and his fortune is made for time and eternity ["Amen."]

Now listen to me; hear me at this point! No wonder St. Paul said: "To know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Brother, I give unto you the experience of a heart that knows what

he is talking about. There are many facts in my life for which I am devoutly grateful. Do you know that I thank God that I ever knew my mother?—and no boy ever had a sweeter mother than the boy that is talking to you to-night. Nor newspapers, nor men, nor devils have ever said but one thing that went down like a dagger to my heart and pained me to the core. Only one thing that men have ever said has ever hurt me away down deep where I couldn t get at it. Some vicious, thoughtless fellow has said it: "Sam Jones is ill-bred." It is a lie! It is a lie! God never made a sweeter woman than my precious mother. [Applause.] God never made a more princely man than the man I have the honor to call my father. I am not ill-bred. Thank God! there is no better blood ever flowed in human veins than that which flows through the veins of the man who is talking to you to-night; and, if you will believe me, none more free of sin and filth and free of wrong. I will preach sermons that an angel in heaven couldn't object to. I will! I can't preach elegant sermons till I get me an elegant crowd. [Laughter and applause.] There is a religious paper in this town that says that—he is a big dog, too—who says that Sam Jones is pandering to the low and vulgar. That ain't a joke on me; it's on you folks. [Laughter.] Do you hear that? [A voice: "We accept it."] And absolutely, if I lived in this town and read that editorial from that doctor of divinity, I'd a got the idea that Sam Jones was the veriest mountebank and blackguard, and had nobody in the hall except the bums and the thugs. Now, bud, it's a heap worse on you than it is on me. He says I am just preaching this to please you. Is that a fact? If I were you, I would lick him. I would do it. [Laughter and applause.]

Let me tell you, neighbor, as I have said so often, sometimes D. D. stands for "Done Dead," sometimes D. D. stands for "Doodle Digger"—you know what a "doodle digger" is, don't you? He is a fellow nearly out of a job; you understand that, don't you? And sometimes D. D. stands for "Devil Driver." If a fellow is a devil driver, I want to join the procession. I do. [Laughter.] It ain't the business of these old D.D's. to run the devil out of this town. They run him out like I saw a dog run a hog once—the dog was in front [laughter] and the hog couldn't keep up, either. [Renewed laughter.] As God is my judge, if I

claimed to be a Christian, and claimed to live right, and claimed to be against sin, and claimed to do right and to live right, if a man came to my city whose purpose was to do good, and good women were praying for him, and ministers were helping him, if I didn't intend to help I wouldn't say aught against him. [This brought forth responses of "Amen" and long and loud applause.]

If these old D.D's. don't let up, I will have to quit. [Laughter.] Look here, they have just got the folks away from here until there ain't but six thousand here to-night. [Laughter.] I ain't mad at them. I like them. I want to meet them all in heaven; but I don't care about getting up with them until I have been there about a week, to get a sort of acclimatized and everything running smooth. Ain't that right, Brother Smith? I reckon you can mix with them the first day. [Laughter.] But hear me, neighbor: My mother! I am glad I ever knew my sweet mother, and the memory of her life and her sweet voice has lingered about me like the memories of a precious dream. I am glad I ever knew my noble father; a bigger hearted, more princely fellow never lived. It has been a benediction to me to have known my sweet mother and my noble father. I thank God for every good man I have ever met and known. Do you know they are worth much to me? Thank God for every one of them, all over this land! I can run my eyes around me to-night; thank God, Brother Jarrell, I ever knew you! You have been a benediction to me and a help to me on my way to God. My noble Brother Smith, pastor of the Third Baptist Church; I have gone through several gracious revivals with him, and he has helped me, and he has been a benediction to me. I thank God for my honored and noble friend, Dr. Palmore, for he has always had a kind word and a helpful expression, helping me home to God. I thank God for my Brother Werlein. I thank God for my Brother Stewart, of St. Louis, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and this noble Presbyterian pastor. I am glad I ever met them; I thank God that I have ever known this big-hearted, noble soul here, my chorister, Brother Excell. He has worked by my side [applause] nine long years; he has loved me and stayed with me, and prayed for me, and shook hands with me, and we have stayed and cried together, and we have traveled together, and we are traveling home, I trust, Brother Excell, we

will go to heaven together. And then last, but not least, my noble coworker, George R. Stuart. A purer, nobler character never lived in my heart. We have knelt and prayed in our room; he has counseled and helped me in all our walks; he has been a brother in every sense of the word. I thank God that I have ever known these precious men. But listen: I thank God that I ever met and became acquainted with the woman that I have the honor to call my wife. She has been like a crutch under each one of my arms to help me along to God from the very first. And when I strayed away and wandered forth on the road to ruin, she did what no woman ever did before: she followed me every downward step to the gates of hell and took me up in her arms and brought me back. I thank God, I say, that I ever met the woman whom I have the honor to call my wife. I thank God for my children when they gather about my hearthstone and put their arms around my neck. I thank him for all these things. But listen, for I want you to hear this, and it is a legitimate part of the discussion, and belongs legitimately to the conclusion: In spite of all that my good sainted mother did for me, in spite of all her counsel and advice; in spite of my noble father, and all that he did to help me to lead the life that would bring me near to God; in spite of all that my noble wife did —and sometimes, when she had brought me back from the gates of hell, and when I would awaken in the middle of the night, I would find her bathing my pillow with her tears, crying to God for her poor wayward husband—that was not sufficient to bring about a change of life My mother's prayers were not sufficient. I waded through the tears of my wife; the counsel of my friends, everything was without effect till one day in August, twenty-three years ago. I met and I knew the Lord Jesus Christ. And from that day to this I haven't been the same Sam Jones no more than if I were another man dropped out of another world. Thank God for the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ! It is the panacea! It is the *summum bonum!* It is the *eureka!* I have found it! Blessed be God! To me it has been life, peace, reformation, joy. What was I before? Breaking my noble father's heart. I heard my wife weeping and mourning over my follies and my wayward life. My little children, young as they were, were trying to hold me back. But my sins and follies kept pressing me on, and all my father and

mother and wife could do never stopped me nor impeded me. I bless God, with all my heart, for that day on which I met Jesus Christ. I have never given my wife pain since then; I have never caused my children to shed a tear; I have been a good citizen of my State; I have tried to love and serve God till now

The hope of the world to-day is knowing and serving Jesus Christ. Learn to know and to love and to serve him, my brother If you do, your life will be one of sweetness and joy, and your character a benediction to the world. O "that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." I will say this: I will not ask you to do anything but listen to me. I do not ask you what your theological views are or what your religious notions are. I want you just to hear this: Know and serve the Lord Jesus Christ. I said last night that I know him; that I have got the knowledge of the Lord Jesus. I know it, as I said, as well as I know I am standing here. You might convince me that I am without a coat, that I am not wearing shoes; but you cannot convince me that I have not the knowledge of Jesus Christ. And I'll tell you further, the knowledge of Jesus Christ has saved me, and it will save you. The sinner can be saved. If you want to be saved now, neighbor, there's a chance for you. A fellow met me the other day, and he said: "Jones, you always speak well of the Keeley cure. Do you recommend it?" I said: "Yes." He said: "Ain't religion good enough?" I answered: "Yes; it's the best thing in the world." "Well," he said, "won't that do." I answered again: "Whenever I meet a fellow who wants to be cured of everything, I send him to Christ; when I meet one who doesn't want to be cured of anything but whisky, I send him to Keeley [Laughter.] Christ is not a specific doctor. He does not cure a fellow of liquor and turn him loose on everything else. So when a man comes to me and says he wants to be cured of everything, I tell him he wants Christ; if he only wants to get rid of whisky, I say: 'Keeley is your man.'" You see what I mean, don't you? I struck a fellow the other day, and he said: "Mr. Jones, I just drink whisky all the time. I drink it and drink it and drink it, and get drunk on it. I can't sit in my office, but I go out for it

every five minutes. I want to give up this whisky business. Mr. Jones, what am I to do?" I replied: "Go and take the Keeley cure." "O the devil!" he answered; "that would cure me altogether. I just don't want to be cured altogether. I want you just to cure me so that I can take one or two drinks every day" I left. There's many a fellow wants that sort of Christ cure. If you want to be cured of whisky and nothing more, go to the Keeley cure. If you want to be cured of every ill, go to the Lord Jesus Christ and know him and serve him and love him. O "the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." I believe in the resurrection of the body as firmly as I believe in the immortality of the soul. I met a man the other day, and he said: "Brother Jones, do you believe in the immortality of the soul?" I answered: "Yes." Then he said: "How can that be? Here's a man with an arm buried in Virginia and his body buried in Georgia. Here's another with a leg buried in Tennessee and his body buried in Missouri. And here's a man who died at sea, and they dumped him out in the ocean and the fishes ate up his body. Here's another who was cremated. The body was burned. Nothing remains of it now but a handful of ashes in the urn that rests on the parlor table. How can that body rise again when the fishes have eaten it up, when the fires have burned it to ashes, when one portion is buried in one State and one in another—how can that body be resurrected?" I'll tell you. Sometime ago some friends of an eminent chemist in Paris were walking through his laboratory with him. Suddenly he turned to them and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, here's a beautiful piece of work which was presented to me for some of my feats in chemistry See how beautifully engraved it is." It was a silver cup, and some of the party remained to examine it more closely, while the chemist and the balance of the visitors went into an adjoining room. The chemist naturally prized the cup, which was rendered doubly valuable by reason of the circumstances under which it was presented to him. While engaged in the process of examination, one of the party let it drop into a jar of acid. It melted like snow in the water. The destruction of a thing so much prized by

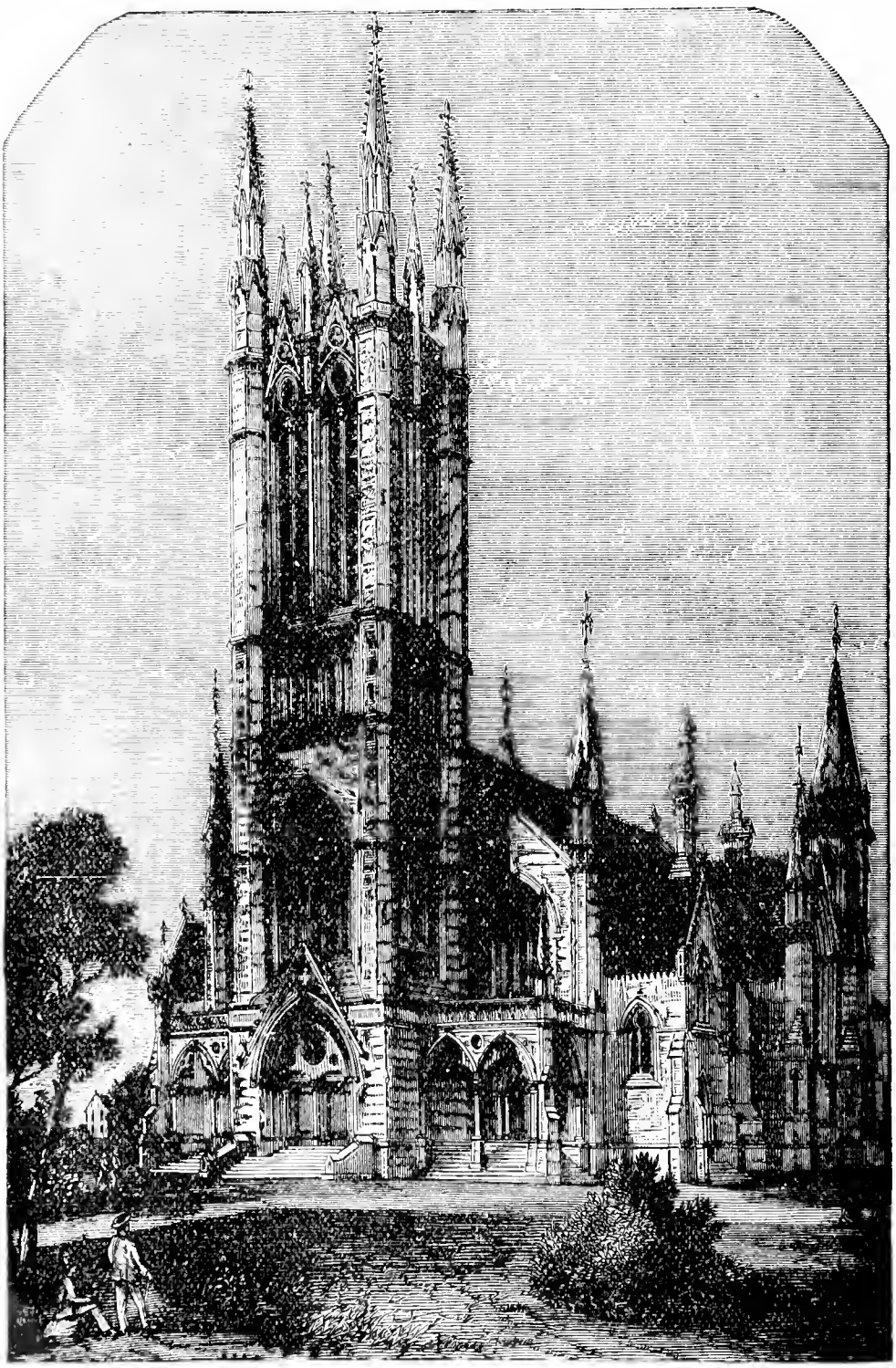
so eminent a man caused the gentleman by whom it was dropped a great deal of worry. When the chemist returned he said: "I dropped the cup; I'm so sorry; what can be done?" "Where did you drop it," the chemist asked. "Into that jar of acid," was the answer, "and it has completely disappeared." "O," said the chemist, "that doesn't matter." He went to a little case in an adjoining room and picked out a small piece of mineral. He dropped it into the acid. The silver settled to the bottom of the jar, and he collected it together. "I will send it back to the manufacturer," he said, "and have it more beautifully engraved than ever before." And so God has his minerals in the laboratory of the skies, and when he drops them out upon this old earth, bone will come to bone, and flesh to flesh, and mortality shall put on immortality, and when the old ship of Zion starts on her last trip, we'll all be on board, and soul and body united will stand on the heavenly shore, there to live in joy forever.

Yes; I believe in the immortality of the soul, and I believe in the grand old doctrine that we shall rise again. But above all things do I believe in the salvation of a sinner. Whether anybody else has been converted or not, I know that I have. You might, as I have said before, make me believe that I was preaching to an empty hall, but you cannot make me believe that something did not get hold of me twenty-three years ago. And you cannot make me believe that that something did not make another fellow out of me. And this picture of the salvation of the sinner is the sweetest picture in the Bible to me. You remember the story of the storm in Galilee on the Lake of Gennesaret. The lake is surrounded on all sides by mountains. If there is any place on earth which you would think by reason of its situation was afforded complete protection against the winds, it is that. Nevertheless, the four winds of the earth are contending for the possession of the little lake. You recollect the story of the Master and his disciples crossing it. The day was calm, the water smooth, when suddenly one of these fearful squalls arose. The little lake was lashed to fury; the white foam dashed itself against the sides of the small vessel; the ship began to roll and pitch and toss while the Master was lying on the deck asleep. And the disciples went to him and, arousing him, said: "Master, we are ingulfed in this squall; death awaits us ex-

SEA OF GALILEE.

cept you save us." And the Master looked at the waves and saw the raging of the sea, and he walked to the prow of the boat and pulled the angry little sea upon his knee and calmed it as a mother would calm her little child. And the disciples looked up and said: "What calm!" I went to the Master when I was dashed and tossed in the storm of sin, and when I approached him in penitence and prayer he put his loving arms about me and pulled me unto his great loving heart, and said: "Peace be with you." And now no "wave of trouble comes across my peaceful breast." Thank God for religion, which is the best thing on earth, and than which heaven itself has nothing better! May Heaven bless you and pour it into your souls!

I will not keep you longer. Go home and pray and think. Pray to be better Christians, better men. God will save the sinner. I now have one word more to say How many of you will rise and say: "I want to know the Lord Jesus Christ: I want to serve and to love him all my life?" [Here the vast audience arose and made the promise.] May God bless you; may he pity the poor sinner, and may this blessing abide with you forever!



METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

WHEN Rev. Sam Jones, of Georgia, stood up on the pedestal at the front of the stage in the Exposition Music Hall last night and raised his voice to preach on "The Love of God," he found much the largest audience that has yet attended the revival meetings. Not only was every seat in the mammoth hall occupied, but around the sides and entrances of the hall hundreds stood patiently throughout. To these five thousand or more attentive listeners Mr. Jones delivered what was conceded to be the strongest of his sermons thus far.

More than an hour before singing commenced the crowds began to gather at the Exposition building, and at a few minutes past seven o'clock the choicest seats had been preëmpted. Rapidly the parquet filled up, then the lower galleries. Very soon people were to be seen walking up and down the aisles, peering anxiously for vacant chairs, and before long the upper gallery alone was available. By the time the opening song service was ended this gallery also had received its quantum. The revival is obviously growing on the public, and the interest in the nightly services conducted by the celebrated evangelist is spreading among all classes.

The Sermon.

Now if you will be thoughtful and prayerful, I want to talk with you to-night from the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of the gospel of St. John: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

I thank God, my brethren, that it has been my privilege to preach to thousands and tens of thousands in nearly all the States of this Union, and some of the provinces of Canada; but, above all, I am grateful to God for an audience like this, to which I may preach to my fellow-men. My voice, at best, will not compass more than eight or ten thousand hearers; but this text, with its message of

love, goes out to every man's life. My voice, at best, could not be heard by more than eight or ten thousand men; but this text, with its arms of mercy, encompasseth a guilty world. It would have been a wonderful text if it read, "For God so loved Europe," or "God so loved America," or "God so loved Asia;" but grander, higher, better than all, it reads, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God's name and God's nature is love. It is as natural for God to love as it is for the sun to shine. The sun is a great, burning, shining sphere, and pours its rays of light and heat upon all objects, everywhere, in all countries and climes. God's nature is love; it is as natural for God to love as it is for the sun to shine. The sun is no respecter of objects as he pours his rays of light and heat. The verdant valley, the arid desert, the blooming rose, the beautiful tree—all receive alike from the great burning, shining sphere. God is no respecter of persons. Everywhere that man lives and breathes, God loves us all. I go further still. God loves a sinner as much as he loves a Christain. God loves the worst man in St. Louis as much as he loves the best man in St. Louis. I go further still: If there be any difference in God's love, he loves the wicked, the wayward sinner, better than he loves the Christian. "Well," you say, "where do you get that doctrine?" I get it out of my Bible. "Well, tell me where?" I will take it from the lips of Christ himself. And he said: "A certain man had a hundred sheep, and one strayed off, and he said: 'That is a bad sheep, let him go?'" No, sir. And he said: "A certain man had a hundred sheep, and one strayed off, and he said: 'I am sorry I can't go and look for that sheep, but I have ninety-nine good sheep I must look after?'" No, sir. He said: "A certain man had a hundred sheep, and one strayed off; and he went and sought and hunted the sheep until sundown, and then said, 'I will have to go and look now after the ninety-nine good sheep?'" No, sir And he said: "A certain man had a hundred sheep, and one strayed off; and he left the ninety-nine just like they were not in the world, and went forth and sought and hunted the poor lost sheep away up the dark mountains; and when he found the poor lost sheep, he kicked and clubbed and beat him all the way back to the fold?" [Laughter.] No! no! no! Poor, tired, hungry sheep, it could not stand

a kick or a club, and he just took it up and laid it on his shoulder and brought it back in safety to the fold.

And so is God's attitude toward every wayward sinner that walks the face of this earth. If there is any fact to-day clear in the Word of God, it is this: God is my father. If there is another fact clearly set forth, it is this: God is my mother God is as much my mother as he is my father. It is glorious occasionally to walk up into the presence of God, my father, and hear his words of counsel and advice; but sweeter far than these, than all, is occasionally to walk up into the arms of God, my mother, and have him hug and imprint a mother's kiss on the cheek, from a mother's heart. How bad does a boy have to be before mother quits loving him? If he gets drunk once, does mother cease to love him? If he does badly a dozen times, does mother cease to love him? No! no! I point you to the saddest face, the most pathetic face this world ever saw, the poor mother's face, in this old, pitiless world of wickedness, that sings in bitterness:

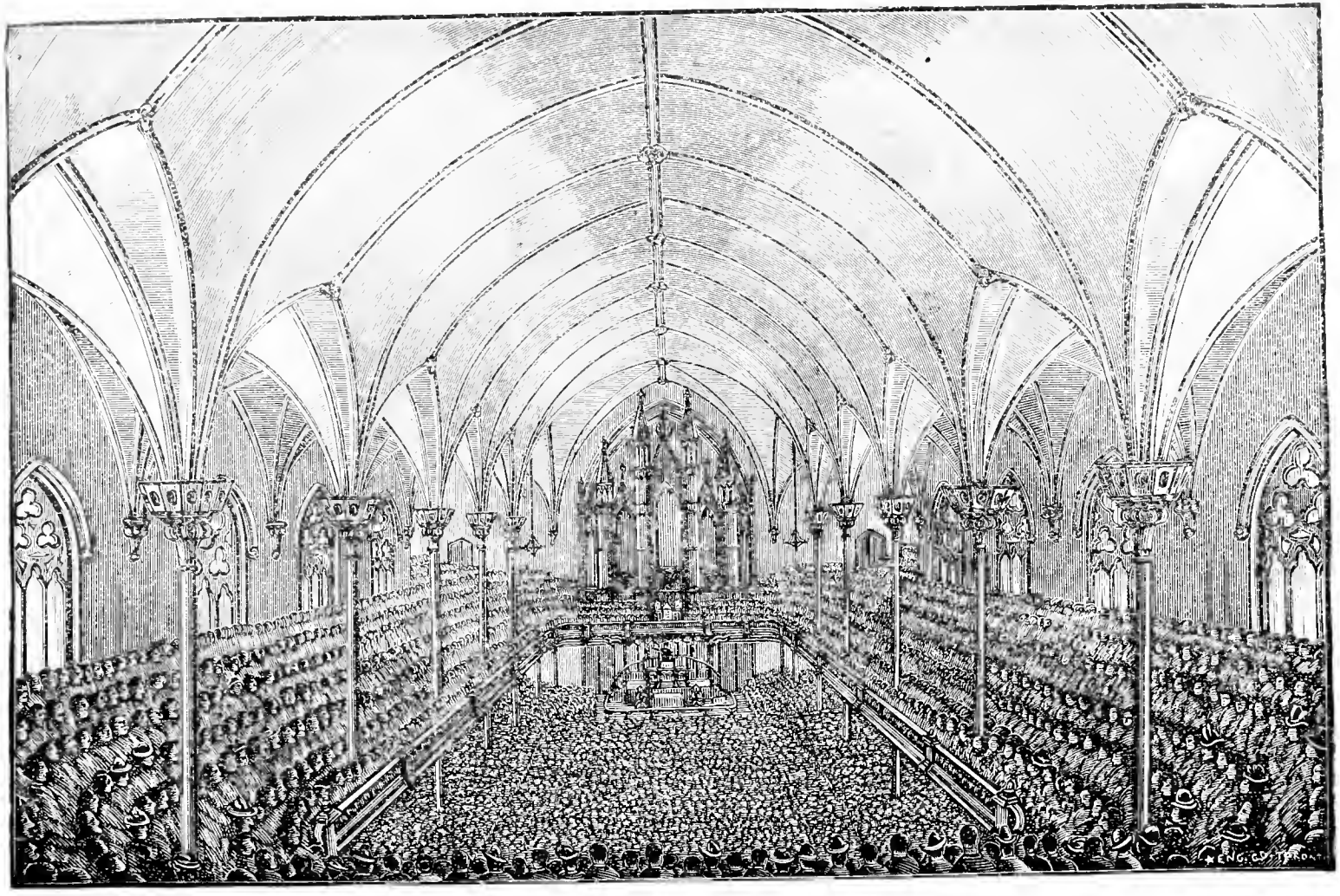
O where is my wandering boy to-night?
He was once as pure as the mountain dew.
Go search for him where you will
And bring him to me in all his blight
And tell him I love him still.

And the sweetest thing God ever said to mortal man is this: "When our fathers and mothers forsake us, then God will take us up." God, my father; God, my mother. If a mother has five boys, and four of them are preachers, and John is a drunken vagbond, you can go in where that mother is and say what you please about those four preacher boys; but you say one word against poor, drunken John, and she will jump on you in a minute. She won't stand that. [Laughter] "My poor, wandering, reckless boy, don't say one word against him." [Applause.] Look at my devoted and consecrated wife. I said to her sometime ago: "Wife, I believe you loved me more, and stuck closer to me, when I was a wayward, dissipated, and reckless fellow, than you do now" "Well," she said, "old fellow, you needed it worse then." [Laughter and applause.] And she said: "You are able to tote your own skillet now, and I will let you do it." [Laughter.] And, bless God for the love that never bends or breaks, but stays by poor

man! [Response of "Amen."] I used to think the preacher told the truth when he said that God was mad with us sinners. I used to think the only reason God had for loving me was that Christ died for me, and that Christ purchased God's love for every mortal man. But I have learned the truth since that. God doesn't love this old world because Christ died for it; but Christ died for it because God loved it. Listen: Here is his love, not that we love God, but that he loves us and gave his Son to die for us, and God commendeth his love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Bless God for such a doctrine. [Response of "Amen."] I have read those old doctrines of the elect, that God had foreordained and elected so many souls to everlasting life and reprobated so many to everlasting death, and the picture was fixed and definite and it can't be changed nor altered nor diminished on either side. I have seen a few of the elect, I have, but I have never seen them congregate and revel in the name, the elect, but I thought in my heart when I looked at them: "If there is a gang this side of hell that God won't have, you are the fellows." [Laughter.] God elects a kind of trust, and shutting out the balance of the world, we are the boys that are saved. Yes, I see one Church with its high Calvinism is trying to change its creed for the last twenty years so as to fix up the creeds, not taking anything from it but one clause of it. They are perfectly willing for God to save some, but they can't change if he wants to. They will give him his privilege about that. [Laughter.] My, my! How I love the grand old doctrines of my Bible. God loves us all and gave his Son to die for us all, and I rejoice in the fact to-night that there is not a soul in hell to-night that did not have one good, fair chance to get to heaven, and would not take it. There is not a soul in heaven to-night that didn't have a chance to go to hell, and wouldn't go. If there is a fellow in hell to-night that didn't have a chance to get to heaven, he could stand up on the highest crest of the wave of damnation and cry: "Unjust!" I think I hear him as he cries after the whole procession. "Unjust! unjust! [Laughter.] I am in hell, and never had a chance to get to heaven." That won't work. [Laughter.] Hear me. Men sit out there and say: "Now, Jones, you are preaching my doctrine; I have said, all the time, God loved us so, and if God loved us so

none of us will go to hell." Well, neighbor, you haven't got sense enough to see all around the truth; that is where you break down.

Now I have just one or two questions to ask, and they are particular ones, too. Can love save? If love could save, no mother's son would ever pay the penalty of his crime on the gallows again. If love could save, I reckon that no wife's husband would ever wear the stripes of the penitentiary again. Love can pity, love can weep, and love can cry, and love can suffer, and love can die. But the blood is my only plea. "The blood, the blood, it cleanseth me;" and the hope of the world is in the sacrifice made for sinners through Jesus Christ. That is it. Heaven is the prepared place for the prepared, and if you want to go to the prepared place, neighbor, you will have to prepare yourself for it. You ain't going to go stumbling upon heaven accidentally. [Laughter.] It is a long, high, slick, steep hill to the city of God, and you can climb it, and, bless God! when a man does climb the slippery, steep hill, he will get to a high, holy, grand heaven, where he can live and rejoice forever. For God so loved the world; loves me, because he is my father, loves me because he is my mother, and a mother loves her boy forever. Now there are some of the deeper diviner truths in the Word of God that some analogies will throw light upon. Now let us take this one. Let us take the analogy of a mother. Now sometimes I have sat down and buried my face in my hands and said: "I wonder where the great storehouse of God's music is, from which every warbling bird gets its melodies, and nature its harmonies and its tunes." And the answer comes back: "Why, I know not." And then, in another thoughtful moment, I have said: "I wonder where the great storehouse of God's colors is, from which the rainbow gets its every tint, and every blushing flower its hues, and all nature its variegated colors." And the answer comes back: "I know not." And then, sometimes, in a better, sweeter moment I have asked the question: "Where is the great storehouse of God's love, from which every mother gets her love for her children, and every father his love for his home and for his neighbor?" And the answer comes back: "It is the great heart of God, patient and outpouring, like the gush of a river, into every human heart in the world."



INTERIOR VIEW OF METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

I love my sweet mother, for she bestowed upon me a little of the nature of God, which he had poured into her heart; and all of the love we ever have to give is but a little of the nature of God that he has put into the poor human heart. And now, look at the picture before us: See the old mother that has a little of that nature of God, and see how she clings to her boy. I have watched that mother. When the whole world forsakes that boy, mother sticks closer to him; and then, when every friend forsakes him, mother stays by him; and at last, a wrecked and ruined and lost and miserable wretch, he is loved and taken into the lap of his sweet old mother, and she soothes his brow with a sympathetic hand, and then when the breath leaves his body she is the only mourner about the corpse, and then she follows it to the grave, buries him out of sight of man, and then she goes forth day after day to the grave and bathes the grass above his body with her tears of love and sympathy And I say, if a mother's love will stick to a boy like that, how much, ten thousand times more, will the great heart of God cling to us, his wayward children. Thank God for the expression and manifestation of his love so bountifully given to the children of men! [Response of "Amen."]

I rely on love. My, my! Some things in this life have brought the sweetest truths in the world home to my poor heart. Once I was sitting in my home quietly reading when I heard my wife in the hall say to the nurse, a colored girl, some sixteen or eighteen years of age, one of those kindly, indolent, lazy, good-for-nothing, and yet kindly disposed creatures: "Sallie, you can go home; tell your mother I don't want you any longer, and she can come over after awhile and receive the balance of your wages due." And I heard no retreating footsteps, and directly turned my eyes toward the door, and the girl was standing in the door with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and she said: "Miss Jones, please, ma'am, don't turn me off; I know I am the poorest nigger you ever had, but please, ma'am, don't turn me off. I don't want to be turned off; I will do the best I can." And I looked at her tears trickling down her cheeks, and I said, "Don't turn her off;" and when the girl walked away from the door I said to my wife, "If the Lord Jesus Christ would come into this room now, and look me in the face and say, 'You are no account to me; I don't want

you any longer,' I would do just like that poor negro, and fall at his feet and bathe them in my tears, and say, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, I am the poorest servant that you ever had, but please don't turn me off; I don't want to be turned off.'" O bless God for love that wins me and blesses me and keeps me day by day!

Stopping at a town sometime ago a gentleman approached the train, and I recognized him to be from a place where I was well acquainted, and taking his hand kindly, I said: "What is the news from your town?" "Well, nothing special, except," said he, "I came very near being killed last night." I said: "How was that?" He said: "The agent of the depot was lying on the platform drunk as I came home last night, and I took hold of him to help him in the depot, and he took out his pistol and shot at me twice and came very near hitting me." I said: "The agent of the depot?" He said: "He is drunk two or three times a week." "Well," I said, "how can he keep his position? This road is very strict." He said: "I don't know, except he is a brother-in-law of the President of the railroad." [Laughter.] I said, "I understand that," and I rode along and got to thinking. I said: "Look here, Sam Jones, how is it you hold your position, as unfaithful as you have been for years and years?" And I found it in the supposable fact, not that God was my brother-in-law, but God was my father. And isn't it true, how a father will put up with a wayward boy? Thank God for the relationship—the child of a king!

We take another relationship, that of husband and wife—and there is no more divine relation in all this world than that of husband and wife. God said this twain shall be one, and when the young man and the young lady stand in the presence of the minister and he tells them to join right hands, and he puts the questions: "Do you mutually promise and agree, in the presence of God and these witnesses, to take each other as husband and wife, and live together after God's holy ordinance in matrimony, and do you further mutually promise and agree to love and cherish each other so long as you both shall live?" and they answer in the affirmative, and God pronounces them man and wife, they are united—one in love and one in interest, one for time and one for eternity. Thank God for the holy relationship of husband and wife! I believe

all the divorce laws in Illinois came from hell, and I believe they have come after a lot of people and are going to take them back to hell with them; I do, and Missouri, too. [Laughter.] It's nothing to laugh over; it is something to cry over and reform over. I am like Pat, who said: "I hope I will never live to see my widow married again." [Laughter.] I don't want it. The most unthinkable thing in God's world to me is me and my wife parting. Parting? I won't part! [Laughter.] Grass widows, dog fennel widows, all sorts of widows. [Applause.] A fellow was walking down the street, and met another gentleman and his wife, and she said: "Husband, that is my first husband we met." [Laughter.] O, in the language of the prayer book, "Good Lord, deliver us." [Laughter.] We don't want that.

Listen: When you tamper with the home life and the married life you are cutting the grit from under the very mudsills of society, and the best interest of manhood can never be perpetuated except the marital relation shall be as holy as God ordained it should be [response of "Amen"]—that of husband and wife. A most unthinkable thing in all the world to me is that me and my wife are going to part, and let her take the girls and me the boys. [Laughter.] My, my! I would want my boys to lick their old daddy and make him behave himself. [Laughter.] I would, and the devil is at the bottom of it all. Mark me, I tell you the devil is at the bottom of this divorce business. How long since a sermon in this town has been preached straight out against divorces? Have any of you heard of any lately? [A voice: "Not in a hundred years." Laughter.] A hundred years? Did you hear that, Brother Jarrell? I love these preachers. They are the best men on the face of this earth. I never saw a half dozen preachers in my life that were not good men, and I have met them by the thousands, too. O my, my! What are we preaching about? You will hear the preacher sometimes get up and ring the changes for a whole hour on heavenly recognition. What in the name of sense do I care for heavenly recognition? I want earthly recognition. I am a poor fellow, but I shake hands with every fellow that meets me and recognizes me and helps me along. But when I get to heaven and sit down under the shade of my own tree, with my harp in my hand and my crown on my head, and you

don't want to recognize me, then you needn't do it. [Applause and laughter.] I am up then. This earthly recognition is what I want.

Now hear me: Take the relationship of husband and wife; see them at their home. I will say he is a mechanic, a laboring man, a good fellow, too—and some of the best men that God ever made are mechanics and laboring men. I don't go among the four hundred to find men. No, sir. I won't go in the "sassiety" of St. Louis to find grand men, nor women either. I won't. Butterflies; yes, butterflies; look at them, with their variegated colors, as they flit about in the sunlight, beautiful to look upon, but living to no purpose, to droop and die in a day. But among the poor toilers of earth you will find the honeybee, not comely and beautiful to look upon, but see it in its busy life as it alights on every blushing flower; it doesn't take away the fragrance of the flower, but it gathers honey and lays it up in store for days to come. Ten thousand times rather [applause] I would be a honeybee, uncomely and ugly, but useful to my race, than to be the little gilded butterfly, flitting about; it doesn't fructify or please the world after it is dead and gone. [Applause.] The four hundred. God bless you! I can spit on the whole bunch and drown them. [Applause and laughter.] If they can't swim, I will have them. [Laughter.] Now listen: That young mechanic married a sweet girl, and, boys, after all, the grandest gift ever made to a little boy is a good mother; the grandest gift God ever made to a grown man is a good wife. He got a sweet, noble little wife; he put her in a little cottage home, bright and cheerful. They started life together. She loves him with all the depths of her tender nature. He loves her with all his brawny, strong nature; and now, how happy they live, and comforts and blessings, one after another, like winged doves, ever brighten the little home, and it becomes so bright; and then, again, in the course of years, children have come to bless that home. And O what a signal blessing this is! As a mother wrote me sometime ago, from a distant State: "God blessed us last week with another sweet child. Thank God for these children, for they bring only good to me!" The four hundred don't say that. [Laughter and applause.] Hear me: I have no patience with a mock modesty that blushes at a sentiment uttered, and then when

you look around you see the big, damning guilt on all sides that curses the world.

Now listen! Look at that picture: Sweet, happy wife; cheerful home; bright-eyed, happy children. And listen: One day it was told as truth that the husband began to drink. Hear me: There you have in a single sentence ten thousand pages written; it is the epitome of the doom of thousands and thousands every year. He began to drink. He went on and on. And listen: Those blessings and comforts, like winged birds, one after another, poised their wings and flew away from that home. And listen: One day I was walking down the street and I stood and saw a bull-necked, white-aproned scoundrel, they sometimes call a saloon keeper, kick a poor, besotted wretch out of the back door of the saloon on the street near the sidewalk. And I stayed and looked at the poor, wrecked, ruined man, his blear eyes and his bloated face, his ragged clothes, and directly he picked himself up and I looked and said: "O, my Lord, hasn't that man a friend in all this world? Push him out; I will stay by him this day" And, boys, you go in all the gilded saloons of this town, and while you go in at the front door now, they will kick you out of the back door some of these days. [Applause.] He picked himself up, and after a pause went down the street. I watched him, and then I said: "If he hasn't a friend,

I'll be his friend." I stayed with him. He walked two blocks. He stopped at the foot of an alley and looked up. I said to myself: "I believe that's his home." I saw a little house, desolate it was, beside the alley. I got ahead of him. He followed on and stopped at the gate and hung against the lamp-post. I walked in. There I saw three or four little children, unkempt, unwashed, neglected, sitting in the center of the desolate floor. And a little to right I saw the form of a poor, worn, despairing drunkard's wife, sitting by a little window sewing. Perhaps she was making garments for some merchant at one dollar a dozen. Listen: There's where you find the real, genuine, communistic, hell fire that will burn up this country some day—the overworked and underpaid women of our land. [Cheers.] The man who will pay fifty dollars a month to a young man behind the counter, and twenty dollars a month to a fair young girl over on this side for the same work; if that man does not go to hell, then it will be burned up before he dies. Hear me: She sat there and worked and watched. She heard a step. Her face was turned toward the street, but she turned her face toward the children and said: "Children, here's your father." And as soon as I heard her say, "Your father's coming now," I saw the little fellows scamper out. They knew what that meant. I saw her get up then, and when she stood I noticed those blue veins and sunken eyes. I looked toward the street, and said: "O God, which is the more unendurable lot, the drunkard's life or to be a drunkard's wife?" Then she walked to the door and out upon the street, and caught hold of the arm of that wretched being, and as gently as an angel could touch him led him up to the desolate house, and then she led him to the only bed in the desolate home. She laid his drunken form on the bed, and took off his muddy and worn-out shoes. She walked back to their only washstand, and she wet the only towel and bathed his fevered and bloated face. And then she leaned over the form and kissed the bloated lips. And she knelt beside his bed, and, in the agony of her heart, prayed: "O God, save my poor husband." If the wife, because of the little of God's nature which has been poured into her heart, will show love like that, how much, ten thousand times how much, more will the great heart of God cling to us, his wayward children?

Thank God for a love like that! Thank God for a love that never gives out. ["Amen."] Hear me: I want you to hear this subject through. I have still about twenty minutes left. Hear me, brother, for there is no subject that a minister of God can discuss before an audience that you ought to be so interested in as the one we have to-night. Now listen to me: If God loves me in that way, there is but one question I have to ask: If God gives to me his infinite, boundless, fathomless love, what does he demand in return from me? He never demanded but one thing of any mortal man. What is that? That you love him in return. There are two classes here to-night. There are those who love God, and those who don't love God. And what is the difference between those two classes? The people who don't know God don't love him, and the folks who do know him do love him. The people who don't know God don't know anything about him. That is a truth. Twenty-three years ago last August, when this man talking to you to-night stood by the side of his father's dying couch, he turned from that dying couch and said to himself: "If God has been good to anybody, he has been good to my dying father. If God has been good to anybody, he has been good to my mother. If God has been good to anybody, he has been good to my wife. Why should I not love God? If he has been good to anybody, he has been good to my children." And then I said: "I do not care what God does with me. I will love the best friend that my wife, my father, and my mother ever had." And then I stopped and said: "Why, look what God has done for me! During my wayward life and folly he has loved me, and his providence has been over me. I will love God." I said that twenty-three years ago, and, by the grace of God, I will respond like that to-night. If a man sees God once, if he knows his goodness and mercy and love once, it is as natural that he should love him as it is that he should breathe. When I learned to know God and his mercy and love I said I would love him, and I have loved him.

Let me cite you an instance: I have a dog, and when weary after my labors I return home, that dog at midnight will run down half the street that leads to my home to meet me. He will jump on me and kiss me as a dog will. And when I get in front of my gate he just skips and bounds, and talks as a dog can talk, and can be

understood. And he will say: "Why, where have you been so long? Why did you stay away?" And then he will ask in the language of a dog: "Do you want a bird hunt?" And he says: "If you do, go and brush up your gun to-night, and I'm your dog. I'll find the birds; and if there is anything more I can do for you, I am at your service." But when I say, "Hero, why do you love me so?" he answers with his eyes and his bark of joy, "Because you are so good to me. You have never struck me; you have always been kind to me, and when you go away I hear you tell Paul and Bob to be good to me and to take care of me." There's no use in talking, boys; there's the secret of love.

And when I have met my wife and children I walk down to the stable where my noble horse is. He'll put his face up toward mine and kiss me, and look out of his great intelligent eyes as much as to say, "I'm so glad to see you back! I wish you would not go away again. Do you want a ride? If you do, just get the boy to put the saddle on my back; I'll give you whatever gait you like. Do you want a drive? If so, I'll give you the best drive you ever got; just hitch me up and see if I won't." And I say, "Why is it you're so glad to see me?" and out of the eyes comes the answer, "Because you've been so good to me." If you ever look at God one time and see how good he has been to your wife, your neighbor, and yourself, you will love him the balance of your life. If you do not love him when once you have looked at him, and at his love for you and for the world, then you are lower down than my dog Hero or my horse George. Get out from under the dogs and the horses. Be a man. I'm obliged to love God to be a man. Why? Because he has been so good to me. That's the reason. Now listen: This love covers the whole ground. It is, first, a helpful love; second, it is a sympathetic love; third, it is a pardoning love. I need help. I confess it. I never can be such a husband as I want my wife to have unless God will help me. I can never be such a father to my children as I want them to have unless God will help me. What does he say: "A present help in their time of need." I don't know how you are, but I can't get along without it. I am sorry for the fellow who can. I need it every day and every hour I live. I am afraid to walk the streets without the presence and aid of God, lest I do wrong. I want help; I like that word "help," too. I

prayed many a time for God to help me, and he knew I needed it, too. Do you need help? God has pledged it.

Then his love is sympathetic. What a world there is in that word "sympathy" Do you know who can do more with me than anybody on earth? My wife. Yes, she can. She can just boss me round like a dog a trottin'. And do you know why? There is not a human being who has the sympathy for me that she has. In the bottomless, boundless depths of her heart there is a sympathy for me which can be shown by no other human being on earth. Why, she thinks I am the greatest fellow that ever lived. [Laughter.] She does that. [Laughter.] And she told me once that she thought I was even pretty. [Laughter.] I just know she loves me, and I tell you she can do anything with me, because I have her sympathy I'm sorry for the man who is without the sympathy and respect and love of his wife. I am sorry for him, I say, and, Brother Jarrell, you've plenty of those folks in St. Louis. There's many a rascal who, when he's gone out the front door at night, his wife doesn't know when he's going to return. And she'll never know where he is. He's a bookkeeper, say "Well, where have you been?" his wife says when he returns at two o'clock in the morning. "I've been posting the books," he says. There was one wife, however, who intended to test the truth of her husband's statements. So she just attached to his clothes, unknown to him, a pedometer. One night on his return she put the usual question: "Where have you been so late?" "Posting the books," came the reply She pulled out the pedometer, and it showed that he had walked seventeen miles since supper time. "Why, where have you been?" she said again. "Posting the books," he replied with confidence. "No, you haven't," she said; "you've walked seventeen miles since supper. Where have you been? Come now, sir, shell down the corn; where have you been?" "Yes," he said, "I haven't been posting the books," he answered at last. And the truth of the matter was that he had walked seventeen miles round a pool table.

There's many a rascal in St. Louis who'd be given away if he only had a pedometer tied to him. I say to such men: "You dirty dog, you, who hasn't got the love and respect of your wife." [Cheers.]

Here's one fellow who says that this world will never go right until we have the same standard for men that we have for women. [Cheers.] The standard has got to be right here, and, thank God! it is my standard, and I will stay by it until I die. So help me God, I'll never go anywhere or do anything that I would not be willing for my wife, daughter, or mother to go to or do. [Cheers.] A gentleman cannot live on a lower plane than that. I do not care anything about his Christianity He cannot do it. [Cheers.] There are a whole lot of scoundrels who'll be in hell frying before this time next year. [Laughter.] I like sympathy. I like the fellow who has it; I like the woman who has it. Let me tell you, neighbor, sympathy is the divinest thing that ever touched the human heart or influenced a human life. When the world gets sympathy the world will lift itself up.

And, lastly, the love we talk of to-night is a pardoning love. "Does God pardon the sinner?" you ask. Yes, he will. And you ask: "How do you know, Sam Jones?" My friend, I know because I've been there. I've been there, and I'm as convinced of the truth of the statement I make as I am that I'm talking to you. You might make Sam Jones believe he's wearing a frock coat; you might make him believe he is conducting a revival in Cincinnati instead of in St. Louis; you might make him believe that his name is not Sam Jones—you might make him believe all these things, but no power on earth or in hell could change my everlasting knowledge and conviction that God Almighty saved me twenty-three years ago. ["Amen."] That is settled in my mind, and the devil never raises the question with me at all. I know I have God's pardoning love. I know it, for I was on the spot. Yes, you can prove it by my wife, by my neighbors, by everybody who lived within ten miles of me. They'll all agree that Sam Jones got something sure. [Laughter.] Everybody will get on the witness stand and take the Bible and swear to that. You've been round there, Brother Jarrell, haven't you? And you've heard them talk. "Something has come over Sam Jones," they were accustomed to say; "how changed he is!" And there is the pardoning love of God for us all. I don't believe in this doctrine: If you seek it, you won't find it; if you find it, you haven't got it; if you have it, you don't know it; and if you lose it, you never

had it. I believe that if you seek it you will find it; if you find it, you have got it; if you have got it, you know it; if you've lost it, you had it.

I want to tell you that after I got converted—after I got religion as we Methodists say—I got trouble. I said: "My, my! I believe I'll get to heaven, but I don t believe I can ever hold my head up in heaven. I never can walk up the golden streets in the center of glory." But one day I was sitting down at home reading my Bible, and I saw that God had not only promised to pardon all our sins, but that he would "separate them from us as far as the east is from the west." I said to myself: "Hallelujah! If I can get them away that far, I'll slip up the front streets occasionally Another day I was reading, and I saw that he not only forgave and separated us from our sins as far as the west is from the east, but that he had said: "I will blot them out of the book of my remembrance, and remember them no more forever." Then I said to myself: "Now I'll walk the golden streets like an angel forever."

I never knew the real significance of the words: "I will blot them out of the book of my remembrance forever," till one time I was preaching in Louisville, taking the place of a pastor. When I had finished a brother got up and he said: "Hallelujah! Brother Jones. I was saved by the grace of God seventeen years ago. I was a drunkard, a gambler, a blasphemer, but, glory be to God! I was saved." And sitting over in the aisle I saw a wrinkled-faced old woman. Her face commenced to twist and turn as the brother was making the confession, and when he had finished she ran up to him and said: "Jimmy, what made you say that? Why did you say that you were a gambler and a drunkard? You know you have always been good." And I said: "Glory be to God! though sunk in the depths of sin, God not only forgives me, but blots my sins out of the book of his remembrance. I shall live in glory forever, as if I had never sinned at all."

O for love like this!

> Let rocks and hills their lasting silence break
> And all harmonious human tongues
> Their Saviour's praises speak.

Yes, I believe in religion. I believe in this old Bible. It's the Book of all books to me. You can scoff at this old Book, but I'll

tell you what it has been to me. Listen: Sometime ago I was sitting at my front door, and an express wagon came rushing up. The driver took out a big square box. I did not know what it was, but I took it in to examine it. I took off the lid, then took all sorts of wrappings out, and at last I took out pieces of machinery—a leg here and something else there. I said, "What's this, wife?" for I could not tell. She examined it and said she could not tell, and I gave orders to have it removed to the lumber room. About a week afterwards I went to the post office and received my mail. I got a little pamphlet containing drawings similar to the pieces of machinery I went home and examined the two together, and was thus able to join the parts. Then I had a sewing machine complete, and it was set to stitching and doing all that a sewing machine is supposed to do. So I said to my wife: "I have discovered the secret; the book and the machine go together." Then I got to thinking, and I said to myself: "Look here, Sam Jones, twenty-three years ago you were not put together as you should have been. You'd run backwards and sideways, and you'd run anyway but straight ahead. Twenty-three years ago I took down that old Book, the Bible, and I was put together again." If you show me a fellow who is put together according to this Book, I will show you a fellow who'll be an honor to his mother, an honor to his wife, and a benediction to the world.

Bob Ingersoll is going to talk here soon, I understand, on the Bible. You do not know what I'd give to get to do the exhorting for him on that night. If we wouldn't have as much fun as a box of monkeys at feeding time, you can take my hat. [Laughter.] I wish we could all be there. Look at it—the Bible, the grandest Book that mortal ever had. It's the Book my mother gave me when she was bidding me good-bye—I, a lad, nine years old. She said: "Son, it has guided your father, and your mother has pillowed her head upon its promises; take it and do likewise. It's the best Book this world has ever seen." I want to say to my children: "Your father has set you a good example; take the Bible; stick to its precepts; lean on its promises; pillow your head on its divine force. And when you come to die you can go home to God as happy as a schoolboy goes home from school."

That is all I have to say. I pray for the benediction of God on

this audience to-night. ["Amen."] One word in conclusion: Will every man and woman who desires to respond to the infinite, unfathomable love of God rise and say: "By the grace of God, I will respond to this love?" [Here the vast audience rose *en masse*.] Thank God! five thousand people! May the blessing of Almighty God be upon you and abide with you forever! ["Amen," "Amen," came from every portion of the hall, and the service was closed.]

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD.

REV. MR. JONES'S morning sermon at Entertainment Hall yesterday was preached especially to "mothers, wives, and daughters," and as the number of these in the city is legion, and as nearly all of them are admirers of the evangelist, many more came than could gain admission, and scores of disappointed ones were unable to find even standing room.

After the collection, Mr. Jones, announcing a song by Mr. Excell, said: "There are some songs that carry with them sentiment, and sentiment is the divinest element in human character. A mother's love and a mother's hand! Never anywhere is a mother's hand and a mother's voice forgotten. During our late civil war—and it was a cruel war—a mother was telegraphed for: 'Come to the front. Your boy is fearfully wounded.' She came on the first train, and when she arrived where her boy was being cared for, the lady of the home met her at the door, and she said to the lady: 'Is there a wounded soldier boy here?' 'Yes,' the lady replied, 'and we are expecting his mother.' 'I am his mother,' she said. 'Where is my boy?' 'He is in his room. The doctors are in there now, but they will be out in a moment or two.' Directly the doctors came out, and she introduced herself, but they said: 'We are glad you have come, but you mustn't go in where your boy is. His fever is so high, and his nervous system under such tension, and his wounds so fearfully irritated, that perhaps if you walked into his room, the excitement of seeing you, his mother, might produce death. We will be back early in the morning, and we will let you know when you can see him.' The mother stayed in the adjoining room all night, and listened to the cries and moans of her poor wounded boy. But in the morning the doctors only said, 'You can't see your boy this morning. He is delirious, and it would be a dangerous thing to let you into his room;' and then they went in and ate their breakfast. But the good old mother didn't want any breakfast, and when they all went

away she slipped down the hall with the tread of a cat, and she went in at the open door of her boy's room and stole past the nurse to the side of his bed. And she stood there a moment, and listened to his cries and watched the nervous twitching of his body, and then she began to stroke his forehead with her hand. Her boy passed off into a quiet sleep, it seemed, and the nervous twitching all stopped. He lay perfectly quiet for a moment, and then he said, without moving his position: 'O nurse, how like my mother's hand!' And he didn't know that his mother was within a thousand miles of him. Ah! there is something in a mother's love sweeter than the lullabies of the skies, sweeter than an Æolian harp. O mother! mother! mother! Brother Excell will sing to us now." "My Mother's Hands" was then sung by Mr. Excell with great pathos, and in the hush which followed Mr. Jones began his sermon.

THE SERMON.

There are three words in our language that we associate perfectly naturally together—mother, home, and heaven. These words have always been associated together in my mind from my youth up: Mother, the dearest, sweetest being in all the world; home, with all the memories that belong to it; and heaven, the final resting place of bliss for the good. God's greatest and best gift to a little child is a good mother; God's best gift to a grown man is a good wife; God's best gift to a parent is a sweet, noble Christian daughter. If you were this morning to place here to my right the Bible, the Church, the preachers, the Sunday school, the prayer meeting, put them all here, and stand my sweet Christian mother over there, and ask me, "Now if you would make sure of heaven, which will you take, these influences over here or your sweet mother, standing there?" I would turn my back on all these, and put my arms around my sweet Christian mother's neck and say: "Give me my mother; for if there is any chance for me to be saved, my mother will take me by the hand and lead me home to God and heaven." There is nothing, I repeat it, this side of heaven that can take the place of a good mother. You can talk about Sunday school (that is good); you may talk about the Bible (thank God for that precious book!); you may talk about preachers (thank God for every one of them!); but there is nothing in the universe

of God that can take the place of a sweet, good mother. When that place is made vacant, it is vacant forever. Mother! Somebody once said: "If I could mother this world, I could save this world." There was a convention of mothers some years ago in one of the Eastern States, and the reason for their coming together in convention was to discuss the rearing of children. That was the question before them, and in that convention one mother arose and said: "Now in the rearing of our children, I think we ought to begin with them when they are six years old, and train them up in the right." Another mother said: "Well, I think we ought to begin at five. When our children are five years old let us begin." And another mother spoke up and said: "I began with my children when they were four years old." And another said: "Why not begin when they are three?" Another said: "Why wait till they are three years old? Begin with them when they are two." Another said: "Let us begin with our children when they are just one year old." And a good old mother of Israel spoke up and said: "I'll tell you when to begin; begin twenty years before the birth of the child, on its mother, and give it a good mother; then you needn't bother about its training at all." Ah, what a truth that good old mother spoke! The day you give a child a good mother you have thrown around that child an influence over which the devils of temptation can scarcely climb at all. Mother! And do you know this, my sister? Every little child in this world is placed in your hands when it is as impressible as wax. It can't talk; its mother must teach it to talk. It can't walk; its mother must teach it to walk. And God has fixed it in infancy so that the child can't get away, and for the first year or two of its life it is always by its mother's side, right around its mother. O mother, that child learns to talk from you and learns to walk from you, and as it begins to grow up it begins to love its mother, and lean upon its mother, and expect everything from its mother. If its face is dirty, it is, "Mamma, please wash my face;" if it soils its clothes, it is, "Mamma, please put a clean apron on;" if it is sleepy, it is, "Mamma, please put me to bed;" and "Mamma, please take me up again" in the morning; and its mother has to do with it every hour in the day. Don't you see what vantage ground God has given to the child's mother?

But, mothers, how few of you look at this responsibility right! How few of you weigh this responsibility as you should! Now I know that in St. Louis the saloons and gambling places and avenues of ruin for every young person in this city have multiplied about you; but, sister, God has made you a force, a power against which nothing can prevail if you use that power with a consecrated will and the divine help which God is ready and willing to give every mother in this land. Now you say: "Brother Jones, it is almost impossible to raise a boy right in this city." I grant you that a boy that grows up pure and sober and industrious in this town has run the gantlet. I admit that. But let us go back in history. Do you remember one of the finest characters in all the history of the past: King Josiah? And do you know that his environment was reeking with crime and infamy, and he was surrounded with the most voluptuous crowd that ever lived upon the face of the earth? There was everything to lead him off, and yet to see that magnificent character grow up amid the voluptuousness and vice of the age around him, you can be sure it was in no other way than this: King Josiah had the sweetest and best mother to rear him that almost any boy ever had, and we owe the character of King Josiah to his good and noble mother. And I will say this: There never was a character that blessed humanity but that you can trace its intrinsic worth to the character and training of a sweet, precious mother. There is no relation in all the world more sacred, and I may say more potent, than the relationship of mother. Mother! There is no word in the English language that weighs more than that. It is wonderful to stand on the platform in a civilized country, as Miss Frances Willard does, and charm the world with her eloquence and with her power of logic, and I say to you that I honor such a woman as Miss Frances Willard. She is a power in the kingdom of God and in the history of this century, and will go down the ages as the molder and maker of sentiment along the lines of sobriety and right living as scarcely any character in this century shall do. [Applause.] But I say to you women this: There is a higher position than to be a platform speaker; there is a higher position than to go up to the polls and put in a vote. Let me tell you: A mother that raises five boys right has five votes to put in for the right, and five lives with their

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

potency to lean to the right, and five young men that will bless this country with their character and influence. [Applause.] Your highest privilege is not at the ballot box, slipping in your vote, or to stand on the platform and plead; but it is to show the world, by the sons and daughters that you rear, that your home life has been in harmony with God; and, sisters, we never can reform this world till mothers start the reform at home. [Applause.] I am not standing here preaching against the rights of women. I believe woman has a right to be whatever in the world she wants to be, except the father of a family of children—that's the only place I draw the line. [Laughter.] But I say there is a sphere where woman does her grandest work and achieves the grandest results, and that is in motherhood.

Motherhood! And woe be to a woman if the day comes in her home life when she looks upon children as a nuisance, and looks upon the prattling ones about her fireside as a judgment sent upon her. And I want to say, and say it plainly, right there the devil is getting in his work in this country. You put that down. And I needn't discuss that matter any further. Every guilty one of you know what I am talking about, and the innocent need not know at all. I received a letter from a mother sometime ago, and along toward the close of the letter she wrote me: "God has blessed our home with another sweet angel child. I thank God for these children. They bring only good to me." There is a mother! Let me tell you, whenever canary birds and poodle dogs take the place of children the race is running out. [Laughter.] There ain't any doubt about that. [Prolonged laughter.] I was sitting on a train sometime ago, and a lady, an elegantly dressed lady, was sitting on one seat with a poodle dog in her lap, and the nurse on the next seat with two of the brightest, sweetest little children that I ever saw, and the nurse was fondling the children and the mother was fondling the dog. I sat and watched those two with a great deal of interest, and I said to myself: "There is a reason for everything, there must be a reason for that. Why is it that mother turns her children over to the nurse and she fondles that poodle dog?" And do you know how I finally worked that out? I came to the conclusion that that woman just had an overweening love for her husband's kinsfolk, and so she was nursing them. [Laughter.]

I don't believe in divorces, and I never am going to be divorced. My wife may get one some day if she can, but she'll never do it with my consent. Because I like my wife, I do, dead sure! As I told her the other day, I said: "God bless your soul! I like you. There're very few women I meet in all my rounds that I think more of than I do of you." The idea of my wife and me being parted is the most preposterous thing in the world. I won't part. I won't. But I tell you, if there's anything in God's earth that would tempt me to a divorce it would be to see my wife ride down the streets of the city with a poodle dog in her lap with a blue ribbon tied around its neck. [Laughter.] When God Almighty gives a man a wife and eight or ten children he has done a big thing for that gentleman; but when God just gives him a wife and a little poodle dog he has thrown off on him, he has hardly done anything for him.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

Motherhood! There is no relation that ought to be more coveted, and no relation in the history of human life that ought to be so blest as the relation of motherhood. I tell you, God did much for Mrs. Wesley. Ah, that woman will live in history! Mrs. Wesley will live as long as memory holds its place in any world. God gave her nineteen children, and she is living in her children to-day. And two of her boys revolutionized the moral world. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Show me a mother that keeps her home as sacred as the house of God, and I will show you a mother with boundless influence over her children for good. Show me a mother that turns her home over to worldliness and fashion and the devil, and I will show you a woman whose life is unhappy and whose children are drifting to destruction. [Applause.]

Will you take a picture home with you this morning? When I was but a young preacher on the circuit, there lived in the bounds of my circuit a charming family. The husband was one of those industrious, enthusiastic, enterprising fellows, and he was doing well—a merchant, a miller, and a farmer—and his business prospered. He was a steward in my church, a splendid fellow, and he prayed night and morning in his family. His wife was a lovely woman, and she was teaching a class in the Sunday school. Her husband was superintendent, and they had two bright-eyed little boys that went every Sunday morning with their father and mother to Sunday school. And I picked out that home in memory as one of the brightest, sweetest homes in the world. But just about the time I left that circuit that gentleman sold out his possessions there and moved to a Southern city, and he prospered in business and built him an elegant home, and soon they began to move in higher society. They got into the circle of the four hundred, and that means mighty near damnation for everybody that gets into it. Well, I knew they had moved to town and had grown rich, but I had not seen them for fifteen years, and one day as I was passing through the town I thought that, as I had several hours to spare, I would go and look them up. I found the house and rang the door bell, and a liveried servant met me and carried me into their magnificent parlor, where everything was luxury There were curtains of genuine lace and a carpet that made me feel as if I were walking on eider down quilts, and when I sat down in a chair I didn't stop, I just kept on sitting down. I said: "Tell the lady of the house that Rev. Sam Jones is here, and would like to see her. She'll remember who I am."

And I waited and waited—I thought it was four hours, but I don't reckon it was more than half an hour—and presently a little woman came in amid the rattling of her silks and the dazzling of her diamonds. She poked out a little bony hand at me, and I shook hands with her, but I would just as soon have shaken a dead eel's tail and have done with it. She asked me to sit down, but I said I didn't have but a few minutes to stop. I said: "Let me ask you just one question, and I will go. How is your soul?" When I said the word "soul" she dropped her eyes on the carpet a moment, and when she lifted them again they were swimming in tears.

"O Brother Jones," she said—"if you will allow me to call you brother still—I remember those happy days when we had family prayers every night and went to Sunday school and lived for God; but now we've grown rich and we have no God and no Bible and no Church relations, and those bright-eyed little boys that I used to carry to Sunday school are both drunkards to-day, and sometimes my poor husband staggers in with an unsteady step and thickened tongue, and I want to say to you that we have made an exchange that has bankrupted our happiness and ruined our home." And I said: "Sister, you are speaking truth this time." It wasn't three months after that till I saw that the youngest boy had died a most debauched death, and in the next six months I saw that the other son had shot down a drunken companion and was charged with murder in the first degree.

Passing through the city a second time, I went to see them again, and as soon as I got into the hall the wretched mother came and threw her arms around my neck and wept like a little child, and said: "O miserable me, the most unhappy woman God ever made." I said to her: "Woman, a word or two. When a woman swaps a simple, happy home for a godless life of luxury, doesn't she make a trade that bankrupts and damns the whole family?" "O," she said, "don't chide me. Pray for me, pray for me." And I knelt down and prayed in that desolate home, but I felt just like I was praying in a cemetery—everything dead and buried, and only the tombstones left to mark the graves of what had once been noble and good.

Many a fine house in this town has a skeleton—and a big one—hanging in the closet. I've had women write me letters—and they are good at that—and give me a lively raking over about sassing these society women, saying: "You are ill-bred, sir, and you were never used to anything in your life, and now you are just abusing somebody that has something." They are liars, of course, to say that, but that ain't the reason I have so much to say against them. If you were to ask me this morning, "Mr. Jones, what is the hardest hill you and your wife ever had to pull with your children?" I would say, "The hardest hill wife and I ever pulled our children up was the hill called custom in the community we live in. If our neighbors had a dance we couldn't let our children go, and we

couldn't explain it to them, either, and so they were apt to be resentful and to question our authority; and when our neighbors gave parties they would want to go." And I say that these worldly, giddy, godless society people have made it so hard for us to raise our children right that I'm going to give it to them every chance I get. [Applause.] I say in all candidness and love that the society people of the town are more baleful in their influence upon life than the saloon people of the town. Now why don't you slap your hands at that? [Applause.] Why, the saloons only catch the bums and thugs; but the society people matriculate our boys at their champagne suppers and card parties, and then graduate them at last down in the lowest slums and saloons. Now my boys may both come out drunkards. I don't know; nobody knows. That is the saddest thing of all; nobody knows. But we have done our best, and we have carried on a clean campaign so far.

Wife and I once sat for five long weeks with our oldest boy and watched a fever burning out his very life. One morning wife was sitting quietly by his bed and the doctor came in and said: "Have you got any brandy in the house?" "No," she said. "Well, I must have some," the doctor answered. "His pulse and temperature are both subnormal, and he can't get along without a stimulant." And she said: "Doctor, won't anything but brandy save my boy? I have sat up and prayed over him for five long weeks; but if nothing but brandy will save him, let him die. [Applause.] I would rather he would go on to heaven now while he is pure and innocent than have him grow up to be a drunkard and break my heart." And the boy got well, but he didn't have any brandy. I never have understood why any one of God's saints should ever have to go and get one of the devil's worst mixtures to drink for her health. You can say what you please, but there's not a hog in this country that will drink beer, unless you sweeten it for him. Isn't it strange that a Christian wife and mother has to get some stuff that a hog won't drink, to keep her well? Sister, if you've got to take such stuff as that to keep from dying, why, you'd better die and go to heaven. Isn't that right, Brother Jarrell? [Mr. Jarrell: "Yes, sir; it is."] That's Methodist right. Isn't it Presbyterian right, Brother Stewart? [Mr. Stewart: "Yes, sir.]

A father once said to me, "Brother Jones, do you know what

MARRIAGE

cured me of being a drunkard? I was a genteel drunkard, who took his glass when he felt like it," he said, "and I never thought any harm of it, and one day my wife sent my little boy down to tell me to come to dinner a little earlier than usual, for some reason or other. I started home, and my little boy was with me, and on the way I stopped to get a drink of beer. My little boy caught me by the hand, and said: 'Papa, what is that?' I told him it was beer, and I drank it down, but when we got out of the saloon and walked across the street he said again: 'Papa, what did you say that was?' 'Why, it was beer, my son,' I replied, and we went on. And when we got to the house, he pulled me down and said once more: 'Papa, please tell me another time what that was that you drank.'" And the father said: "I never have tasted it since. And I knelt down right then and prayed: 'O God, don't let that little boy of mine turn out to be a drunkard just on account of that one drink he saw me take.'" I tell you there are drunkards in this town who could tell tales that would break their mothers' hearts. Some people speak like this [imitating]: "I think the best way to train your children is to get them a billiard table and some cards, and have wine at home, and then they won't want to go off." Let me give you the logic of that, sister. I've a little pig that I'm going to give corn to while he is a little pig, and when he gets big he won't want any corn at all. The best way to keep the hog from wanting corn is to give it plenty of corn when it's a little pig. [Laughter.] "Blessed are the children that don't know how to drink and gamble and carouse, for mother and father never taught them; blessed are the children that never did wrong, because their mother and father never set the example for them." Your children will follow you. The old crawfish said to the young crawfish, "My son, let me see you swim forward;" and the little one said, "Father, let me see you hit that lick first, then I will follow." You see the old crawfish always swims backward, but he wanted the kid to do what he couldn't do himself.

Mothers, there are three things to look to. First, to your example; secondly, to your precept; and, thirdly, to the everlasting settlement of the question: "Am I a Christian?" I can understand how a man can be wicked, but I never can understand how a woman with bright little children around her that she can take to heaven

with her or to hell with her—I never can understand how she can be anything else but the noblest, sweetest creature God ever made. Mother, you don't know what your children think about you. There isn't one child in a thousand but that thinks that whatever mamma does is right. You troop it down to the theater, or to the card party, and your child will go too. You have champagne around your house, and your children will drink it anywhere they can find it later on. They say: "Why, mother did that, mother did this, and there is nothing wrong about it." There isn't a mother but what wants her children to be good and happy and noble, and you know down in your hearts that the only way for them to be that is to be good and happy and noble yourselves. I'll tell you another thing: If you have a drunken boy at your house, you ain't happy, or if you've a girl that you can't trust out of your sight, you're not happy. Our children are a good deal like horses. I saw a horse once that you could let out in a good short trot, check him up and he would stop; let him out in a little faster trot, check him up, and he would kick a little; let him out a little faster still, and try to check him up again, and he would kick tremendously. I was telling this story once, and an old woman said to me afterwards: "God bless you, Brother Jones! you've told the truth. I told my daughter last night she couldn't go to the ball, and she got so angry she kicked a chair clear across the room." [Laughter] I'm sorry for a parent that has lost control of a child. Children will come to a mother and plead and persuade, but the true mother says "No," and it means no, or "Yes," and it means yes. I like a woman that has spunk—one of the blue hen's chickens that you can't run over. The children know just as well who to fool with as they know anything. If they've got a mother they can argue with, they will catch her every time and beat her every time.

God bless the mother! These two little pictures I want you to take away with you. Here is a mother, a real mother, and here is a mother in name only. Here is a little Annie, the daughter of the mother in name only—a sweet little six-year-old girl—and she comes in and says: "Mamma, please give me some scraps for my doll dress." "I shan't do it," the mother answers; "you have wasted more scraps than you and your doll are worth, and I will wear you out if you don't quit bothering me." Little Annie

hangs ner head and goes away. Next day she comes in again: "Please, mamma, give me some thread for my needle." "There you are again, you little vixen. You just worry me from morning till night. Go put on your hat, and see if you can't bother Mrs. Brown a little while; I'm clear worn out." And little Annie goes away, but she says to herself: "I just wish't I was dead; mamma never says a kind word to me." And the next day she comes in again and says: "Mamma, please let me have your scissors." "I shan't do it. You just want to stick your eyes out, and I will certainly wear you out if you don't go off and let me have some peace." The little one goes off to herself again, but this time she says: "I wish't my mamma was dead." And so little Annie is coming up, and now she is eighteen years old and a perfect typhoon. Her mother draws the corners of her mouth down and says: "I don't know what is the matter with my daughter; I've done the best I could for her." I can tell you what is the matter. She is a chip off the old block. If I were a widower and little Annie's mother were a widow, I wouldn't know which of the two to choose, but I think I'd take the mother, because she'd die off the quickest.

But here is the true mother: Little Mary comes in and says, "Please, mamma, give me some thread for my needle;" and mamma says, "Very well, dear, in a moment," and she takes the thread and threads the needle and ties it in a strong knot for her; and little Mary says, "Thank you, mamma;" and when she comes in the next day and says, "Please, mamma, give me some scraps," the mother says, "Yes, dear, in a moment;" but the mother was just now reading a verse in the Bible: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." "Do you know what that means, darling?" "No, ma'am." "It means that you ought to begin right now to be good and grow up a sweet and noble Christian." And the next day little Mary comes in again, and her mother says: "Do you remember, dear, the verse that I repeated to you yesterday?" "No, mamma, I can't repeat that verse, but I remember what you told me about being a sweet, good little girl, and when I went out yesterday I knelt down and said: 'O Lord, help me to be a sweet Christian girl, just like my mamma.'" And her mother says: "Will you go into the next room, Mary, and

kneel and pray with mamma a little while?" And I imagine I can see a thousand disappointed angels shut out on the outside. They wanted to see what great things God was going to do for mother and little Mary. And by and by the mother came out holding little Mary by the hand, and tears that would not have stained an angel's cheek ran down little Mary's face, and an angel went up and put his hand under the tear and caught it, and it crystallized in his hand. and then, ahead of all the other angels, he winged his way back to the skies and called the hosts of heaven together and said: "Here is the crystallized tear of a sweet little girl that a mother is training for this world." And when little Mary is eighteen years old she is the joy and blessing of her mother's heart and a comfort to her friends. Do you know what is the matter with little Mary? She is a chip off the old block. She is just like her mother. Go thou, sister, and do likewise.

I want every mother that will say, "God helping me, I will be a better mother to my children," to stand up; and will every wife and daughter present say, "God helping me, I will be a better wife and daughter?" Thank God for a unanimous settling of this question! And now may the blessing of Almighty God abide with you forever! Amen.

MY HEART IS FIXED, O GOD.

THE farewell services conducted at Music Hall yesterday by Rev. Sam Jones surpassed, in point of attendance and enthusiasm, all his former efforts. Fully twelve thousand people sought admission to the main auditorium, and long before the hour for the beginning of the services it was apparent that many would be turned away. An overflow meeting was held in Entertainment Hall, and still the throng was not accommodated. On the steps of the Olive Street entrance and along the sidewalk between two and three thousand people stood barred from Music Hall by closed doors, it having been deemed necessary to shut off access. Desirous of having a word with all who sought to hear him, Rev. Mr. Jones took up a position on the steps and spoke for some ten minutes. When he had finished the crowd seemed better satisfied, and dispersed. Rev George Stuart, the colleague of Rev Mr. Jones, discussed the temperance question in a characteristic manner before a compact audience in Entertainment Hall.

The Sermon.

Now if you will be thoughtful and prayerful, I trust we will have a blessed parting service as congregation and preacher. These are the words which we shall use as the text: "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed." Some one has said very wisely that nothing is settled till it is settled right; nothing is fixed until it is fixed right. God has said a very strong thing in Ezekiel: "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it: and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him." The plain English of those declarations is about this: "I will overturn it, and keep turning and turning until it is right side up." There is but one thing that has come to stay, and that is the right, and he who plants himself on right and embodies the right and loves it is the fellow that is immortal here and immortal hereafter. And when

David said, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed," he planted himself, and having settled the question for right and truth and God, he said: "There is no more opening up of this question; no more discussing it; no more inquiry; no more probing, but I close up the question now and forever. From this moment, live or die, I will serve my God alone."

I dare say, my brother, if you will run back over your experience for the past ten years you will see that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. You will see that your trouble has been that you never settled and fixed it once and forever. "Here I stand, here I'll abide." When a man does that he is in a position to hold his ground. "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed. The great question of right is settled, the great question of obedience, the great question of service to God has been discussed and probed and dissected and inquired into for the past, but from this time on it will never be opened any more. I shall never bring that question up for discussion any more; let others do as they will, let the millions live as they will, but one man has settled it, and settled it beyond all cavil and all reopening. It is right to serve God, and I am going to do it; it is wrong to serve the devil and do wrong, and I am done from this time till I die." That puts a man on a platform where he can announce his principles, pass his by-laws, and fix the whole business so it runs like machinery until God calls him up higher. And when a man gets on ground like that he is in a position not only to be something, but to do something. I wish every man in this country would start his religious life like William Lloyd Garrison began his *Liberator*, that wonderful periodical. You remember his salutatory. The first issue of that wonderful periodical had these words as a salutatory: "I am in earnest, I will be heard. I will not prevaricate, I will not retreat an inch." And with those sentences backing him, brother, he never stopped until the shackles fell from the limbs of four million slaves in the South! [Applause.] And they are to-day enjoying the freedom born of such convictions as William Lloyd Garrison possessed!

It cost him something to hold his ground. They dragged him through the streets of Boston, they maltreated him, they mobbed him; but in after years, when he conquered, they built a monu-

ment to him, and he will live forever in the hearts of the four millions of slaves that were set free by his determined convictions, his everlasting holdin' on to 'em until victory came. He meant business! And I believe he did our folks down South more good than he did the niggers! [Laughter and applause.] I do. I'll tell you—we were raising up a crop down there that wasn't worth killing. [Laughter.] We were raising up a crop of aristocracy down there that wasn't good for the country; but we are raising a brawny, laborious, noble set of boys down there now, and they stand in their places like men. And the brother in black is doing first rate. [Laughter.] He is improving all the time, and in many respects is doing well. I suppose there is no race in the world getting along so well on the work they do. They don't have to work much. [Laughter.] They can work three months in the year, and that puts them to blackberries, and the blackberries puts 'em to watermelons, and melons fetches 'em to persimmons, and persimmons brings 'em to possums, and possums lasts 'em all winter. [Laughter.]

It was the determined spirit of William Lloyd Garrison that finally won the victory. Hear me, brother: Whenever I hit against a fellow that has that mettle in him—there is something in this knife blade. I have always heard 'em call it mettle. Mettle! Mettle! And after I whet that knife on my shoe I can shave with it. It has the stuff in it you call mettle; and I do love to see a fellow that has the corresponding stuff in him! It's something that makes him take possession and hold his ground, though all the world's against him. And if you have mettle in you, old fellow, you can do something and be something; but if you haven't it, you had just as well go on back now [Laughter.] That's right.

When David said, "My heart is fixed," he meant, first, "My choice is fixed." I'll tell you, that's saying a big thing. You know a man in this world is guided by his choice like the grand old ships are guided by their chart and compass. Choice! A man that does right because he wants to! A man that don't do wrong because he don't want to do it! That's the safe fellow Do you know why I haven't been drunk since I've been in St. Louis? 'Cause I didn't want to! [Laughter.] And, thank God! I didn't have to, either! And if a fellow gets to where he don't

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have to and don't want to, the devil just tells him: "Good-bye, bud; I'm done with you." [Laughter.] Do you know why I haven't been in a gambling hell since I have been here? Because I don't want to and don't have to. There is many a man here, though, that has been here three weeks like me, and can't say it. You wanted to, and you went, didn't you? I know you. And you've been trying to borrow some money ever since. Let me tell you, I would trust no condition of heart where the choice of the will wasn't settled. "I don't want to do it, I don't have to do it, and by the grace of God I will die before I do it—just won't do it!" A man don't have to do it, if he settles it as he should. My choice is fixed, O God. My will is fixed. I have settled those things. And again, not only is my choice fixed and my will settled upon this question, but listen: My affection, my affinities have been adjusted rightly in this thing. I never count a fellow safe until he begins to love to do right. The joy of a good man's soul is to get along and do right, and he finds that virtue carries its reward in its own hands, and pays him every day as he goes. My affections are right. You know when a man begins to love the Church and love the Bible and love the prayer meeting and love to visit the sick and help the poor and love to do everything that is noble and good, then you'll see he has inspiration for his work and a desire for his work, and feels very unhappy when he has neglected it. To love it! I thank God that I fell in love with my calling as a preacher as soon as I went at it. I expect I've preached more sermons in the last twenty-three years than any man living in the world to-day has preached in twenty-three years. I believe I have averaged seven hundred sermons a year for twenty-three years. I believe I've preached six thousand sermons since I was called into the ministry of Christ—and I had rather preach to-night than to do anything this side of heaven. I had. Here's one fellow you can't buy off. [Applause.] I am in love with my job. If the Queen of England would offer her crown to me to-morrow, I'd look over the water and wire back to her: "I have a crown awaiting me up yonder grander than England ever put on the head of a mortal man, or than any country the world ever saw put on a king or czar—a crown of everlasting life awaiting me." And, brother, I have a more blessed possession in this world and a grander crown

in the world to come than any king or potentate or czar the world ever saw ["Amen."]

Some of you think it would be a fine thing to get rich. Well, I've stayed with some of those rich fellows, and I have stayed with one a week, but, brother, I went away thinking: "Why, old fellow, I wouldn't get into your old hide and stay there a week for anything you've got." Why, he can't eat, he can't sleep, he can't enjoy life. He is miserable when he's got it, and miserable when he's losing it, and miserable when he's lost it. Do you know how much John Jacob Astor said he got out of this world? He got three meals a day, and his clothes and lodging. That's a fact. Bless your soul! I used to get that on a circuit down in Georgia that paid its preacher before I went there sixty-five dollars a year. I got three square meals a day and a bed at night, and my clothes—I got that! The daughter of one of our millionaires spoke to him and asked: "Father, what would you like for a New Year's present?" It was the last day of the year, and the old year was waning. He looked at his daughter, and said: "I want the gift of a good night's sleep, and an appetite for breakfast to-morrow morning." God bless you! I had that right then—I had both those things! [Laughter.] I had what a millionaire couldn't buy Brother, what is it good for? Pile it up! Hoard it up! But if the moneyed men in this city would tell you the plain, naked truth, they would say: "Increasing riches, increasing wealth, have brought cares and anxieties that I never knew before." "They that will be rich fall into divers temptations." That is God's word. An old fellow that spends his whole life making money till he is old and weary, and sits down at last with his fortune, but with no capacity for enjoying it, reminds me of a fly that has fallen into a barrel of molasses—a little molasses is good for him; but when he falls into the barrel, then it is all molasses and no fly. [Laughter and applause.] "I will make money, I will have gold!" It will end! It will end! It will end! The handwriting on the wall will be seen, and Belshazzar's knees will smite together. It will all end!

But the fellow that has fixed and settled his affection in the right direction; he will love the things that God loves, and hate the things that God hates—tied on to God by his affinities, roped on to

the good because he loves it. And when a man gets there he is in pretty safe condition. But when a fellow loves this world, loves riches, loves what this world can give him, he is in pretty bad shape.

Again, not only is my choice fixed and my will fixed and my affections fixed, but my whole being is fixed. You know it is one thing to have your head right and another to get your heart right, and then your feet and hands and tongue—all must be fixed and settled for the right. I have heard fellows say, "I've got religion right in my heart, sir;" and when they died you could put it on their tombstones, "Here lies a solid lump of religion"—it never got out at all, just stayed there. I believe God puts his grace right in the top of a fellow's head first, and it bores right down through his brain until it reaches his heart, then on down until it taps his pocketbook. [Laughter.] Then it springs up like an artesian well. God don't commence at the heart and bore up. You don't begin at the bottom of a well and bore up, but you begin at the top and bore down. I like to see a fellow that has got some sense. Whenever you see a fellow that has got more religion than he has sense he is a fool; when you see a fellow with more sense than he has religion, he's a rascal. And it is mighty hard to split the difference. But when a fellow that has got a good level head gets his will consecrated to God he will be a power anywhere. Good sense and good religion! That's the grandest compound in the world.

Now, brother, that puts a fellow where he has made a choice in the conduct of his life. My life is brought in harmony with my head and my heart and all my body, and they all work together like the machinery of a grand locomotive moves to the pressure of the steam in the boiler. I have seen a fellow with his head in the Church, but his feet out in the ballroom cutting a pigeon wing. I have seen a fellow get his feet and his heart and his head in the Church, but have a miserable, poisoning tongue. Brother Tyrrell, you put your crowd under water, and we Methodists sprinkle them, and the Presbyterians pour the water on; but I never saw a fellow yet at any of 'em but his tongue came out as dry as powder. Do you baptize any of your fellows' tongues, Brother Tyrrell? [Mr. Tyrrell: "No."]

And I can say to you folks that there are those who get their feet and their tongue into the Church, but their heart is full of enmity and ill will and unkindness; then the heart is all wrong. I have seen a fellow whose heart seemed to be right, his hands and feet seemed to be right, but he was everlastingly into some devilment, and said it was a matter of his head. And I have seen some folks that it would be a mercy to them to cut their heads off. [Laughter.] These fellows everlastingly in trouble! Haven't you seen them? I want to be right by heart; want my hands right, working for God; my feet right, walking in the paths of righteousness; and my soul full of love divine and love to all humanity. ["Amen."] Now you are getting your forces right, and when you get your forces right, then the whole man follows in line, and then he can stand up like David did and say: "My heart is fixed, my soul is fixed, my life is fixed, my all is fixed and settled on the right side of every question. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed!"

Now what position does it put you in? The fellow that says that, the first thing he is going to do is to join some Church. I have no patience with the fellow that is going to be a good fellow out of the Church. Here! you are a sort of a religious bushwhacker. [Laughter.] You know what a bushwhacker was during the war, don't you. A fellow that was all by himself, and he would kill a rebel or a Union man, a Union man as quick as a rebel, if the fellow had a horse or anything that he could get. That was a bushwhacker. I've got no respect for a religious bushwhacker, a fellow that don't belong to any Church. He is a pious fellow, but he don't belong to any Church. And, look here! When a fellow gets his head and his heart right, he will go and join a Church just as naturally as a young duck goes for water I don't care if an old hen did hatch it out, it will be down to the pond before night. [Laughter.] And a fellow consecrated to God will make for the Church. I am mighty glad I joined the Church. I never will forget the day when I settled the question, and walked up and gave my noble old grandfather my hand. He was a preacher in Georgia at the time I walked up, a good, grand old man, and I said: "Grandfather, put my name down; I'm in for the war." "Well," you say, "Sam Jones, did you feel fit?" No sir, I didn't; but I tell you the first truth. My ideal of a Church membership is so high

that I have never felt fit to be in the Church a single day since I joined; I never have. It's a fact. And I am glad I joined; and if they were to turn me out to-morrow, I would join again. [Laughter.] And I have this much to say: that if they wouldn't open the doors where I was, I would be there every time to hear the songs and the sermon. I am like the good old darky. When a preacher came to town on a circuit and threw open the doors of the church old Uncle Davie walked up and joined. A month afterwards a preacher came around and opened the doors again, and the same old negro came up and joined. The next time that the preacher came again Uncle Davie joined again, and the preacher said: "Look here, Uncle Davie, you have been joining the church every time the doors have been opened, for forty years; what do you mean?" And he said: "Boss, if you just knewed how much good it did me the first time I jined you never would blame me for jining every year every chance I get." [Laughter.] And I feel just as that darky did; I just want to go up and join again. You can all live out of the Church that wish; but, thank God! we have the best people in the world in the Church, and he who puts himself in the Church and puts himself where he can do the best work for God can find the greatest solace, help, and comfort for his own soul. [Applause.] Come into the Church! Live for God! I love to see a fellow come into the Church like we boys used to get into the water—jump on a springboard, and then we would run and leap and turn two somersaults before we hit the water. And I like to see a fellow run and leap way over into the Church, so that the devil can't reach him; he has gone too far, and the devil has to hunt other game. Come on over into the Church; I like it.

Again, he not only comes into the Church as a poor little driveling invalid, but he comes in to be somebody. What would you think of a mother that had ten children—and of course that is an unthinkable thing in the West End—[laughter], but I am talking now of other parts. [Renewed laughter and applause.] Hear me: Suppose a mother had ten children, and one of them is twenty-one years old, and one nineteen, one seventeen, one thirteen, and all down, and every one of the ten little bits of fellows, three in this cradle, two in that one, three in the trundle-bed, and two in her lap, all little fellows, just the same size as they were when they were a

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week old. God bless you, that mother has a hard time of it: there ain't one of them that can walk, nor one of them can talk; and all they can do in the world is to cry and suck a bottle. Brother Tyrrell, wouldn't you love to see all the babies in the Church in this town together? Well, is every man in the Church who sucks a bottle a baby? [Laughter and applause.] It is the best sign in the world of a baby, sucking a bottle. And there are just thousands of grown members in this town, so called, sucking a bottle. [Renewed laughter and applause.] Brother Tyrrell, haven't you got members that can't walk and can't work and can't talk [response of "Yes"] and suck a bottle? [Laughter.] Babies! Babies! My, my! The Church is full of trundle-bed trash. [Laughter.] Hardly men enough to run the Church; hardly women enough to work and put things in order for God. I tell you, I never was an invalid or a little tiny baby a single day in the Church. I joined the Church on Sunday and the following Wednesday my old grandfather, an old Methodist preacher, was just starting to go over to another church, and I got in the buggy and rode out with him, and when we got there the preacher that was to be there and preach for him was away, and my old grandfather came to me and he said: "Sam, the preacher has just written me that he can't come and preach, and I am so hoarse I can't preach. My boy, you'll have to preach to-night." "Well," I said, "grandpa, I don't know anything to preach." [Laughter.] "Well," he said, "if God has called you, you can preach." I said: "Shucks, you can't fool me. [Laughter.] A man can't preach unless he knows something." "Well," he said, "you've got to preach, Sam." Well, that settled it with me. He carried me up to the pulpit, right there within two miles of where I lived, and the church full of fellows that knew me. I took this text: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation." And I didn't know but two things: first, that God was good; and the other, that I was happy; and that was my exegesis of that text, "God is good; I am happy." And I talked about twenty minutes, and forty of my neighbors and friends who had known me for life were there, and I talked about the love that I had in my heart, and that God wanted to see everybody saved, and I called for penitents, and forty or more came and knelt around the altar to offer their hearts as converts.

And when I got into the buggy with my old grandfather and we rode off, he said: "Go it, my boy! God has called you to preach; if you do like a man, he will see you through." ["Amen."] And I want to say that I never went to a theological "cemetery" a single day in my life. [Laughter.] Thank God! And you take a fellow that has spent four years in a theological "cemetery" [laughter], he has got dry; you can hear him rattle while he is preaching. [Laughter.] Dried out! I went at it and I have been at it every week, every day almost, since. I fell in love with my work and stayed by it; I came into it to do something and to be something.

Then again, a man who comes in to work will come in to pay. I despise a so-called stingy member of the Church—a little, old, narrow, contracted, stingy fellow, who would skin a flea for its hide and tallow. We've got a whole lot of them here to-night. Your preacher wants to raise some money, and he goes to you and you will give him a dollar and tell him if that ain't enough to come back again. Ain't that so, Brother Tyrrell? They will say: "I will give you a little now; if that ain't enough, come back again." That reminds me of our little piny woods cows down in Georgia that don't give but a pint of milk at a milking, and won't let you milk but one teat at a time, and then she will run all over [laughter] creation, and you will have to hem her in and get another bundle of fodder, and when you get through milking you ain't got enough to go in the coffee. [Laughter.] I have no patience with that sort of a fellow—"I can give you a little now; and if that ain't enough, come back again." I like a broad fellow that gives like a prince. I would rather be a pauper and give like a prince than to be a prince and give like a pauper. ["Amen" and applause.] I have no respect for a stingy member of the Church. Take an old hide-bound, stingy member of the Church, and the gospel bounces off of him like peas off of a cow's hide; it just won't go in at all; you've got to shoot him in the eye to hurt him; he's got an old alligator skin. I know that there were some members of my church that I was afraid all the time the devil would get them, and I had to pray like forty to keep from being glad that he was going to get them. [Laughter.] You old stingy fellows get all you can and keep all you get.

Brother, my conception of Church membership is the correlated

forces of Christianity that lead men to be noble and true, and good and great. I hold up to you now, in a figure that I want you to take home with you, the highest and the lowest types of a Christian for companion pictures. Here is a grand, true, noble, broad, generous Christian; and here is a narrow, contracted, stingy little fellow. See that little fountain as it leaps down the mountain side, and runs along in its healthful activity? It passes near a pond, and the old pond halts it and says, "Whither away, Master Streamlet?" and the little streamlet says, "I am going to the river to bear this cup of water which God hath given me;" and the old pond smiled at its complacency and said: "You poor, foolish thing, we have had a backward spring, and you will dry up during the summer." The little streamlet replied, "I will use this blessing while I have it;" and on it went in its generous, verdant, useful course. By an by the hot sun came down, and hotter and hotter still, but the trees that lined the verdant course of the streamlet locked their boughs above it and on it went; but the old pond began to breathe malaria and the wind scattered the malaria, and by and by the sun came hotter and hotter, and it could not touch the little streamlet, but the pond was smitten with this hot breath, and it was dried up from the face of the earth. The fellow that gives like a prince, and pours forth with the generous gush of a river, is the man that will run on and never die till he runs up on the grave of his God—the fellow that gives and lives for others. [Applause.] Give yourself to the Church, and be a servant in the sense that you serve God and do right and get to heaven.

I would be glad to see a thousand men come into the kingdom of God and into the Church as a result of these meetings. Thank God! I believe right here to-night twenty thousand people have come to this service, here and in the other hall, and they have literally filled the streets, coming from every direction. Thank God for a Sunday night and for twenty thousand people who will try to enter into a service where God is honored, and where Jesus Christ is held up as the Saviour of men! ["Amen."] Brother, it is high tide, and God's grace has already struck this old town. When I see some pulling back, and looking back, and hesitating, and halting, I think of a picture I saw when I was preaching in Augusta, Ga. At a closing service I exhorted and pleaded earnestly, but

when the invitation came many stood back. Just before I dismissed the audience one of the grand old pastors—I would to God there was such a pastor in every church in America—he looked like a very prophet of God, said: "I have sat here to-night, and these appeals were enough to wake the dead, but they didn't come and it reminded me of an incident in my boyhood days, of a ship that was stranded, that lay high and dry, and was not moved by many a storm, until at last one morning I looked down and saw it again, and I ran down to the beach with all my might, just as the old ship had crumbled and gone into ten thousand pieces. I looked at the poor old ship, and I knew how it would be." O great eternal God, look at this audience of people to-night; this is the highest tide, perhaps, of God's power that ever struck this town, and I look out on these six thousand or seven thousand people and say: "Poor old sinner, go out with this tide into the ocean of God's infinite love. Don't sit on the beach; go out!" If this tide leaves you high and dry, you will crumble into despair and wreck and ruin on the beach of damnation at last. God help you to go out into the boundless and bottomless ocean of God's eternal life! Amen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE following pages are composed mainly of articles written by Mr. Jones, covering a vast variety of subjects. In them will be found the same elements of vigor and pith which, combined with sterling good sense and a deep, broad sympathy with humanity, render all his productions, oral or written, so popular and so helpful.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS.

ONCE a son and now a father, I look from both standpoints on the boys of our country—in the twofold light of son and father. If every boy could be first a father and then a son, his life would be very different. There are three things which every boy must guard with great care: character, mind, and body. Boys, as I travel over this great country of ours, when I come in contact with the masses of the people, and the classes of the people, when I see the various systems for cheating and gambling and defrauding; when I see the various appliances in dry goods stores, in street cars, and in all public offices for guarding and catching up with the dishonest acts of employees, I sometimes ask the question: "Is it to be supposed that every young man is a rascal?" Whatever may be said of these various appliances for keeping up with the rascality of clerks and employees, I am sure that one thing is true: In the future of our country's development there will be no more valuable thing than a genuinely honest and clearly trustworthy young man, clean and square in walk, in life, in business. I grant you, young man, that the flattering hopes of gain held out by the gambling machinery at every corner of life offer great temptations in the face of honest toil, hard times, and small salary. Thousands of our boys are biting at the card table, the horse race, the faro and the monte, the lottery and the slot machine, and every bite fastens a hook to which is a cord by which our boys are pulled from an honest, upright life. A reporter on a city paper said to me: "When I see a salaried young man bucking at gambling in any of the dens of the city, I keep my eye on him, for I am sure of a first-class sensational write up in a very short time." To say nothing of the great future, the pleasure given to loved ones, the laurels of public opinion hanging upon the brow of the honest young man, if we bring it down to a simple matter of getting on in this world, we may fall back on the old proverb: "Honesty is the best policy." Young man, under these facts, if you can get the

consent of your mind to drop a nickel in the "nickel-in-the-slot" machine, you have made one stroke at the foundation of an honest character, and this prepares the way for another and another and another, and inch by inch, little by little, you undermine your character, and you will be astonished when you astonish your friends by the utter downfall of a once noble character He who is dishonest in a nickel makes an opportunity to be dishonest in a dime, then in a dollar, then in fifty, then in a hundred, then in any amount. Young man, write this down in your hat: The highest positions in every business in life are holding the crown of honor for the brow of the upright, downright, outright honest young man, and that the prison cells hold the stripes of shame for the young man who swerves from the path of honesty But an upright character is not enough. The time has passed when illiteracy can stem the current. This is an age when every fellow is after the dollar, when the first thought comes to the boy: "How can I make a dollar?" Boys get impatient at the public school, and stop the real preparation of life's work; with an uncultured mind and undeveloped manhood, they run off through the first open door after a dollar. The wisest boy in this country is the boy who takes every opportunity for the highest and best mental culture. The mind, like muscle, grows by culture, and amid all the machinery of modern business only the men who have strong, level heads can stem the flood and make the landing. The almost universal rule to-day is that our boys have swapped off their schools for a trifling business job, putting the dollar above manhood and mind. Look to your own circle, young man. Write down the names of the young men you know How many of them have thorough mental training, fitting them for the most responsible and weighty positions of life? They may look well, and dress well, and smell well; but figure, clothing, and perfumery won't fill the positions of a man. Amid the ebbs and flows of commercial tides, amid the tricks and tricksters of trade, amid the increasing crises of business life, we need men of strong, well-developed, well-balanced brain power. To keep a clear mind you must keep free from dissipation. Strong drink, late hours, the ballroom, the club, and the theater will make strains that no business man ought to stand, and that no business man can stand long.

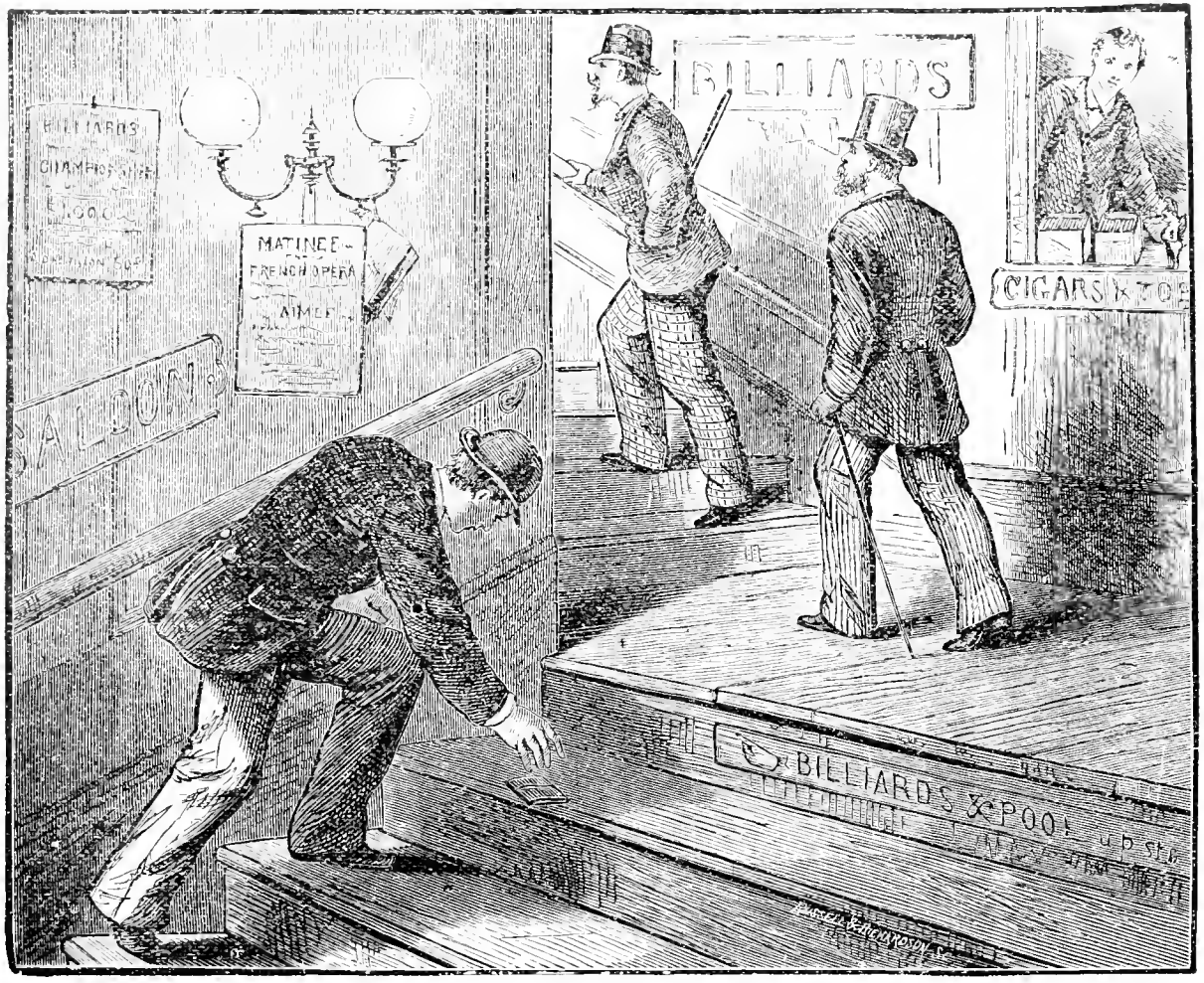
In this busy, nervous age few of our boys are giving proper attention to their bodies. I grant you that there are gymnasium halls, gunning clubs, etc., etc., but these are so conducted as that they unite with them dissipations that hurt the young man more than he is helped. How few of our boys are absolutely free from things that are deadly to muscle and nerve and sinew! How few of them are free from the glass, the midnight hour, and the shameless debauch! How few of them take a simple outdoor exercise in their leisure hours, retire and rise regularly, eat and work regularly, and conform to the simple laws looking to the preservation of a sound body and a sound mind! Young man, do you ever stop and ask yourself the questions: "Where am I going? At what point am I developing myself? At what point will I arrive along these lines at the end of thirty years?"

Boys from our best homes, surrounded by the most favorable circumstances, with every advantage for the success of mind, body, and character, are annually going to the gutter. We meet daily, wherever we go, vagabonds who ought to have been princes.

THE WRONG ROAD.

OF the sixty-six millions of population in the United States, there are not less than ten millions of young men between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, many of them in school, many of them this year to receive their diplomas from the colleges and high schools, many of them merging into manhood without education; and while we have the problem of commerce, finance, and agriculture, and while we are grappling with the liquor question, there is no problem of equal weight and importance with the one involving the character and the destiny of the young men now growing up and projecting their lives into the great currents of society and business life in America to-day More than one-half of those young men are not trained up in professions, and a large class of them are not trained to work at all; they have been furnished bed and board and have leaned upon the arm of parents or guardians, and very few of them can stand alone at twenty-one years of age. Many of them have neither time nor disposition to solve the problems before them and adjust themselves to the duties and conditions essential to their development and maintenance along the right lines. The billiard rooms, with their midnight revels, claim thousands of our boys; of course the barrooms attached to the billiard rooms furnish the essential thing to keep up their courage and ruin their character. It is amazing to pass by popular billiard halls in the cities and see from fifty to one hundred young men playing pool or billiards, with one hundred more men sitting around the walls looking on amid the fumes of tobacco and whisky, and the air made hideous with profanity. The young man who takes a position here is already ruined; there is nothing lacking to complete his ruin.

The theaters, with their living pictures and high kickers, claim a large portion of our boys every night. There they feed the passions and lower the elements of their nature until virtuous society is a bore to them and they lose all desire for pure womanhood.



THE WRONG ROAD.

The race track is another fruitful source of ruin to our boys. The passion for betting on horse races is as degrading to character and as hurtful to the morals of young people as the houses of shame. The millions of money gathered by the professional sports from the pockets of our young men would startle this nation if the figures were known; clerks, young business men, railroad men, all classes and trades furnish the money in this way to fill the pockets of the sports and keep the horses going, and while the horses are going our young men are going at a gait toward wreck and ruin, faster than Nancy Hanks, Jay-Eye-See, or any other thoroughbred, ever made it.

Another fruitful source of wreck and ruin to our young men is the gilded gambling hells which every city furnishes. The passion for gambling at faro or keno or poker fastens itself like a leech upon the young man, and he is ruined before he knows he is hurt. If our boys could realize it, what a blessing it would be to them if they would stop it forever! Another source of everlasting ruin to our young men are the resorts where shameless women preside. No young man can long withstand the influence of associations like this. The poor, degraded, drunken, opium-eating woman with stupor from opium and hilarity which liquor gives—this ghastly picture tells the tale to our young men which they ought to hear and heed. As sure as one is degraded and wrecked, the other will be by the association which makes them congenial. The great God who made us has stamped his disapproval in one thousand ways upon a life like this.

Another source of ruin to our boys is idleness. An idle man is a vagabond, and not only a curse to society, but to himself. No young man is safe who is not employed; and the boy who can get his consent to be idle, and yet consume what others have made, is a begger by instinct and a worthless dog by nature.

Another source of ruin to our boys is prodigality. Many of them are spendthrifts, many of them resort to questionable means, and others resort to dishonest means to obtain the money upon which they live and with which they degrade their manhood. Defalcations and thefts multiply, and many fathers and guardians today are at a loss to know how to check this current which sweeps their loved ones on to the gulf of ruin.

Another source of infinite harm to our boys is want of ambition in right directions: to excel in character; to excel in their professions and trades; to make themselves known, and then to make themselves necessary The boy that lacks the inspiration which wise ambition gives is minus one of the essential things which propel manhood and conquer difficulties.

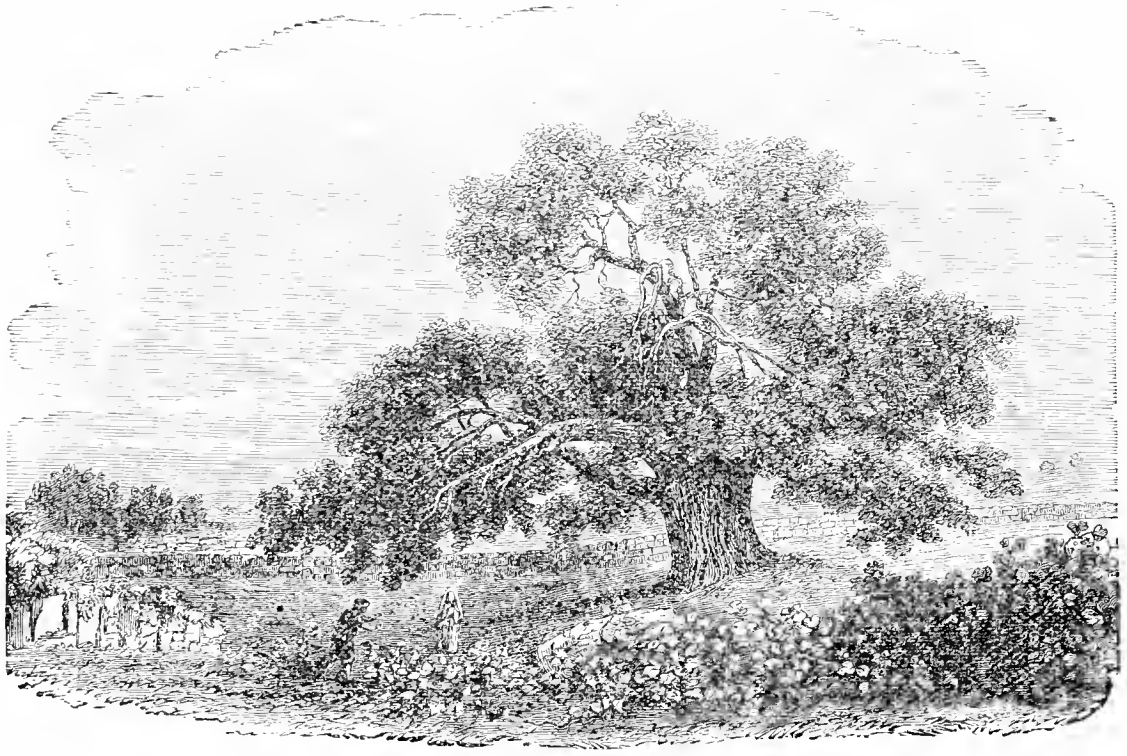
Perchance this article will fall under the eyes of many young men. To some it will be but the obituary of their ruined lives; to some, perchance, it will be an inspiration to lop off the harmful things and an inspiration to incorporate into their lives the principles of right, economy, and industry, and thereby beget for them the real success into which their noble life should shape itself. In my evangelistic work the last few years hundreds of young men have come into my room and given me a history of their ruin and the reasons of their downfall. I have often wished that every young man could have listened to their tale of woe and their sighs of despair. It is true that many of our young men will learn from neither experience nor observation, but in spite of facts and figures, wrecked manhood and ruined character, will believe that a wrong life will turn out right, and that it does not pay to follow principle and stay by character. They seem naturally to take to the things that ruin them, and turn their backs upon mother's advice and father's counsel, and uniformly absent themselves from the church, from the Young Men's Christian Association, and shut their eyes to the Word of God and stop their ears to the truths which come from all sides, bidding them beware of the dangers ahead. God save young men in this evil day from the evils that are in the world!

HUSTLING.

IN these days of checkered careers and mysterious manipulations we hear a great deal about "hustling." The term "hustling" is intended to convey the idea of continuous and active work. It is a word of modern coinage, and the man who is dubbed "a hustler" is usually a money-maker. We don't seem to be hustling after anything very hard in this world except money, and, once having fallen into the rut, we continue to pursue the nimble nickel and the frisky dollar as though we didn't have a cent.

On general principles, however, great energy and persistent effort are commendable and to be encouraged wherever exhibited. But let us look for a moment at the occupations and projects which, in this age of invention and cunning, invite young men to get in and "hustle." The young man out of a job and willing to work looks about for something to do. Business is dull. The stores, offices, and factories are turning off instead of taking on help. There is no possible chance to exert himself in any of these positions. And still he has to live. Wherever he goes about inquiring for work he is confronted with the vague and ambiguous question: "Why don't you get out and hustle?" "But, sir," he replies, "I am looking for a position." "A position! You must be looking for a soft job. They don't want any help here. Several old hands were turned off last week. Why don't you go out and hustle?" "I don't know what you mean, sir." "Well, it's time you've learned, if you expect to get on in this world. I tell you, if I was a young man in your fix I would get out and sell wind for five cents a bag. If you are a hustler, you can make good wages at that. Go out and solicit insurance. Get up an advertising scheme. Take the agency for some book. Sell watches on the installment plan. The world is full of opportunities, if you are a hustler."

The boy hesitates. He doubts his faculty for that kind of enter-



ABRAHAM'S OAK.

prise. He has tried it, perhaps, sometime before, and failed because he could not convince people that they wanted something they didn't want, or he could not persuade them to believe that an article of one dollar intrinsic value was worth ten dollars, and his nature rebelled against the attempt to do so. Then he is accused of being chicken-hearted and having no grit.

Now the chances are that the big man who pounced upon the little fellow couldn't sell twenty-dollar gold pieces for eighteen dollars. People would know he was lying. About a dozen cold rebuffs would so chill his nerve that he would throw his stock of wind into the sewer and go back after his old job, sawing wood, and probably find his place filled by a better man. I am not rawhiding this fellow because he can't sell something for nothing, but I detest the person who tells another person to go out and do that which he would not do himself. Neither have I a word to say against the man who is trying to make a living in any of these schemes. With many it has been a last resource, and if an opportunity were presented they would gladly go back into pursuits where the money they make represents so much labor stored up in wealth.

It is startling to think how many men and how many corporations are devoted to enterprises which have no legitimate excuse for their existence, which contribute nothing to the world's wealth and advancement, and which are mere vehicles whereby they get at the results of other people's labor.

If all the money that has been made by projecting worthless advertising schemes were heaped up in a pile, there would be enough to make several millionaires millionaires several times over. If the man who has his life insured for ten thousand dollars were compelled to pay as high a rate of premium, in proportion, as the poor washerwoman, who can afford only one hundred dollars protection for her children, he would either quit or maintain an expense which in a few years would amount to more than the face of the policy, and this, of course, no sensible business man would do.

How many families who are now suffering for want of food and fuel have paid out dollar after dollar for some useless thing which they did not want or would not have bought but for the fellow who happened along and persisted in boring them until they yielded,

either to get rid of him, or because, for the moment, they fell under his influence?

Nowadays the man who works for a living and gives value received for every dollar he gets is considered slow and dull. He is accused of having no stuff in him if he don't get out and turn his hand on some money-making project. Well, suppose every one —clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, laborers, etc.,—should quit his job and go scheming and hustling. What would be the result? It is because of the honor and faithfulness of those who, by their daily toil, produce the good things of this life that the world moves on and the people are permitted to enjoy themselves in comparative ease and comfort.

I have seen many a man hammering away at his bench who had as much brains in his head as you have, but who would not for double the pay quit his work and go out scheming and hustling. The pleasures to be derived from great wealth and privileges would be fully sensed and appreciated, but his nature rebelled against laying down his tools and deserting an honorable calling for a worthless and dishonorable one.

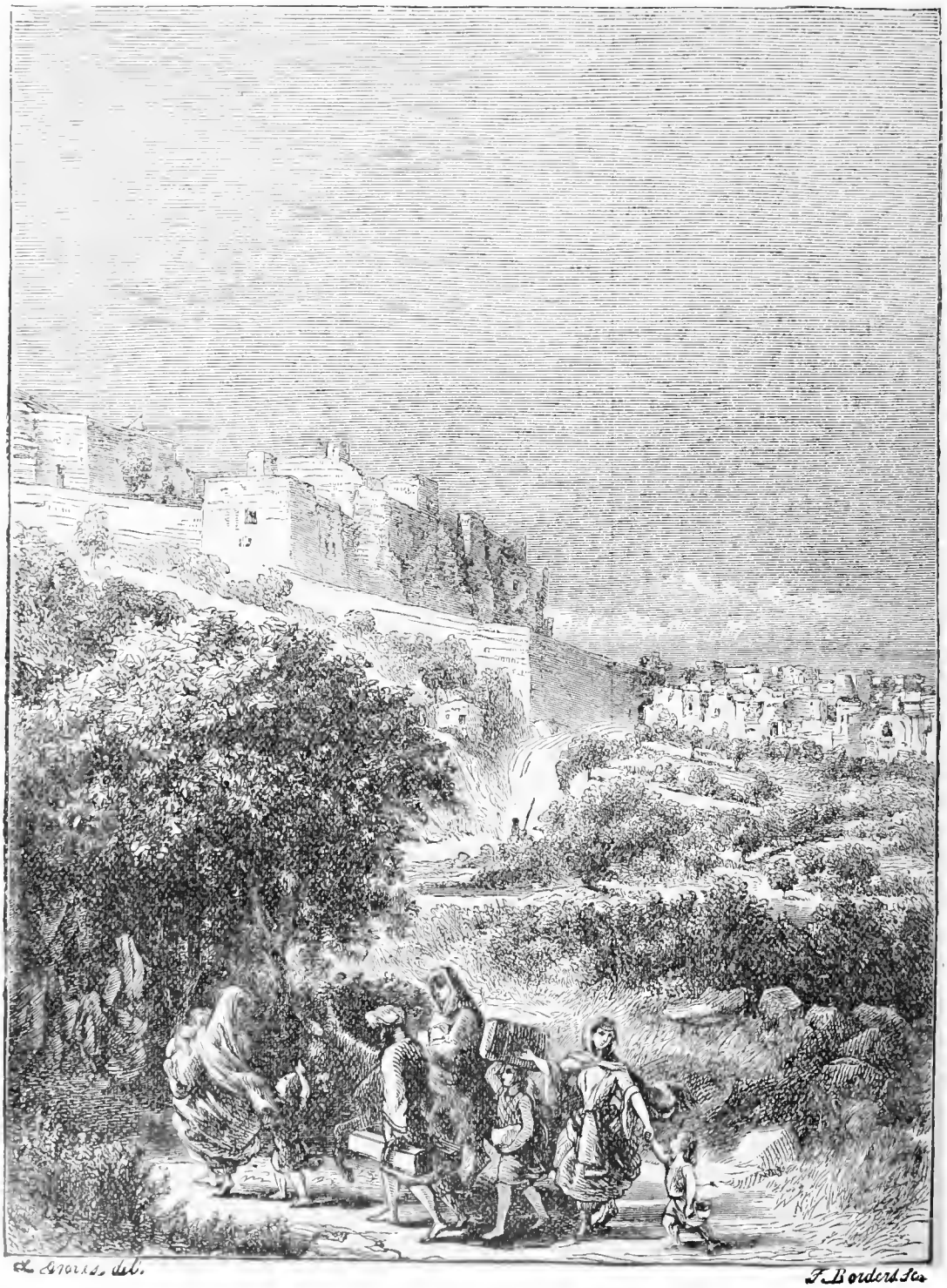
If we could only weed out the shrubbery and ragweed that grows up in rank profusion and chokes the valuable and beneficial things of life, we would not only arrest unnecessary drafts on the people's competency, but we would turn idlers, nonproducers, hangers-on, and "hustlers" back into the avenues of useful endeavor, and thus increase the force of burden bearers, which would lighten the burdens of all.

We don't need new soil. We don't need sulky plows and fancy cultivators. All that is necessary is to bend our backs and pull out the bad and give the good a chance to grow The soil is fertile and the seasons are favorable, but the toilers are few The millennium train will never bear us on toward our destination when there is nothing in the engine but dead ashes and old rags. I would rather stay where I am than get stranded on an up grade and slide back into the old ditch.

Are we not foolish and unreasonable to deplore the terrible condition of things and await the action of Congress or the healing balm of time to restore us to healthy industrial vigor and normal commercial *status*, while yet these excrescent growths draw upon

our vitality? Are we not equally blind and absurd to expect any shifting of taxes or rearrangement of methods in governmental operation to bind up our wounds, overcome our diseases, strengthen our weakness, and set us moving joyfully along the highway of prosperity! The path before us is strewn with obstacles that retard our progess; but why not clear away the *débris* lying directly ahead, instead of prying at huge bowlders yet far in the distance?

Look the field over, my brother, and you will say that this is true. Are you ready to join in and support a popular movement of reform which has for its basis voluntary, individual honor and manhood, in business, in society, in politics, and in education? Do you appreciate the necessity and desirability of such a course that we may come into the possession of the fullness of this world, and set men's hearts to the music of freedom and their footsteps toward the eternal heavens? Do Christian people realize as they should the vital importance of working for moral conditions and favorable environments, that the work of rescue from evil and sin may be expedited and pushed forward until the salvation of the world, which is the will of God, shall be fully and gloriously attained?



L. Dorés, del. F. Borders Sc.

KEEP UP WITH THE PROCESSION.

I WAS once in a big shoe house where the sales are nearly $5,000,000 annually. Hung up in a conspicuous place in a large frame, in very large print, is this simple direction to the employees: "Step quick. We want no slow steppers here." This is a rushing age, and the fellow who does not move gets left. Nearly all of the great inventions of the past five years have been machinery for saving time and taking near cuts. The American people are crowding five years into one by means of the various time-saving machines. In the field of agriculture, with the steam plows, drills, reapers, and threshers, one man does the work of ten. In the business world, with the telephone, the telegraph, stenographer and typewriting machine, one man can do the work of five. In the world of literature, with the thousands of books of condensed thought, facts and figures, a lecture which in former years would have required weeks in its preparation can be prepared in an hour in this age. In the world of travel, with the lightning express and electric cars crossing every county and city, a man may change places so rapidly as to almost bewilder himself—supper in one city, and a quiet sleep, and breakfast in another hundreds of miles away; a residence six miles from a business place, yet with electric cars run in and out as if it were only a few hundred yards; with the telephone, talking backward and forward as if it were a few steps.

On the shores of China a few years ago one hundred Chinamen were employed to bail the water from the vessels anchored to the shore, and a hundred salaries were paid. An American steam pump was hauled over, put to work, and one hundred Chinamen dismissed. They stood on the shore a little while looking at the strange American machine doing the work of one hundred men. The leader cried to the band, "American devilee steal Chinamen breadee," and down they pounced upon this American machine and beat on it as if to destroy it. This is but a figure of what is occur-

ring all over this country Our new machinery is displacing thousands of men and women in the various callings of life. This is a great factor entering into our present civilization, and it is one of the factors to which our people have not become properly adjusted.

The lightning express of the nineteenth century has rung the gong, pulled open the throttle, and moved out, leaving many a fellow standing on the platform. The common people of this age have not yet caught on fully to its lightning spirit. It will take us a few years to become adjusted to this age. The electric cars and steam farm implements have displaced thousands of mules and horses, and that has confused and puzzled the stock markets. The telephone and the stenographer and the thousands of labor-saving pieces of machinery have displaced thousands of men and women, and the laboring classes seem in a puzzle. More men than jobs is the cry all over the country With all these facilities for rapid motion and lightning speed executing, a few of the quick, practical men of this age are able to grasp the situation and work the situation, and they are rapidly becoming immensely rich.

The common people, not yet adjusted to the situation, are perplexed and puzzled, and, like the countryman in a city, don't know where to turn nor what to do. In the meantime, much rascality and devilment are getting into the age. Schemers are becoming thieves, and manipulators of the situation are becoming oppressors, and the organizing machinery of the rich and the cornering process are becoming nefarious and hurtful. But what of it all? I believe that in a very short time the masses of the people will grow up to the situation. We will learn how to combine manual labor and machinery We will have more to consume and consume more; we will create more luxuries and enjoy more luxuries; we will manufacture more products and use more products. There will be a place for every human brain and hand.

All classes are waking up to the fact that we are in a hustling age. The farmer has laid aside his old methods and adopted new methods and new machinery, and the farming interest is beginning to hum all over this country. The merchants are catching on to the machinery and the hustling methods, and quick steppers are demanded in every mercantile house. The professional world is utilizing these new appliances and methods, and the doctor and the

lawyer and the author are working the spirit of the nineteenth century Every phase of business and worldly interest seems to be catching the spirit of progress, but the Church seems to be standing on the platform watching the trains go by

The preacher is sticking to his dingy manuscript, preaching his sermons made forty years ago. It tickles me to see a dry, dogmatic preacher dressed in his cold, conventional suit, with his dingy manuscript of a sermon prepared thirty years ago, stand in the pulpit of a forty-thousand-dollar church and read his soporific message to the slumbering forty. Mr. Wesley caught the spirit of his age, which was a very slow age, but moving in the front rank he blazed the way and reached the masses, and accomplished a great work as the foremost spirit of his age; but it was the age of no telegraph, no telephone, no lightning express, no electric cars; it was the age of footman and ox wagon. He was a grand man, and his methods up to his age; but it seems silly to me that in this age we should persist in wearing Wesley's coat and riding his old racking horse, and using his methods without change or modification, or the common sense of adaptation to the present age.

I do not mean to change the grand fundamental doctrines. They never change. The New Testament will be as true a thousand years from now as it is to-day, and every utterance of the great pioneer of Methodism will be as true a thousand years from now as they were when uttered. But I speak of the method. In this hustling age, in this age of "quick steppers," if the Church of God does not adopt the methods of the age and quicken her gait and become more practical and more effective in her efforts, she may as well surrender. I am an optimist. I welcome every onward movement of our great country, every new development, every new invention, every means for facilitating her progress.

My motto is: "Step quick; we want no slow steppers in this age." It is a mercy to a mule wearing his legs out against the singletree to touch him up. It is a mercy to an animal being run over by machinery to whip him up. I am doing my best to keep abreast of the age. I want to keep up with this old world. I use our telephone, our electric cars, our lightning express, our stenographer, our typewriting machine, and every blessing she gives; but I am trying to wake up the slumbering, and get every man and

woman, boy and girl in this country to move. Every fellow I tap up seems to smile and thank me and pearten his gait, but when I touch up the average preacher he sulks and kicks. But I am still hollering, "All aboard," and if any fool wants to stand on the platform and grumble I cannot help it.

The grand engine on the New York Central Railroad, No. 999, stands forth as the perfection of mechanical genius to meet the demands of the "quick step" of the age. She is built to go; she is built to pull; and when she couples on to half a dozen passenger coaches in New York City and runs through to Buffalo—four hundred and forty miles—in eight hours and forty-five minutes, she has accomplished the Herculean task for which she was built, and she stands in her ponderous weight trembling in the mighty power that has propelled her such a distance in so short a time. The grand ocean steamers that cross the Atlantic in less than six days are marvels of speed and comfort and safety. They meet the wants of the age and the hour. The lightning presses roll out the morning and afternoon papers by the thousand in so short a time that the demands of the age seem fully met in heralding reports of disasters and events across the continent within a few hours following their occurrence.

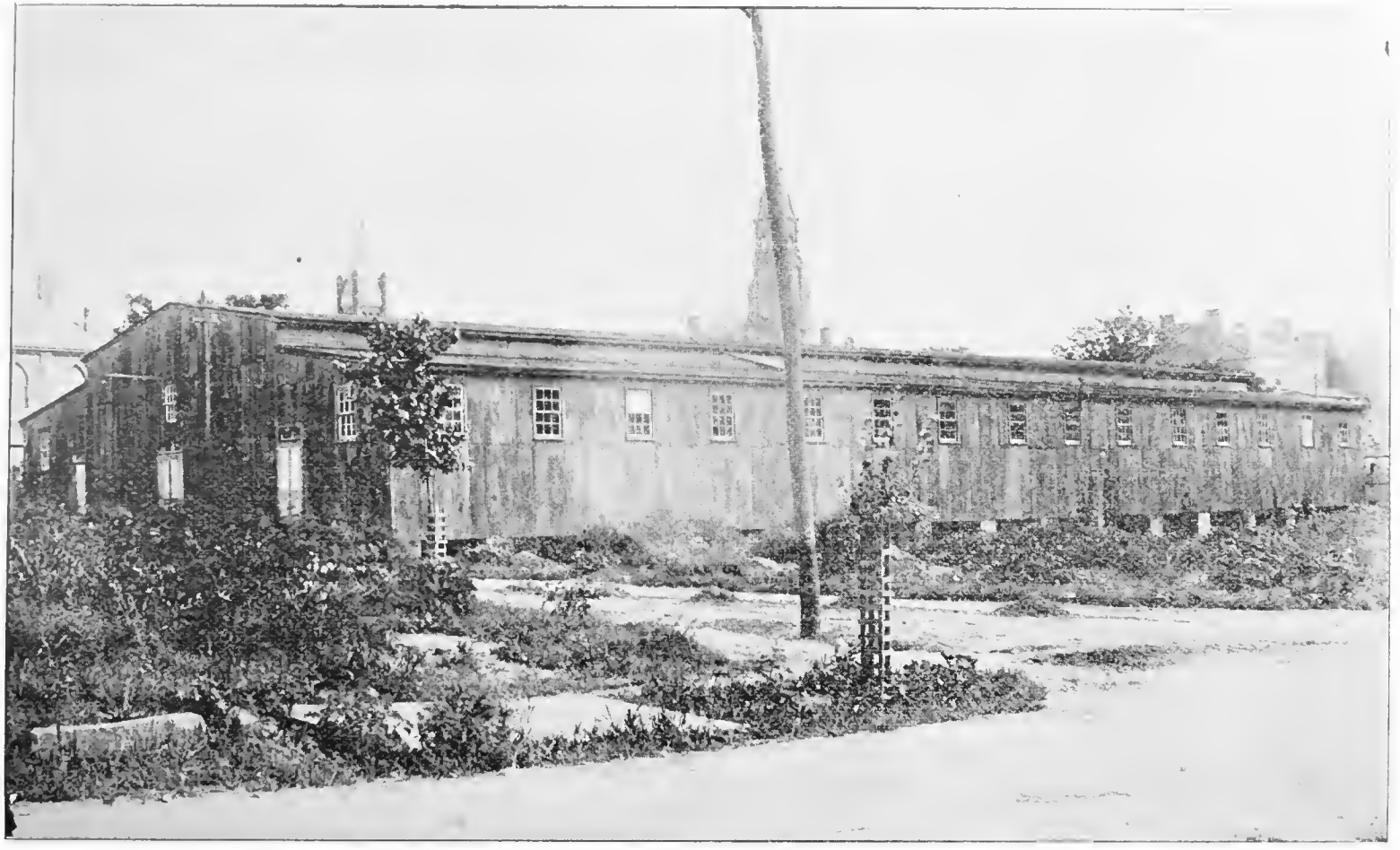
So the Christian genius of this age must gather momentum under the influence of the Divine Spirit, a force that will carry it forward and keep it abreast of the demands of the hour. Surely we have got to meet the demands of the hour or surrender the traffic to the competition of the devil. In the gait we go, the speed we reach determines the number of obstacles in our way Very few things will get out of the way of a slow-moving procession, but when speed and momentum have reached perfection the world roosts on the sidewalks and gives up the whole streets for the display of your speed, and the unobstructed track of which you have possession will furnish every facility for speed and safety. We must move up in the Christian world, or we will have to move out.

WHIMS AND CAPRICES.

NOTIONAL people and people with caprices make up a large majority of the human race, and it is largely due to this fact that there are so many unhappy people in the world. The many who deliberately bring upon themselves perpetual misery and unhappiness by nursing those things which are born purely of imagination would astonish the philosopher to behold. This class of the human family seem to be happy only when they are miserable and can contribute something to the misery of others. Many a restless, dissatisfied son is pulling heavily upon the sympathy and patience of his parents. He regards father's counsel and father's warning as but simple and primitive. Father's ways are too slow and his methods old fogyish. He is not up to date. So thinks every young man who is filled with delusions of imagination. Then he sallies forth, and about the next we hear from him he is disgraced in some far-off country, or beats his way home and climbs over the back fence so he can see his mother and tell her all about it before the "old man" gets at him.

Many a husband spends his life disgruntled and out of sorts with everything, imagining he is fated to ill luck at every turn. His good wife in the meantime must stay with him and share his lot patiently and uncomplainingly. There are very few men who are not possessed with whims and caprices that make their lives a burden to him. This class of men seem to have a special grudge against everything that succeeds, and are forever criticising the successful man; never considering that, despite their own views, their way is wrong because it leads to failure, and the other way is right because it leads to success.

We see this in the moral as well as the industrial world. Take any worthless member of the Church, and he makes the Salvation Army the butt and ridicule of the world. He accuses them of being ignorant and ill-bred, and yet they have more sound sense and are doing more practical good than half the Churches. When a



TABERNACLE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

fellow thinks that he knows it all then is when he plays the idiot to perfection and injures others as well as himself. He does not seem to realize that results are what count. Theories and ideas which will not stand the test of practical application, be they ever so pretty and nice, are as useless as a stream of wind turned on a burning building.

Entering business life, we see men full of whims and caprices. They criticise the rich and say, "Old So and So got his fortune by saving and working like a slave;" that if they had to do as he has done they had rather stay poor. Of course they would; and at the very time they are criticising Old So and So, they are probably standing on the street corner without a cent in their pocket, wishing they owned the big six-story building across the way, which unfortunately belongs to the man they are criticising.

In the moral world these critics say: "If we have to get to heaven like some folks do—always reading the Bible and praying, and never going to theaters and card parties, and never getting any enjoyment out of life at all—we would rather stay where we are." Of course they would. They will stay where they are until they die, and then they will go to hell while other people are listening to sweet music in heaven and walking the golden streets. People are afflicted with all sorts of notions, and if their notions do not amount to a whim it is to them a caprice or a cranky idea, keeping the balance of the world in contact with their nuisances and thereby making everybody miserable.

It is really martyrdom for a sensible woman to have a crank for a husband. Visionary in youth and middle life and in old age crotchety and hobbling around with gout, blaming his good wife and the balance of the world for his pains and his aches, and trying to make every one around him feel as mean as he does!

Then we have the egotists. They are full of notions, for their weakness lies in the very place where they think they are the strongest—viz., in the head. They go about with a turkey gobbler strut, and a wise look upon their faces, as much as to say: "I am a smart man, and I want other people to know it, and but for the fools and idiots about me I would have made life a grand success."

Then we have a fellow who is addicted to meanness. When I see a fellow like this I know his trouble is born of pure cussedness,

and this is really the worst type we are thrown with. You can persuade a drunkard to quit drinking, and you can stop men from swearing and telling lies, but the downright mean man with the idea in his head that meanness is the best thing he can exhibit really heads the procession of all nuisances.

We find the capricious class in the Church filled with their ideas of piety and religion, without a thought of practical right living and Christian decency In the pulpit, too, is found a notional class of men, who mistake dignity for doctrine and pompousness for precept; men who have never learned the lesson that fidelity to their work and the faithful presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ is the surest way to success and the surest way to heaven for any man. The poor wretch who lives in a hovel and the bum who frequents the dive, and all those who live in a different world, are no concern of theirs. The rich pay their salaries, and of course it is to their whims they must cater.

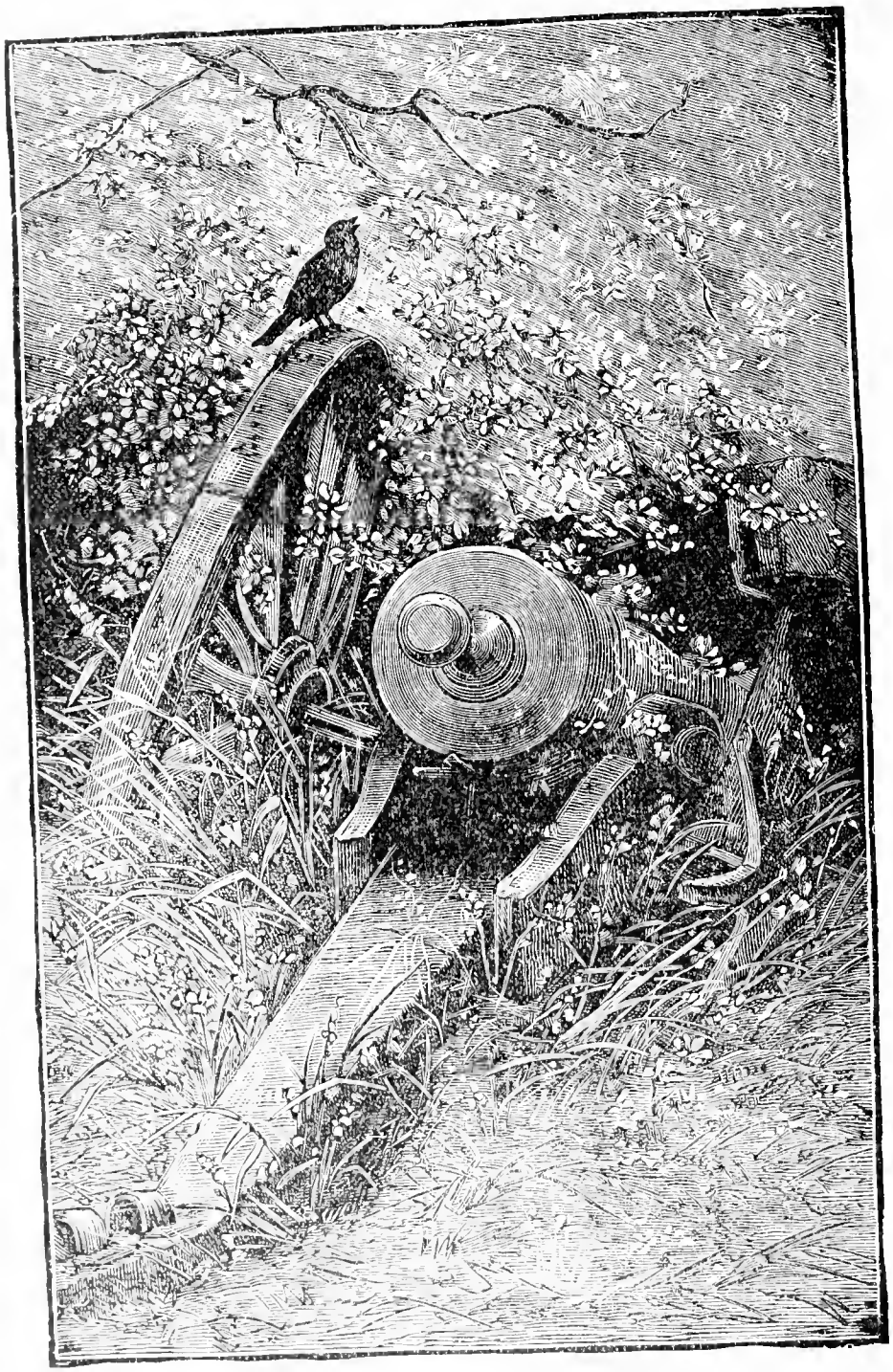
But, after all, whims and caprices are largely the result of narrowness and illiberality They represent the extremely conservative and excessively cautious classes on the one hand, and the visionary on the other. Every extreme has its opposite. The pendulum of human thought swings from one extreme to the other, traversing in its course the whole range of man's understanding. Go to the one extreme, you have the fanatic and the visionary; then go the other, and you have a subject fit for the cemetery Extremes are always unreliable, no matter at what end of the line they are stationed. The visionary and the fanatic cling to the present; the drone hopes on some future event to turn things his way The man who moves along the even tenor of his way progresses and builds as he goes. He has no tendency to cherish pet notions which he sees have caused so many failures. He takes no risk along the lines in business life which he knows have bankrupted others. He catches hold of no obstacles that hinder others in the profession he has chosen.

Again, some men are never serious, while others are too serious. The former are frivolous and reckless; the latter, everlastingly worrying over trifles, and fretting and stewing over the merest details. I know it is true in my work in the ministry If I had bewailed every little wrong, and taken to heart every little rebuff or reverse

of life, I would have been side tracked long ago. In every calling of life, if men would look with a broader vision, study the conditions of success and the source of failure, we would have a grander world. Let the minister of the gospel lose no nervous energy nor valuable time in answering critics, but preach against the sins of men and open up the batteries of truth and right, and bombard the gambling hells, the saloons, and general deviltry of the world, turning his Gatling gun of gospel force loose and firing in such rapid succession that the enemy will fall before him and beg for mercy. Such a course on his part wins in the religious world and gains the end toward which he drives: the salvation of souls.

The whole truth holds good in the temporal world. Successful business men do not get mad and out of sorts every time things do not go right with them; in fact, we find this true in every calling where men succeed. Be it known that the man who draws the highest salary and accomplishes the most in his profession has conquered his temper and thrown away his whims and caprices, and launched out upon the ocean of prosperity

If every young man now standing on the threshold of life would pause before taking his first step, examine himself, single out his weaknesses and his whimsical notions, leave them behind him, and take the world as he finds it, the future would hold for him the two crowning treasures of this world—viz., happiness and success. But unless a man fits his profession and calling, and the calling and profession fit him, he soon becomes visionary, schemeful, and capricious, and I dare say that notional people have been multiplied by reason of the fact that they chose the wrong profession and are laboring in the wrong calling in life. No man can do his best work or reach the greatest contentment in this life unless the profession which he has chosen has for him the broadest scope and best facilities for the employment of his God-given powers. A strong muscle may work, a strong mind may think, but muscle cannot do the work of the mind, and the mind cannot do the work of the muscle. Whenever and wherever we shall lay aside visions and dreams and chimerical notions and take hold of life's duties determined to succeed, then will we be properly equipped for the tasks that lie before us.



GROWLERS AND CHRONIC KICKERS.

HIS name is legion, and he eovers the widest field to-day of any eharaeter known to history. It seems easier to start him and harder to stop him; it seems easier to find him and harder to lose him than any man alive. He is ubiquitous—on railroad trains, in hotels, on the politieal stump, in the family circle, on the streets, at the chureh, and sometimes in the pulpit. He is the most despised and perhaps more universally imitated than any other mortal man.

The farmer growler growls when it rains too much or too little, when it is too cold or too warm. He growls at the quantity and quality of his crops, and growls at the priee he gets. The merchant growls when he has eustomers because they are not sueh as he wants. He growls when he has no eustomers. He growls in the summer while selling on eredit, and growls beeause payments are not prompt. The lawyer growls with his elients, and the client growls with his lawyer. The preachers growl with their brethren, and the brethren growl with their preacher.

For a first-class kicker the business end of a mule is nowhere compared with the mouth of the average growler over this country. Some growl profanely, others growl piously; some are hopeful growlers, and others despondent growlers; some growl because their neighbors won't growl, and others beeause they do growl.

Work, worry, and growl are the things engaging humanity today. I suppose about one-third of humanity is at work, and I snppose another one-third is worrying, and the last one-third growling. The diffieult problem of life can never be solved by any rule or method exeept by diligence and wise labor. "*Omnia vincit labor*," the old proverb, is but one of the truisms.

A man who is diligent in business, toiling honestly every day, has but little time left to growl. It is a wonder how he really loves to work, and how long a workingman will live. We can soon

worry ourselves to death. Worrying and growling are generally carried on by one and the same person.

I haven't a doubt in my mind that, if the sixty millions of population of this country would reform themselves to-day of worrying and growling, and all go to work, Coxey's army included, before twelve months from to-day we would inaugurate an era of prosperity such as this country has not seen in one hundred years. We may rest assured that we can't worry into it nor growl into it.

It is a real tonic to occasionally walk upon some contented, patient laboring man grappling with the problem of life without worrying, and never a complaint escaping his lips. Determined to do the best he can, though the odds are all against him, he labors and toils until victory comes, and in the diligent effort which he has made he has developed his manhood, strengthened his character, and established his place among men as a true nobleman.

The untiring lawyer who studies and labors, and with all diligence prepares his cases with fidelity to his clients, and works steadily and climbs in his profession, until at last he stands the peer of any at the bar, verily has his reward; and so with the doctor who masters his profession with diligent study, conscientious in all his efforts, rises steadily in his profession, and establishes himself as a benefactor to the race and an honor to the profession. So it is in every calling of life.

But, upon the other hand, we see the old farmer sitting quietly in the shade looking at a hireling half do the work; the merchant depending upon his clerks, or the mechanic who simply labors for the wages that he receives, never satisfied, eking out a miserable existence, a nuisance to himself and a curse to humanity.

I have often wondered what will become of all the growlers when they die. I am sure heaven don't want them, and I doubt if the devil will have them.

I sometimes think it is largely a force of habit with us. After all, habit makes up a great deal of human life and experience. We growl and grumble to-day because we did yesterday, and to-morrow the same task awaits us, and we feel as if we had lost something or something has happened if we don't keep up with the procession that we have marched with so long. I have marched with the procession very little myself. I suppose my growling affects other

people like others' growling affects me. Then, if for no other reason, I would cease to growl in order that I might not be a nuisance.

I am ready to admit, however, that if a fellow is in the business of growling, he need not go far in any direction—politically, socially, commercially, or religiously—to find enough to growl about for days and weeks and months and years.

I reckon of all the unmitigated growlers in the country to-day it is the editors of our newspapers. You can scarcely pick up a newspaper from anywhere but that the first thing that catches your eye in the editorial column is an article complaining, criticising, bemoaning, denouncing, or cursing somebody about something. It is getting to be chronic with the average editor; and if he is not abusing somebody, or denouncing some measure, he feels that the editorial space is not wisely filled in the columns of his paper, and that soon all his subscribers will quit him. The newspapers in our country would be a potent force if the editors would write hopefully, cheerfully, and kindly If our preachers would preach hopefully and encouragingly, and our citizens would talk that way in conversation one with another, it would not be long until we would see a radical change for the better. Things would look better, and we would feel better. Nothing is so bad as it seems to be. We ought to see things as they are. If we will only put a smile in where we have been throwing in a frown, if only a kind word where we have been adversely criticising, if only a word to encourage where we have said so many to discourage, if only a word to help where we have used so many to hinder, if only a word of prayer where we have used so many words of cursing, if only a word of sympathy where we have used so many of harshness, if only we would bless instead of curse, guide rightly instead of misdirecting, as a common brotherhood working together toward a common end—then indeed we would make this world an Eden like the one above.

Let every decent man quit growling, and let us build a growlery big enough to hold all the growlers, and run them all in there and lock them up as a protection to the balance of humanity, and enjoy living and make the best of everything.

THE MEANEST MAN.

I HAVEN'T been on the hunt for the meanest man living, nor do I believe I have found him, but I have found many who would rank pretty well up in the scale. Men differ in meanness as much as they differ in age, size, and complexion. A mean man, generally considered, is a man who has a preponderance of mean traits. A fellow is esteemed a good fellow if he has a preponderance of good traits. A totally depraved man, utterly without any good traits, cannot be found, I dare say, this side of perdition. A perfectly holy man cannot be found between the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. Men grade up in goodness or down in badness. The better we are, the closer to the gates of pearl we are; the meaner we are, the closer to the gates of hell.

In the estimation of some, it is a mean man who will drink whisky, and therefore rob his family of the comforts of life, and make himself personally disagreeable to wife and children. In the estimation of some, a man who will not pay his debts is a very mean man. There are two classes of debtors: men who can pay, but won't; men who would pay, but can't. There is no comparison in the character of the two men. A man who willfully neglects a debt is a contemptible, dirty dog, unworthy of the confidence of any man. A man who would pay and is striving hard to pay deserves the respect and confidence of all men.

A man who occupies a place of trust and betrays that trust and robs a corporation or firm or individual who has placed confidence in him is a very mean man. His friends may apologize for him and say he didn't mean to do it, or that his friends got him into it; but if he willingly and willfully and knowingly robs or defrauds his benefactor, each State in this Union has provided a penitentiary for just such characters, and the apologies we make for them but multiply their number over our land.

I think I saw a statement the other day that the banks in New York City alone in the last few years had been robbed of something

like twenty million dollars by dishonest trusted officials. One such individual as this came very near swamping every bank of one of our larger Southern cities more than a year ago. He is now attending school at Sing Sing, New York.

But how much meaner is a man like that than the old money shark who lends money at an exorbitant per cent. to every poor fellow who has a tract of land or a house and lot, then bides his time until opportunity affords, and gobbles up the last dollar's worth of property owned by the poor unfortunate debtor, and turns him and his family out of doors.

A story I heard once goes something like this: One brother of a church went into a country store. The proprietor of the store took a mortgage on everybody and everything for everything he sold. After cleaning up this special customer and getting all he had the poor fellow went to the merchant and said: "I want to get a few goods on credit for my family." Said the merchant: "You have nothing on which you can give a mortgage. I can't let you have the goods." A third party walked in and saw the poor fellow standing there and said to him: "Why, what is the matter. You look very sad and downcast to-day" "Nothing specially," said the poor fellow in reply, "except I had a terrible dream last night." "What was your dream?" "I dreamed last night that our good Brother Smith, who runs this store, had died and gone to hell, preceding me a few days to that world of woe. I thought when I reached that world of everlasting fire and despair, standing in a group, some one remarked: 'Yonder is a washpot turned bottom side up. Wonder if there is anything under it?' Another replied: 'I believe I will go and see.' He walked up to the pot and was in the act of turning it over, but the old devil himself hailed him and said: 'Let that pot alone. I have Deacon Smith under there; and if you turn him out, he will have a mortgage upon hell before next Sunday night.'"

The devil seems to understand human nature pretty well. Such characters ought to be under a washpot in any world for the protection of society.

There is another man I have met, and that is the man who willfully neglects his old parents, who will not administer to their wants, who does not care for their comfort, who considers them a

nuisance because they would cost him something—he is a desperately mean man.

I knew a man once who would whip his wife, and she would wear the bruises made by his cruel licks. The devil ought to have white caps in the lower regions to look after such a character when he lands.

I have known a few men who would swindle a negro and rob him of his hard-earned wages, hire him cheap, and then swindle him out of a larger part of even the small wages. It seems to me I had rather be locked up in the confines of despair for almost anything else than swindling a negro. Heaven would be a hell to me if I had to be placarded through all eternity as a man who deliberately swindled an ignorant negro and robbed him of his wages.

I have seen a few newspaper men who seemed to be scavengers of the devil, who gathered up family secrets and all sensational stories and published them to the world, when every line they wrote and every word published was a dagger to some poor mother's heart and some noble sister's life. Like a skunk, you trail him by his odor.

I have known so-called reputable papers to sling their dirty ink over households in this land of ours, and yet, forsooth, when the loved ones of their homes went astray their papers were as silent as the dead. Some newspaper reporters and editors would slander the dead and smirch the purity of the living to get a sensational article. That is a desperately mean kind of meanness. I have known some meanness among dirty politicians when venom and slander, libel, vitriol, and poison fell from their tongues and pens as gracefully as the clear, beautiful water falls from the old spring by the hillside.

I have known some mean boys as ungrateful as a snake, as deceitful as the devil, as unkind as death. They would trample upon heartstrings and gray hairs as hilariously as ever Nero fiddled over burning Rome. I have known some girls whose meanness would reach its climax only as it listened to the snapping of another's heartstrings and looked upon the bowed and bereaved head of a noble father.

I have known some men who had the meanness of treachery, that meanness which betrays a friend, forgets kindnesses shown, and

turns with the venom and poison of a snake and bites the hand that was held out to help them. Then there is the meanness of selfishness, the selfishness which seeks the place of another and lays its schemes and devises its plans by which it can rob another of the place he holds or the position he fills. Of all the infernal meanness that human heart is capable of, we see it in its last analysis here, the meanness that resorts to schemes and plans and willfully sets in to displace another and thereby gets his position or place and leaves him without a job and with a wife and children leaning upon him for support. The infamous scoundrel who does this is not fit to hang on the back door of hell itself. I dare assert that the man who schemes and works to displace another to get his place is more infamous in character than John A. Murrell or Rube Burrows, more destitute of character than Benedict Arnold, more despisable in his nature than the burglar or rapist. If I had a class of scoundrels, I would stand him at the head.

ON TAXES.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has declared the income tax unconstitutional, and the decision is a source of rejoicing on one side, and has raised a howl upon the other. I fell into conversation with a friend a few days ago on the subject of taxation in general, and I remarked to him that, of all the debts I paid, I paid my taxes most reluctantly. He replied that there was no obligation he met more cheerfully than the one he owed to the State and city, for he felt that he received so much for the money he paid.

I think our reluctance to pay taxes is largely thoughtlessness. So few men think broadly and with becoming patriotism on this question. We have grown to be a nation of bargain takers. We are all hunting bargains. We give as little as we can, and will take all we can get in return. One of the finest traits of human character is patriotism. That means love of country—not merely the love that whoops and hollers as the procession goes by with the stars and stripes, not merely the love that looks with admiration upon the hills and valleys, our mountains and streams, trees and flowers; but love of our institutions, our laws and our people—a patriotism which is willing to sacrifice for and support the government. This patriotism should be in every American bosom; then, with such love for our country, our laws, and our institutions, we would yield a willing and cheerful support. When we return from the dry goods or clothing store, examine our bundles, count up our expenditures, we often feel that we have struck good bargains, and are delighted with our purchases and pleased with the expenditure of our money We feel like we have received an equivalent for the money we have expended; but when we walk up to the court-house, lay down our money, and carry off a little slip of paper called a tax receipt, we often feel like we had put our money in a hole. We feel that the tax collectors are simply agents of the government, to take from us by law something for nothing.

Now let us review calmly and thoughtfully what we receive when we put our money down and take our tax receipt. Let us see if the American people are taxed exorbitantly A case in hand: Here is a man living in a town, owning a nice home neatly furnished, a horse and buggy, a Jersey cow, etc., the whole thing valued at $5,000, put down on the tax list at $3,000. Now sum up his State, county, and municipal taxes. Putting them at the highest rate, they would not exceed $100. Now for this $100 expended annually this man is enabled to live in peace and quiet, his home unmolested by thieves or robbers, his life, his liberty, and his property guaranteed to him; and without all this property itself could not retain its value.

In order that he may have all these things guaranteed to him we must have law, and in order to have law we must have legislators, men who give up their business or profession and devote their time and such talents as they have to the work of making laws. This body of men are the servants of every man who has a home, and his State tax is his part contributed to these necessary servants. It is true that some of us are ashamed of some of our legislators, and utterly repudiate some of their work as lawmakers, yet every man who will take up the code of his State and read it carefully through will see just, equitable, and necessary laws that protect home, life, property, and the happiness of the citizen.

Every reasonable citizen will agree that these servants who meet to make our laws ought to be properly remunerated by the State, and no decent lawyer or competent lawmaker can give up his work and devote his time to his State Legislature for a less sum of money than is paid them, and many of them, so they tell me, actually lose money by being a member of the Legislature. Surely we ought not to ask for a cheaper class of men in our Legislatures if we would have the right kind of legislation.

Then we must have a place for the men to meet and discuss and pass on questions of law. This necessitates a capital, and a capitol building properly kept means servants and officers and other necessary expenses, and surely no man would decrease the cost of building or taking care of the capitol of the State, otherwise he would be ashamed of his State capitol, for on investigation I find that every servant of the capitol, from the janitor up, is working on a moderate salary. It is necessary that each State have a su-

preme officer, or Governor, and surely no reasonable citizen would ask a man who is fit to be Governor to give up his business, surrender his personal interests, and take office for four years for a less salary than we pay our Governors. The truth is, our best men don t see enongh financially in the office to make them want it badly, and whenever we cut the remuneration of our officers to where our best talent does not seek them we are cutting the dirt from under our government.

Then it is necessary, in order that our homes, our lives, and our property may be protected from the insurrections of the violent and excited mobs that often arise, that we have provisions for State soldiers as servants that our Governor can command at any time. In order that our finances may be properly cared for, we must have bookkeepers, secretaries, treasurers, and other State officers. In order that our public buildings and public interests may be properly cared for, we must have janitors, policemen, and other necessary officers. Who shall pay for all these things? Certainly the citizens who are served by them.

When we come eloser home, we find that, in order that our business may be transacted, our laws executed, our peace maintained, and our property preserved, we must have courthouses, judges, sheriffs, magistrates, and other necessary officers. By a careful investigation it will be found that the salaries of these officers have been reduced to a minimum. When we come down to our municipal government, in order that we may have still further protection from the dangers peculiarly incident to city life, we need a mayor and a council and a street body of armed men called policemen, and other necessary officials. That we may have the best government, consequently the best protection, these men should all be good men, and men who can command a salary at other work, and upon a careful investigation we find that all these salaries have been cut to a minimum.

Now then, let us see what the average taxpayer gets for his $100 for State, county, and city taxes. He gets the State capitol, properly officered and properly cared for. He gets his Legislature and his Governor and State troops for the maintenance of the laws. He gets his treasurer, comptroller, clerks, bookkeepers, and so on for the proper management of the books and finances of his State.

He gets his courthouse, properly officered and cared for, his judge and his jury, his sheriff for the proper execution of his laws. He gets his treasurer, his tax collectors, and other collectors for the purpose of collecting and handling and proper apportionment of the public funds. He gets his system of public schools, public roads, and other public enterprises. In his city he gets the Mayor and Council to take care of his city government, together with a band of uniformed officers who walk their beats on stormy nights and wintry days and preserve the order and calm of a city. He gets his waterworks, electric lights, streets, and pavements put up and cared for at the least possible expense. All the buildings of the city, county, and State, which are property of enormous expense, he gets for his $100. For his $100 he gets his share of the thousands of men and millions of property.

Let us see how our government expenses compare with the expenses of our own homes. About these we seldom kick. Every man who has one good negro woman doing his cooking in the kitchen, if he be honest, ought not to pay her less than $100 a year; if he has a man to take care of his horse and cow and yard, he ought to pay him $150 a year; if he has a house girl, he ought to pay her $100 a year. To run our homes with the fewest possible servants to make life comfortable the average man owning the property I mention pays three colored servants $350 annually to take care of his house, yard, and stable, and yet we ask the State and county and city to furnish us all their men and buildings and machinery for $100 a year, and kick and grumble the year round because we have to pay it. The sum total of what we pay to our national, State, county, and municipal government for all their services and protection is not as much as our cook or our hostler or our house girl costs us. The entire amount we pay annually will hardly support old Bill, our buggy horse, or old Brindle, the milk cow. Now I have left out of this all revenues going to our national government, and yet no decent, thoughtful citizen would take a slab of marble from our national capital, a foot of land from our public grounds, or ask any national servant that we have to work on a less salary

It is true that much of our funds is misused and misappropriated. That is true of all public enterprises, but as a rule the higher the

salary the better the class of men that fill our offices and the more accurately and justly will our business be transacted. Our national government is in debt and our credit in peril. There is scarcely a State, county, or city in our union that is not in debt; and no man will say that our public buildings are too good or too well kept, that our lawmakers are selected from too high a class of men, that our public works and improvements have been too great, and we all know that all of these institutions must be supported by taxation, and the taxes are to come from the people who enjoy the blessings; and we further know that the men who have made our taxing laws are elected by ourselves and were elected with published platforms, with the understanding that they represent their constituents and make the laws desired by the people, and yet there is continual growling and complaint about taxation.

If the laws are made in favor of the rich against the poor, it is our fault, because there are more poor people than rich people, and our officers are elected by a majority of the ballots, except in some States where they steal votes; and if the people will sit down and let a lot of infernal political tricksters gobble up their offices and run their government, then they ought to keep their mouths shut and suffer. If our taxing laws are wrong, let us find the wrong place, elect our men, and modify the laws. The ballot is still with the common people, and what we need in this country more than anything else is intelligent, honest, unpurchasable, and unbulldozable officers who will carry out the wishes of their constituents and do right by the common people. Let us quit quarreling and complaining at our burdensome taxes, and let us put pure, patriotic men in office and give a cheerful and patriotic support to our institutions, stand by our laws and lawmakers, by our national, State, and municipal institutions, and see to it that we have "a government by the people, and for the people."

THE PREACHER IN POLITICS.

MUCH has been said and written in the last few years on this subject. It is the constant effort of the partisan press and political stump speakers to ridicule all ideas which connect preachers with politics in any shape whatever.

Who and what is a preacher? He is a voice and a conscience; a sentinel upon the watchtower. What do you mean by politics? It is defined by some one to be the science of government. Practically, it means the methods by which sufficient voters are obtained to put the candidate into office. We take the position [barring all ideas of the political parson or the partisan preacher] that the faithful minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ has to do with the government in which he lives and the country that gives him birth. Patriotism is love of country A preacher must be a patriot. Love for his country demands that he should champion every clean method and every right aim which results in good government, and he must denounce in unmeasured terms every influence that would hurt civil liberty or mar the character of the people. Candidates for the Legislature who are successful, no matter how they are elected, if elected, make our laws. Candidates for judgeships, when elected, are set for the enforcement of law Administrative officials, when inaugurated, are set for the faithful administration and maintenance of law. A preacher is a citizen, with a ballot, a conscience, and a supreme desire for the maintenance of all that is good and the destruction of all that is evil. More than that, he is a teacher. Let him teach his people what the right is, and enforce upon them their everlasting obligation to do it. Let him teach them what the wrong is, and that they are under everlasting obligations not to do it. I have no respect for a preacher who champions the Democratic party or the Republican party or the Populist party The more he champions either of these parties, the more he loses influence with men for good, and the more he loses his power with God. Wherever a preacher's

voice is heard, let it be known by all men that candidates who are unclean in life and character shall receive at his hands just and righteous condemnation. It is his duty to denounce them, no matter what party they represent. Preachers have not lost their power, but they seem to have lost their voice. The voice of the preacher is what the powder and shot is to a gun: it is that something that gets there. A preacher owes his allegiance to God and the right, and then to whatever is right anywhere and everywhere. A preacher has sworn eternal enmity to the devil and to wrong, and it is his duty to live up to his oath and fight the devil in political parties and denounce rottenness and uncleanness wherever he sees it, smells it, or feels it. If every preacher in the United States stood against rotten officials and corrupt candidates as Parkhurst, of New York, has stood, we would soon put wings on all our politicians and clean them up from head to foot. The secular press laughed and scorned and ridiculed Parkhurst. To-day they are looking upon him as he wears his crown of victory, and they are looking upon old Tammany struggling for her existence.

The sweet by-and-by preacher is about out of a job and almost out of a congregation, but the true now-and-now preacher, who is handling with gloves off the corruption in politics and the corruption in society, has a large audience, a large place in the hearts of his countrymen, and a home awaiting him in heaven. A Democratic preacher who can see no wrong in his own party and politicians, or a Republican preacher who sees no corruption and vice in his own party, or a Populist preacher who sees nothing but wisdom and purity in his party, may help his party to victory, but he will help no souls. Very few preachers know anything about politics, and care less. They are working seemingly for the other world.

If I were in heaven, I would preach largely like many preachers preach to-day They are constantly dwelling on the work of our Lord, on the triumphs of grace, on the glories of the celestial. A man can make about as much headway converting the world and saving sinners by an exclusive gospel of that sort as a fellow can make in money peddling ice in Greenland.

I believe in the grand doctrine of regeneration for the soul of man, but I believe in the grand doctrine of reformation for the

race of man. When the politics and politicians of our country have gone into copartnership with breweries and distilleries and saloons and galvanized foreigners and barroom heelers and beer-guzzling henchmen, it would be well for every preacher in America to turn his guns on the gang and "shoot, Luke, or give up his gun." The very fundamental laws of our government forbid the union of Church and State, but to my mind politics have gotten into the churches, and the churches into politics, until to-day we have partisan saints; partisan Democratic saints, partisan Republican saints, and partisan saints mixed with red-nosed bums and political rascals, until Church and State, devil and all, are so tangled up together that you can hardly tell which is t'other, and all seem to be on their journey home, with your finger pointing downward. Let the preacher teach his people that they can go to hell through politics as well as they can go through a gambling hell, a bawdy house, or the penitentiary.

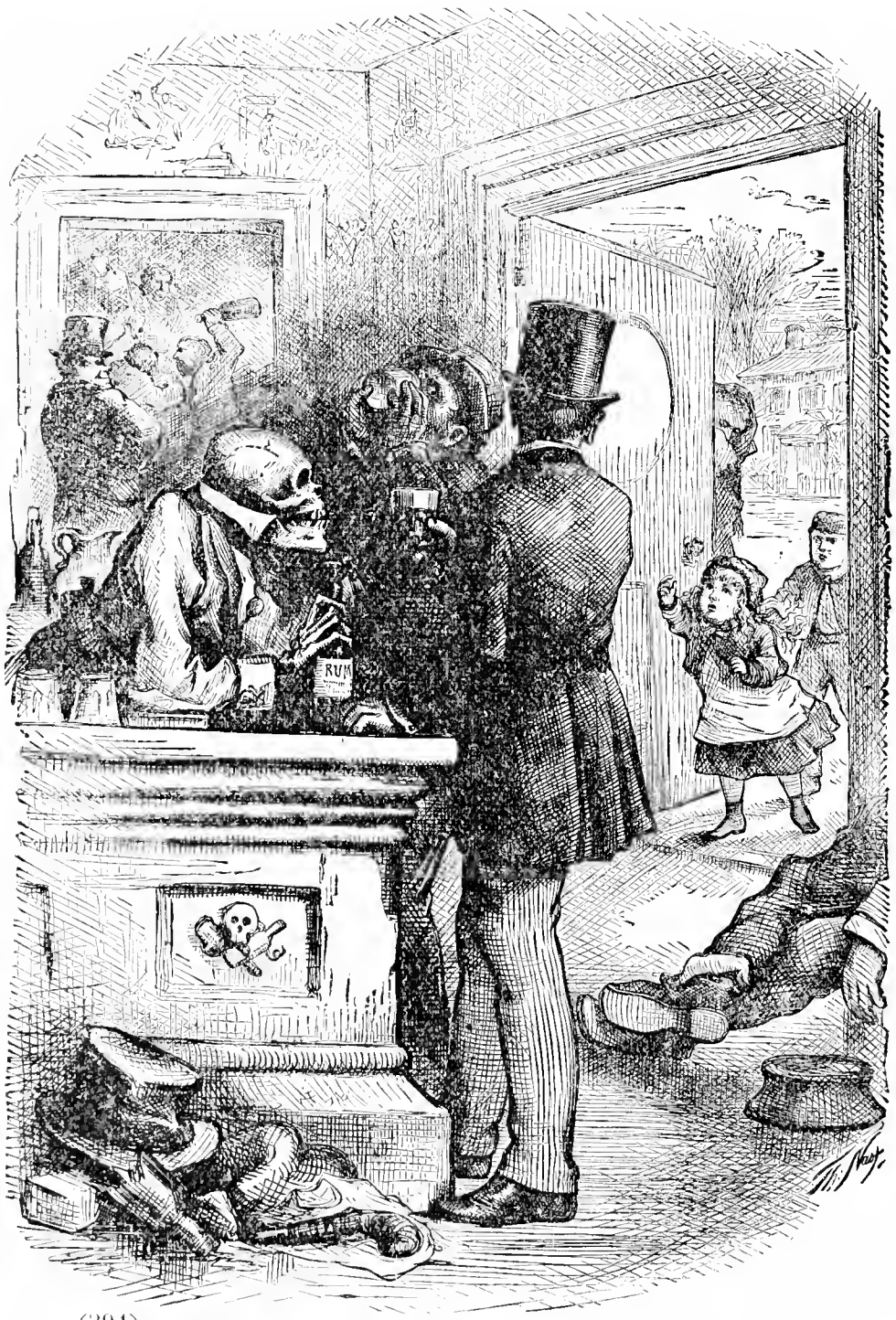
DRUNKEN FATHER AND HUSBAND.

THE saddest and most deplorable phase of drunkenness is that of the drunken husband and father. The day it is whispered to a wife that her husband has gone to drink, that sentence has the weight of woe and time and eternity wrapped up in it. I care not how many joys and blessings and comforts, like friendly angels, have come to camp and stay with the home, this sentence with its meaning puts them all to flight, and brings into the home the croaking raven, the howling wolf, and the screaming jackal.

The relations and conditions of home have now changed. The wife's blessings have been turned into curses, her joys into sadness, her hopes into despair. The only thing to add to the wreck is that she take to morphine or cocaine, or some similar drug, and that both together, arm in arm, stagger on to destruction before the eyes of the helpless children—the one a devil, the other an idiot; the man a demon from drink, the woman an idiot from the morphine, cocaine, or chloral habit. The worse than orphan children are left in despair. Publicly I have taken the position time and again that the wife and mother has as much right in the saloon and as much right to the wine cup and to the liquor bottle as the husband.

The debauchery is never seen in all its loathsomeness so fully as it is seen in the staggering steps, bleared eyes, and ruined life of wife and mother. I have known but few drunken wives and mothers. They have been generally divorced. Thousands of women must live and suffer as the wives of drunken husbands, but very few men in the history of the world have ever tolerated a drunken wife. I wonder if there would not be fewer drunken husbands if women would cease to tolerate them.

A husband who spends the day and until ten o'clock at night in the saloon and winds up the day's debauch by eating Limburg cheese and garlic, and then lights his dirty old pipe and comes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home and pillows his head by the side of a pure wife, constitutes an intolerable animal. After all it is a matter of toleration. No woman can love and respect a drunken husband in the best sense and the highest plan of married life. So often it is said of a drunken husband or father: "He is a clever fellow; it is a pity he drinks." Now, if to debauch my body and degrade my family and spend for liquor the money which I ought to invest in comforts for my wife and children, and become a vagabond, and then go home and stagger on the heart of my good wife and crush the last drop of blood out of it, makes me a clever fellow, then I don't want to be a clever fellow. It is all a lie. A man that drinks whisky is not a clever fellow. He is a vagabond, a dog, a dirty puppy, and does not deserve the respect of his wife or of the community in which he lives. Clever fellows don't make whisky, don't sell it, and they don't drink it. To be a clever husband and a clever citizen, a man must separate himself as far from that traffic as the east is from the west.

A member of the Church who makes it or furnishes a house for it to be sold in, or sells it, or drinks it, is not fit to have his name put down among the high-bred registered dogs of this country, and I doubt if there is a kennel in America that would give him a decent register for blood or qualities if they knew he had practiced such conduct; and when a man lives below the plane where decent dogs are registered it is time to call him a bench-legged fice and keep him in the back yard or under the house. I would not hurt the feelings of a bench-legged fice by this comparison, because I have known some bench-legged fices of noble character. The best squirrel dog I ever saw was a bench-legged fice. But there is not a mean thing in the world that is not open to a man who has a good wife and children, and yet lingers about the saloon and drinks of the cup it gives. Boys, I have been there.

Experience and observation, two of the finest schools a mortal man ever attended, have taught me that all I have said is true. If whisky debauches a man, makes him neglect his family, and deprives them of the comforts of life, if it makes him murder his wife and butcher his children, then a chain gang nigger is a gentleman by the side of a fellow that drinks whisky

There is but one sadder home in which the wife and mother sits

waiting for the long overdue drunken husband, and that is the home pictured where the little girl stood on the streets of a city and looked out upon the pitiless world and sang: "Papa is drunk and mamma is dead." This finishes the picture: the buried mother and the drunken father.

The drunkard has no more business with a wife and children than a leper. There ought to be a law against drunkenness, and the first time a husband gets drunk he ought to be summoned before a jury impaneled; and if convicted of drunkenness, he ought to be consigned for at least five years to some insane asylum and drenched on stump water filled with leaves, until a glass or bottle or a demijohn would have the same affect upon him as swallowing a fly has upon a woman.

To be serious—for this is an intensely serious subject—as long as this country is in copartnership with whisky, both nationally and locally, it is but meet and right that every Legislature should pass a law providing a home or place, and any husband who is known to have been intoxicated, and the fact proved upon him, should be consigned to a place of refuge and guarded and protected for at least five years. Then, under promise never to drink any more, he should be released, and if he did drink again, let the laws of his State put him back there for life. There is one thing about the liquor, demijohns, bottles, and glasses: They have no legs; and if they could walk upon a fellow, they could not do him any harm unless he opens his mouth and swallows it. If we would quit making drunkards, and take care of the ones we have, it would not take long to have drunkenness a thing of the past in this country. The difference between a man who takes one drink a day and the man who drinks a gallon a day is that one is a puppy and the other a grown dog. The privations of a drunkard's home would pain the heart of an alligator, and the example which he sets to his children, and the unnatural relation in which whisky places him, make him a criminal in the sight of God and man. A drunken father and a drunken husband is about the worst shape you can put humanity in.

The saddest case was presented to me by a friend sometime ago. He said there lived in his city a man who was once a very prosperous business man. He was a gentleman of the highest type and

integrity. He built himself a palatial home. His wife and children were the joy of his heart. But he got to drinking, and drank and drank until his business melted away, his fortune was squandered, and his property all surrendered to creditors. Still his wife clung to him, until from the kicks and bruises and neglect she finally took her children and went to the home of her father, in another State. He said that one day he saw this man, apparently sober, sitting down near the depot alone. He walked up to him and sat down by him and said to him: "Mr. ——, do you ever think of your once prosperous and happy life? Do you not often think of the happy home, sweet wife, and nice children you once had?" "Yes," he replied, "I often think of my prosperous days, of my good wife and my sweet children, and of my pleasant home; but I don't want any business now, I don't want any wife, I don't want any children, I don't want any home. I don't want but one thing in the world, and that's whisky." In this case we have the culmination of a drunkard's life—patriotism, love of home, devotion to wife, and interest in children, all sacrificed on the burning altar of an unquenchable thirst for liquor; the universe drowned in a wine cup, gulped down the drunkard's throat at one swallow.

The most horrible picture of heathenism is that picture of a woman who carries her sweet babe to the banks of the Ganges and tosses it on its turbulent waters, watches its murmuring lips sink beneath its tide; but here in Christian America we watch two hundred thousand a year, hopeless drunkards, take their wives and children and throw them into the turbulent waters of a drunkard's life. The saddest comments on our civilization are the infernal laws that license and foster and furnish police protection for it.

BORN DRUNKARDS.

THE diseases and diseased of our race are furnishing the greatest problem of the scientific world. The classification and treatment of the various diseases and ailments of our race furnish one of the largest fields for thought, investigation, and experiment. More of sympathy and money is expended on the diseased of our race than on any other class, yet the world has never given as much money or sympathy in this direction as a Christian civilization demands. Among all the afflicted of our race, probably the drunkard, outside of his own mother and wife, gets the least sympathy and possibly deserves the most.

That drunkenness is a disease, no one informed on the subject will deny; and after the drunkard passes a certain point he is as little blameworthy for his drunkenness as the apoplectic for his spasms. There is, however, a point in a drunkard's life where he is more or less to blame. Drunkards are made by heredity, physicians, and social customs. Where the daughter of a drunkard marries a drunkard the children born into that home are three-fourths drunkards the day that they are born into the world.

The science of heredity has never been fully developed, but common observation reveals to us the fact, and experiments with the lower animals confirm the same, that mental, moral, and physical traits of character are handed down from parent to child and run back through the ancestors. The setter dog, the trotting, pacing, and running horse, the fighting chicken, and the various strains of cattle, with their particular developments along various lines, as well as the children in the homes, teach us how various traits, physical, mental, and moral, are handed down.

It is a sad sight to see a leprous woman carrying in her arms a sweet, innocent, and bright-eyed and chubby-cheeked baby, her own child, and realize that, however healthy and vigorous and perfect in form the infant may appear, maturity will develop that aw-

WHISKEY
RUM AND BRANDY
A Specimen of the work done INSIDE
FELDER

ful disease of leprosy, and the child will carry all the hideous deformities of his leprous mother.

Yet a sadder sight is to look upon a bright-eyed, curly-headed, rosy-cheeked, innocent little boy playing upon the knee of his drunken father, and realize that that poor little fellow has inherited the tendency toward a drunkard's life, and unless he makes the desperate struggle which few are able to make in the face of an open saloon, wine and champagne in the house, the bottle in the pocket of a friend, and presented glass in the hand of a thoughtless girl, he will follow in the footsteps of his unfortunate sire.

I visited a town sometime ago where a thirteen-year-old boy went staggering down the street, presenting all the phases of drunkenness. A friend remarked: "That boy has never touched a drop of liquor. He is the son of a drunken father, and from infancy has walked and acted that way" What a horrible picture that presented, yet how much more horrible would be the soul of every drunkard's child if we could see it in its deformed tendencies toward the drunkard's life!

When I meet a poor drunken man, and by investigation find that drunkenness has preceded him in his family for years, how my heart bleeds for such a character! How few there are prepared to sympathize with him in his sad condition! Weak lungs, disordered hearts, feeble minds, tendencies to rheumatism, scrofula—in fact, common observation has taught us, without medical investigation, that from parent to child every weakness of body or mind and every passion or appetite has been transmitted.

Can anything be more horrible for the contemplation of a philanthropist than that the hundreds of thousands of drunkards in the United States to-day are giving to our coming generations millions of natural-born drunkards, and that our great Christian government has, by her statutory laws, provided saloons at the door of every unfortunate child, giving him every facility for developing this inborn appetite!

How silly it seems to me to put heredity and saloons at one end, and reform schools, penitentiaries, and Keeley institutes at the other, and call upon the sober, industrious portion of society to carry both ends of this burdensome business. Every man in America in some way touches every other man. We constitute a

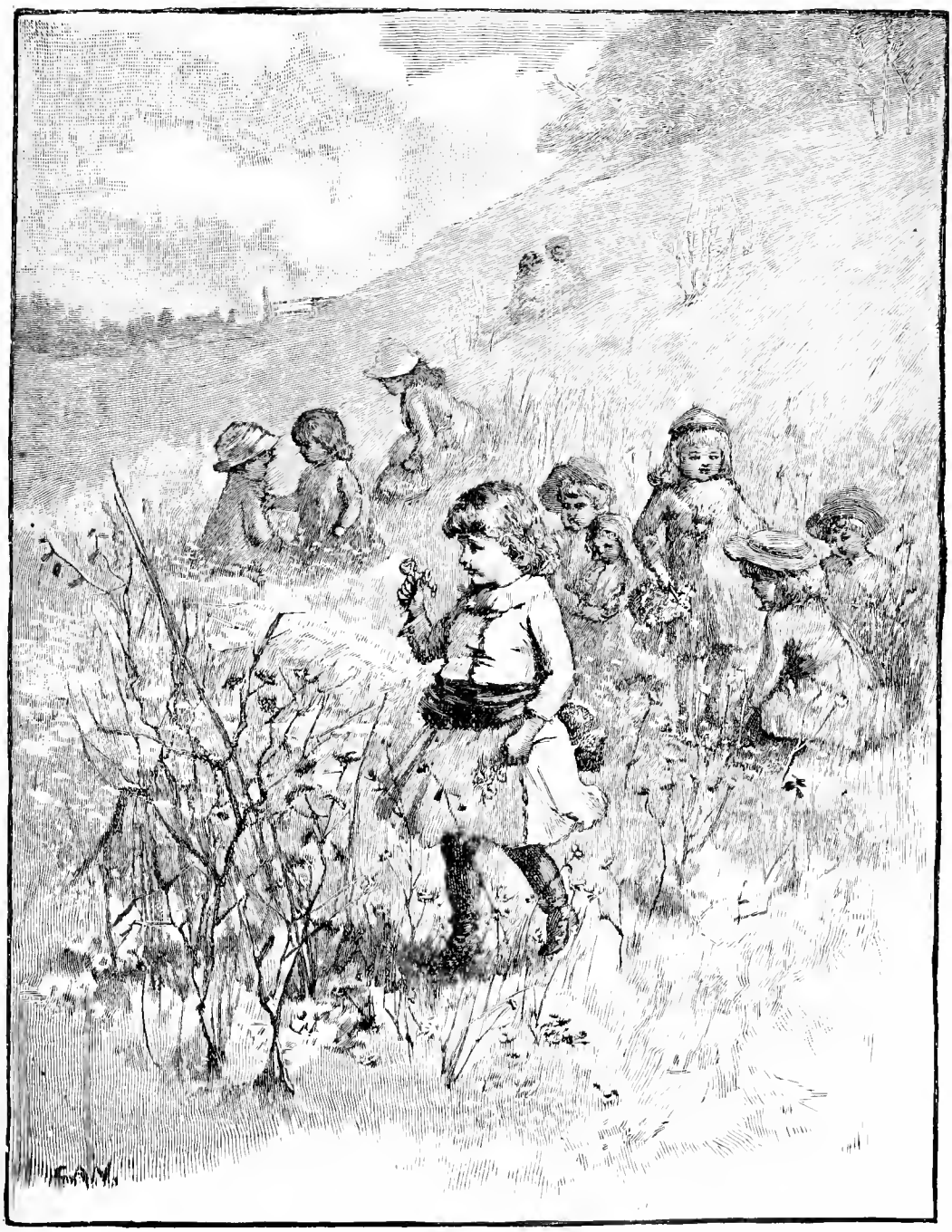
great brotherhood. By our common laws we take care of each other's interest, by our taxation we take care of our common institutions, through our common government we provide for the safety and happiness of each other; and it is the design of this great brotherhood to take care of the property, health, character, and happiness of every member of this great government, from the weakest infant upon its mother's lap to the brawniest man that toils in the field or shop, from the poorest man who lives in his thatch-roofed cabin to the millionaire in his palace.

No thoughtful citizen will deny that this is the aim and object of the great brotherhood called the American Government. Then how can any sensible man indorse or endure this infernal and diabolical system of making drunkards? A child is irresponsible for what he gets in heredity. Neither does an hereditary trait necessitate an action along the line of a trait.

A man with an heredity to drunkenness may live soberly, and a man with an heredity for lying may be truthful, and a man with an heredity for theft may be honest. Here constitutes the battlefield where manhood is developed. He who fights back every evil environment and fights down every hereditary tendency, conquers the evil that is within him and without him, is the true hero; but above and beyond all human effort is the grace of God which is freely given to every man by which he may triumph over both the evil within and without; but we ordinarily look upon a man who is fighting his battles from a human standpoint as battling against heredity and environment with the arm of flesh, and looked upon in this light he is to have most sympathy who has the biggest enemy to fight.

This being true, there is no human being that walks the earth that deserves more sympathy, encouragement, and help than the young man who is making a manly fight against hereditary drunkenness, and no poor fellow deserves more sympathy than the poor drunkard lying at our feet who has made many a manly struggle but at last been overcome and conquered by an inbred enemy.

I never pass on the streets a wrecked, bloated drunkard that I do not think of the battles he has fought, the tears he has shed, and the horrible defeat he has suffered, as the tears streamed from his bleared eyes, rolled down over his bloated cheeks, and the sad



words, "I can't quit," fell from his quivering lips. The poor fellow always gets my sympathy.

If the fathers and mothers of this country could only realize, as they sip the wine and champagne at their evening receptions, or stir their daily toddies, or join their friends in social drinking, that they are projecting upon the coming generation an offspring with tendencies to the horrible condition of drunkenness, I believe that the wine supper and the demijohn, and all forms of social drinking, would be driven from our American homes. "Blood is thicker than water." What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.

The children who fill the nurseries of the world to-day will take position in the social, political, and religious life in the years to come. If we will look at our nurseries to-day, and can analyze the hereditary taints which belong to each child, we can calculate more definitely than prophecy can foretell and determine more clearly what the next generation should be than any angel in heaven, unless angels should be endowed with absolute foreknowledge. The physical, the moral, and the social *status* of the generations to come depend largely upon the hereditary taints and bias and environment we throw about the nurseries.

WOES OF THE WINE CUP.

I HAVE something to say of young manhood with its bleared eyes, with its unsteady step, with its imbecile mind and its surrender of the soul to the evil of intemperance. This is a large class not only in America, but in all countries. I verily believe that true statistics on this point will show that we have already in America a million young men, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, who are surely headed toward the maelstrom of debauchery.

Whatever may be said of hereditary tendencies, very few young men who begin early to drink ever escape the doom of a drunkard's life. Young men begin to drink in a social way They drink because others drink, they drink because there seems to be a "flow of reason and a feast of soul" in the wine cup, and in a very short while the habit of drinking is fixed upon them. How merciless this habit! It gnaws and nabs and bites and tears, and will take no denial. They drink to-day because they drank yesterday; they drink to-night because they drank to-day: a habit with the momentum and cumulative force which always grows with each successive day and week, until by and by habit becomes life and life becomes death. In the meantime the young man finds that the habit of drink is stronger than his love for his mother or his devotion for his father or his respect for his sister, and should he lead some senseless girl to the marital altar she will soon find that his passion for drink is a thousand times stronger than his devotion to her. Soon she will find that his neglect of her and his attendance upon the wine cup have divorced him from her and married him to the cup which inevitably dooms him. In the business world we find him as incapable of business as he is powerless to resist the appetite which, with its cumulative force, sweeps him on to death and ruin. The habit of drink, fixed upon a man, will soon find itself but the center around which all other bad habits correlate.

Wine and women and gambling: when these three take hold upon

a human life, how powerless the victim to extricate himself! Lying and theft and murder: these take their places around the others. In fact, the drunkard seems to be but an old tree of many limbs, on which all the buzzards with black beaks and crimson heads gather, roost and rollic and vomit, until manhood and decency and honor and devotion to all that's right seem to forsake the victim and leave him to his inevitable fate.

There are two sides to a drunkard's life. The young man, conscious already that he is a drunkard, suffers pangs of conscience and remorse of soul equal almost to the horrors of the damned. But worst of all, he does not suffer alone. Often the loving mother looks upon the wreck of her boy with bleeding heart and tear-bedimmed eyes. Powerless to check him, she turns from her boy to a merciful God, and she prays awhile and then sings:

O where is my wandering boy to-night?
He was once as pure as the morning dew.
Go search for him where you will,
And bring him to me in all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

At every step the drunkard boy puts his foot upon the tender heart of a suffering mother. Wherever his foot does not come down ruthlessly upon a mother's heart, then he steps upon a fond sister's heart, and she writhes in pain and agony as she looks at the unsteady steps and listens to the thick-tongued utterances of her brother, whom she knows is ruined.

When we turn from mother's sad-eyed face we look upon the manly face of a noble father who, perchance, has never drank, and has always taught temperance and sobriety to his boy, and yet in college life or by bad association the boy has drifted off from the moorings of a pure home, and no sadder heart is to be found than the heart of the noble father who looks helplessly on his ruined boy and groans and cries to God. Not only has this boy wrecked the happiness of his home to which he owes so much, but by his influence, example, and association other boys are caught and pulled into this maelstrom of ruin, and maybe a dozen other mothers and a dozen other fathers and a dozen other homes are blighted and rendered so unhappy by this selfsame drunken boy. One drunkard may touch a hundred homes and rob them all of the

happiness God would have given them. The boy twenty-one years old who never drank, if he will look at the picture just presented and see how he has the happiness of the mother and the father and the sister and the home—and not only that, but perhaps a dozen other sweet homes—in his keeping, has a motive for sobriety and manly conduct enough to build a wall over which he could not leap, a motive sufficient to arm him for every conflict, and to make him conqueror of every tendency which leads to the drunkard's grave and the disruption of home.

The sad and silent mother who waits in patient and hopeful despair the home-comings of her wayward boy presents a picture on which every young boy in his noble, sober manhood ought to look. And then follow the reveries of that mother's mind as she roams through every dive and through all the saloons of the city, and wonders where her boy can be. She thinks of him when he was so beautiful, so pure, so loving, and the contrast of then and now is as painful as death to her. God and the angels only know the many silent hours the mother of such a boy has spent. With all the world asleep, she is wide awake and can never sleep till the staggering steps of her wayward boy shall bring him home again. In all my travels throughout this broad land I have seen no sadder picture than that of the mother as she looks and sighs and longs for the home-coming of her wayward boy. If that boy could suffer one day what his mother suffers every day, he would reform his life and be a joy instead of a pang and a pain to his mother's

heart. Father may chide, father may scold and rebuke; but mother's every word comes from a bleeding, loving heart, baptized in tears that would not stain an angel's cheek, and which fall upon the guilty conscience of the wayward boy as softly as the darkness of night steals away before the rising sun of morning. The father may drive his drunken boy from his home, but he can never tear him away from his mother's heart.

But for mothers, boys might perchance find some excuse for their debauched lives; but with a suffering mother looking on, the boy who drinks is as cruel as a snake and as heartless as a hyena. As loathsome a thing as a debauched young man may be, yet the facilities for making drunkards of our boys were never greater or more active. The wine supper, the champagne dinners of our fashionable homes, the club life with its hilarities and high wines, with liquors and lecherousness, with its follies and its fools—these are but the antechambers of the gilded saloon, and through the gilded saloon he staggers his way into the bum hole of the lowest down saloon along the back alleys of the city

Society teaches the initiatory step; the club life is the freshman class room; the gilded saloon, the sophomore; any saloon, the junior; and the lowest down dive in the city, the room for the seniors, where they get their diplomas, that they may enter the potter's graveyard and be qualified for the doom of the damned. Of all the creatures living or dead, women everywhere ought to shun and spurn everything that breaks a mother's heart or dooms an immortal soul.

A woman with all the conventionalities of society to back up the deed may extend the wineglass to the young man, and when he takes it from her hand then she becomes not only the force that starts him, but she will ever be *particeps criminis* in every downward step and deed of crime which touches his life. If it is true that "he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," then it is also true that she who turns a man toward sin shall propagate a multitude of evils and bring a soul to death.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

SOME one said to me a day or two ago: "Are not crimes and criminals more diabolical to-day than ever in the world's history?" I replied: "Crimes and criminals are not more diabolical, perhaps, but they are more frequent to-day, it seems to me, than in any age of the world's history"

The columns of the daily papers of this country disclose to the gazing eyes of men such a record of crime as would startle any good man or innocent woman as they read the glaring headlines and abbreviated reports of the shocking crimes committed within the preceding twenty-four hours. Murder, rape, robbery, arson, forgery, felony upon felony, and so many young men are guilty of these crimes! These facts naturally make us look after the cause.

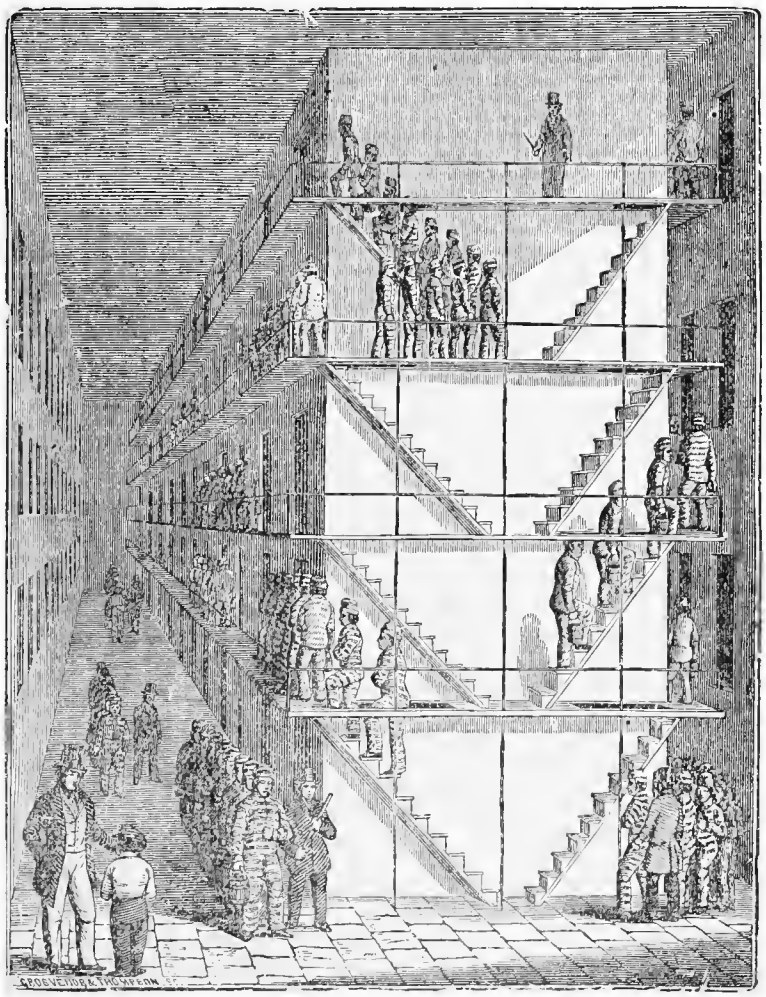
I declare it to be my honest conviction that unless the boys from the rural districts and towns quit flocking to the cities (and it is impossible for many more than half of them to obtain steady employment), and unless the number of idle boys shall be decreased in the next few years, I believe crime will increase, and these diabolical acts will outnumber by far any record of the past.

It is not safe for a woman to be idle. It is not safe for a man to be idle. Idleness and extravagance practiced by so many young men in our country will as certainly end in crime as that effect ever follows cause. No young man is safe who is not employed. When a boy's school days are over he must go to work or go to ruin. This is true of the sons of millionaires as well as the sons of paupers. The boy who gets his own consent to live idly has already taken the road to ruin that forces upon him the diabolical crimes which are recorded by the press of our country every morning and every evening.

The question arises: How far are we parents responsible for this state of things on the part of our boys? The boy who has led an indolent and extravagant life until he is twenty-one years of age

has already formed habits and acquired a disposition that it will take Herculean efforts to overcome. The parent, in trying to be the best friend, may find at last that he has been the worst enemy of the boy.

If we could remove the force of habit and reverse the tendency occasioned by habit, then we could repair the damage and find re-

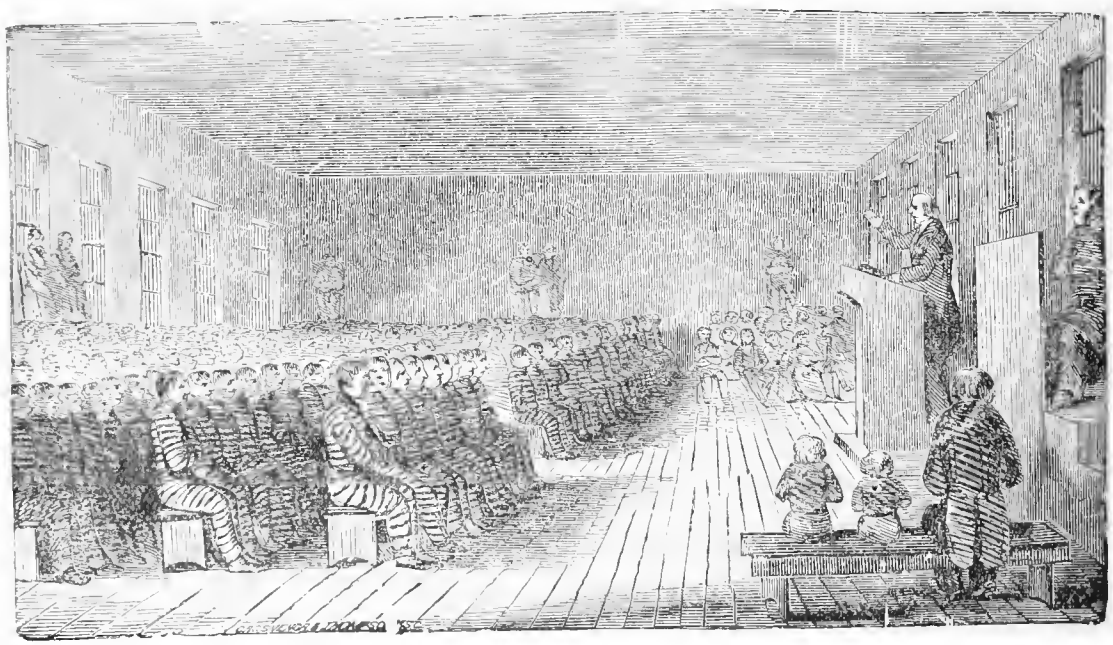


lief, but habit is to man what the channel through which the Mississippi River flows is to it. First, the river cuts out its channel, and then runs in its channel because that is the only course left to it. He who can successfully mount up and out of the channels which have been cut by the habit of his life is a giant indeed; but few can do it.

When I look at the list of habits and the carelessness with which parents help their children to make right habits, I wonder some-

times that there are not more wrecks along the shores than we see. The habit of economy should be instilled into every child raised in an American home. To live beyond one's income is manifestly to head toward the jail or poorhouse. Abnormal wants, with meager means for satisfying them, are the doorways to the penitentiary and gallows of our country. Crime can be diminished by fixing the habit of industry upon our children and teaching them the worth of an hour.

Lifetime is made by the hour, and a noble life must be full of work. Crime may be diminished by enforcing discipline upon our



children at home. An undisciplined child will sooner or later regard no law because he seems to know no law. Crime may be diminished by teaching a child that its integrity is the very basis of its character. Teach him that to dishonor is to defraud, to tell a lie is as bad as to steal, to make a promise and break it is as hurtful to character as any crime in the Decalogue. Crime may be diminished by the ostracism from decent society of those who are on the highways of crime and criminals.

A young lady who will tolerate in her presence and in her parlor a boy who is idle and indolent, who spends money and does not earn money, who eats the bread and meat and wears the clothes of others without proper return, usually lends such a character a helping hand on his way to the gallows or to the penitentiary. It

is the duty of all who are virtuous and decent to shun and always avoid those who are thus given over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind.

A line must be drawn strong and clear between the virtuous and vicious, between the honest and dishonest, between the teetotaler and the drunkard, between the gambler and the laborer, between the good and the bad, and he who would efface such a line is an enemy to society and in copartnership with those who are manufacturers of criminals of our country

The most shocking feature of American life to-day is the clamor for reformatories for the young criminals instead of shutting them up in the penitentiaries and chain gangs with the old and hardened criminals. It is a shame for a nation to multiply its juvenile criminals until the benevolent and humane people of the State cry for reformatory schools.

We need reformation in the discipline and order of American home life, and every home ought to declare itself that no penitentiary or reformatory schools are necessary so far as the children of that home are concerned; but so long as our cities and State and nation are in copartnership with saloons, and our police force levying blackmail upon gamblers and shameless houses, our criminal classes will multiply, and poverty and vice will manifest itself in robbery and rape and in murder and arson.

Almost every criminal with the crimes of his life is breaking a mother's heart, a wife's heart, or bowing the sire of a home with a grief unendurable. O how these criminals bring sadness and regret, with their awful associations, to the many homes of our land!

When the fathers and mothers of our country shall see that an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure, when they shall see that the time and pains they spend in rightly training and wisely rearing a boy or girl are but few and pleasant compared to the burden and grief which come in the long, sad years which follow in the wake of a criminal's life and the felon's home, then, and not before, will we have fewer crimes and fewer criminals and less need for reformatory schools.

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UNCLE SAM IS IN BAD COMPANY.

From The Ram's Horn, Chicago.

GOVERNMENT AND WHISKY TRAFFIC.

WHISKY has proven such a diabolical enemy to the human race, has so debauched moral, social, and civil life, has so trampled upon the peace and prosperity of the home, so demoralized every good institution, that it has lost every friend except two. To-day the only two friends that the whisky traffic can boast of are the devil and the politician, and it retains the friendship of these two because it gives to one an office and to the other an officer. The politician rides into office on the shoulders of whisky, and then rides through his office into hell on the same shoulders.

Every business interest of the country is at heart an enemy of the traffic. No banker nor merchant nor manufacturer nor farmer wants as an employee a drunken man, and in his business he is fighting the saloon off of his employees and out of his business. Every successful railroad company in the United States has its law against the saloon, so far as it employees are concerned. Every profession in its best manhood has a secret enmity against the saloon. First-class lawyers and doctors, and, in fact, every worthy professional man, regret the hour when the saloon touches any companion of their professions. There is a growing hatred in the bosom of every business man and every professional man against the liquor traffic. It has trampled upon women until every thoughtful woman in America who is not an old winebibber or beer swigger herself is an enemy to the traffic.

I have found on this earth but one friend to the liquor traffic, and that is the poor old politician, and the only reason that he is a friend is because he rides the old red-nosed devil into office; but many of the politicians have been bossed and dominated by the whisky traffic until they are getting sore. The people have seen their representatives bossed by the traffic until they are getting sore. Notwithstanding the whisky traffic has more power over legislation to-day than any day in the history of this great country of

ours, it is a fact that the fires of enmity to this traffic are being kindled in every quarter; and in my humble judgment it is but a question of a short time when the good people of America, representing every class and every question, will rise up in indignation and consign the old red-nosed politicians to the back streets of life and bury the infernal whisky traffic face foremost so deep that the more it scratches the closer to hell it will go.

The protection of the liquor traffic by the government of the United States is not only a gross violation of the very spirit of our Constitution, which provides for the life, peace, and prosperity of its citizens, but the fostering of the liquor traffic is the greatest financial folly our government ever went into. The revenues collected by our city, State, and Federal governments have never paid and never will pay the expenses incurred in the destruction of our manhood, our business, and our homes, to say nothing of the expense in taking care of the drinker. Calculations have been made time and again showing that it costs this government in dollars and cents more money to take care of the ravages of the whisky traffic than it gets out of it, to say nothing of the sorrow and debauch that it brings to our race.

In these perilous times the minds of the common people are being awakened to our governmental affairs as never before. We are beginning to find out that it will not do to turn our interests over completely to the old red-nosed politicians of this age. More men are studying the financial questions and political economy to-day than ever before in the history of our country, and the old politicians may look out to hear it thunder. It never rains but it pours, and when the American people set in to spring cleaning every old piece of furniture will be moved around, every old carpet taken up, and the ants and cockroaches and chinches will have to hide. All we have needed in the last half century has been for the common people to stop and think. There is not a level-headed citizen in the United States who will investigate the way things are going that will not turn the business end of a mule to the old politician.

The infernal whisky traffic walks up to every Legislature in this country, shows its gold bag, and shakes its fists; the Legislature throws up its hands and says: "Yes, gentlemen, anything you want you can get." It walks up to the capitol of the United States and

puts the whole thing in its pocket and walks off with it. There isn't a man who has ever been to Washington or to a State capital and examined into the case that does not know that the average politician belongs to the brewers and the distillers of this country just like a Southern nigger belonged to his master in the days of slavery.

The humanitarian, the patriot, and the philanthropist, the true American citizen who loves his country and loves his people, will prove to the politician by a mathematical demonstration as clear and simple as twice two is four that the whisky traffic is the biggest question now before the American people, and the question that is doing more to demoralize labor, undermine our government, destroy our home life, debase the American citizen, and pauperize the country than any other agent on earth; and yet he closes his eyes and stops his ears to every fact.

The good women of America, whose ruined homes and bleeding hearts have driven them out to talk and to work and weep, have circulated their petitions full of cries and groans and the suffering of humanity until hundreds of thousands have signed them, and then presented them to the Congress of the United States; and the infernal red-nosed devils, bought up and dominated by whisky, threw them on the floor and spit their tobacco juice all over them. In these hard times the statistician shows to the politician that we are spending more for this harmful beverage than we spend for bread or shoes or schooling; and yet in the face of the starving, ignorant ragged masses of the people, the politician, bought and bossed by the liquor traffic, throws the arms of this great country around this infernal traffic, protects and fosters it by law, and gives it the indorsement of the great American Government in its hellish work of debauchery and crime.

When Hon. M. W. Howard, of Alabama, an eyewitness to the debauchery in Congress, during the last day, when the poor and distressed were looking so hopelessly to it for relief, tells of real scenes that occurred, the politician smiles and the poor, deluded people give no heed. When he tells us of the conduct of that infernal red-nosed gang in the great capital of our country on the holy Sabbath day, in the concluding hours of Congress, it is enough to make our blood run cold. He tells us that on the Sabbath day

"champagne flowed like water, committee rooms became temporary brothels, women of low repute swarmed the corridors and sang songs in public restaurants with inebriated Congressmen; that Tom Murray, the disgusted caterer of the House restaurant, complained that he had seventy-five dozen glasses out in the committee rooms; that in committee rooms poker games were going on, the sideboards stocked with the best liquors which could be bought with the contingent fund; that the House and Senate bars were running in full blast, with Congressmen carried away by friends fighting drunk; that a woman, with her daintily booted feet elevated on the committee table and a glass of champagne elevated in her hand, was singing a merry song while a dozen members sat around and enjoyed the association of the real lady," etc.

When we look upon this dirty scene, and realize the fact that it is a real picture in the capital of this great country, drawn by an eyewitness, and when we add to this picture the fact that in the midst of this drunkenness and debauchery the wholesale whisky dealers stood around as bosses of the whole situation, if such a picture does not bring consternation to the masses of the people in this great country, I ask in the name of God, whose guiding hand led the first ship to American shores, and who has kept this nation amid the storms of other years, what is to become of this country?

The Democratic party, with its "nonsumptuary plank," has sold out to liquor from snout to tail, and the goods have been delivered. The Republican party claims that it is a temperance party, but it never loses a chance to gain a vote by concessions to breweries and distilleries. The Democrats and Republicans at heart agree on the liquor questions and then divide up on all other questions, never to come together again until they meet where whisky will be as scarce as water and both will be bankrupt forever.

The Democrats are now wondering what ails them. I believe it is their nonsumptuary plank that has divided them, defeated them, and ought at last to damn them; and in saying this I am not speaking of the principles of the Democratic party, but the politicians who are running it. If this government is by the people, and for the people, then let's make it so, and let the people run the country instead of politicians, brewers, and distillers.

TRAIN UP A CHILD.

THE whole race for six thousand years were once babies. Adam and Eve stand alone the only ones of the race who knew nothing of infancy and babyhood. What a strange immortal little thing a baby is! We talk of the possibilities of grains of wheat, the possibilities of a discovery in science, in art, the possibilities of thoroughbred colts, the possibilities of human discoveries of all kinds; but nothing as small as a baby compares with it in its infinite possibilities.

Methuselah, at nine hundred and sixty-nine years of age, could look back to infancy and babyhood. Julius Cæsar, Peter the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, these men whom the whole world feared, were once little children; little, tiny, helpless babes, as incapable of self-protection as they were incapable of harming others. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, with all the mighty intellect and force of character which were theirs, were once little, helpless babes. Moore, Harvey, Fulton, Howe, and Edison were once carried in the arms of a mother as helpless as wax dolls, and yet see what they have done, the miracles they have wrought, and the achievements they have made.

Look upon the helpless babe in the arms of its mother, and then look upon the giants in intellect, the giants in discovery, the giants in achievements a few years later. Who can realize that they are one and the same? The highest wisdom in this world is the wisdom which can clearly see the definite possibilities of babyhood.

Almost everywhere we will find one or more of these little fellows. There are perhaps now in the United States no less than two millions of little, tiny, bitsy infant babes. We hear them cry and bawl, we see them spanked and slapped, we see them fed and clothed, we see them put to bed and taken up again, and how few of us, as we handle the precious lumps, can realize what they may be or what they may not be.

The little colt and the little calf that gambol by the side of their mother, the little whelp that lies by its mother bear, the little chicken that follows the cluck of its mother, they all have life and all have possibilites along the range of their circumscribed life; but the colt and the calf which may be the companion of the babe to-day are left far behind in the race of to-morrow These babies of ours soon crawl out from among the colts and the calves and the chickens, and step up in a realm where only human and immortal beings can live. The babies begin with a cry, then with a laugh, next with a thought, then with an idea, then execution, then achievement, then character, then destiny

The greatest babe in all history was the little infant Child over whom the star rested and the angels visited and the wise men went to see. The little Babe born in the manger of Bethlehem has revolutionized history and changed the character of the world. All the infinite possibilities of a divine Saviour inhered in the natural babe, and all the achievements in the glorious redemption of man nestled in the manger by the side of Mary, the mother. Grown people can be brought closer together perhaps as they stand around a babe than by any means known to man.

A friend of mine related to me his experience in crossing the Atlantic Ocean some years ago. He boarded a Cunarder at the pier in New York. The vessel weighed anchor and moved out for Liverpool. There were seven hundred cabin passengers on board, and each seemed an utter stranger to the other, and likely to be strangers when they stepped out on the shores of England. But on the second day of the voyage a beautiful, bright-eyed baby was seen in the arms of its nurse in the cabin parlor. As one and another of the passengers would pass the baby they would snap their fingers at it and say some kind word to it, and then they began to speak to each other of the baby. The next day the baby was again in the parlor, and they talked to and listened to the prattling child, and turned to each other and said: "Is it not a sweet baby?" "What a beautiful child!" "How lovely it is!" The next day the babe was not in its place again, and it was whispered from mouth to ear that the baby was sick, and we talked to each other of the babe's illness, and how sad it was. The next day we met in groups to tell each other the babe was worse. The

next day, with sadness and mourning, we all told each other it was dead. The next day we saw the little one panoplied in its watery graveclothes and buried with solemn ceremony in the waters of the Atlantic, and when the sad rites were over we wiped tears from our eyes and talked to each other, and were as companionable with each other from that time until we struck the shores of England as if we had all been born of the same household and were brothers and sisters indeed. That little babe, with its bright face, with its sickness and death, introduced seven hundred strangers from every country one to the other, and then made them all akin. So the babyhood of home life brings each member of the family closer together; the little one is caught up and moved from lap to lap and hands to hands, and each is brought nearer to the other because of the helplessness of the little one.

How wise is Providence! The little babe is laid in its mother's arms as soft and impressionable as wax; it can't think nor talk nor walk. God says to every mother: "Take this little one and make it what you will. Nurture, guide, and train it right, and it will be a benediction as well as an honor to you. Mold it, shape it rightly, and when it is old it will not depart from it." O that every mother could see that the little one in her arms is but immortality in wax, tender, impressionable, and that it will take on the life of its environment as surely as it breathes the atmosphere that surrounds it in its cradle. Like the tender blade of corn just shooting from the earth, it is easily nipped and bruised and obliterated; by and by it becomes a hard, matured stalk, that defies environment and stands in spite of wind and tide. As we commemorate each year the birthday of the Babe in the manger of Bethlehem, let us look to the babes of our own home, guide their lives, shape their characters so that their destiny will be fixed on the bright and better side here and the everlasting reward of the good hereafter, remembering that each successive day and week our children will grow less pliable and less easily influenced for good. As surely as we "train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it," so it is true that when we train up a child in the way he should not go when he is old he will not depart from it. Patience, perseverance, wisdom, prayer, the help of God, the shutting out of evil in-

fluence, the surrounding with all good influence—these all are essential things.

The watchful care of the cow over its calf, the vigilant care of the old hen as she looks after her little chickens, show that in the lower realm God has implanted an instinct in the mother's heart. How much the more, if we would read our higher natures correctly, has God written this law in every parent's heart, and all to the end that the child may be protected, nurtured, and developed to the glory of God and the honor of the parent! The more we study this question the bigger the babe gets, and the more we censure ourselves that we haven't thought more of the child and given ourselves more to its right development.

SIDE TRACKED.

PERHAPS we talk too little and write too little to and for the old people. I suppose every community has its octogenarians and on up to a hundred or more years of age. Cartersville and community has several old people; and perhaps if every community in all our broad land were to look about, they would be astonished to know how many very old people still live in their midst.

Old Father Kilpatrick, of our community, is one hundred and seven years old, he says, and is still a right sprightly old man. My Grandfather Jones, on the paternal side, died in his ninetieth year. I have lately been thrown with many old people, and talked with them. They live largely in the past, very little in the present. Their reminiscences are frequently interesting, sometimes humorous as they relate them. I think we ought to give more time to the visiting of and listening to old people. We may learn many a wise lesson from them; they have had much experience, much observation, and there are many things they could teach us if we would only be wise enough to learn.

Our manner of living to-day is very different from the manner of life they lived sixty and eighty years ago. The click of the telegraph and the whistle of the engine and roar of commerce were unknown and unheard of in their younger days, and thousands of inventions to lighten labor and lessen toil have come in to relieve us of the labor they once performed. Almost all of the old people I have talked to have been laboring people. Manual labor strengthened their muscles and built up their physical frame, and the reserve force and powers of endurance thus acquired enabled them to brave disease and live on in spite of decaying strength.

Very few old people whom I know have been intemperate in the liquor or tobacco habit. They may have used in moderation some of them nearly all their lives, but excesses and old age don't go to-

gether. All excesses are but the burning of the candle at both ends, and will bring to premature decay and premature death.

Almost all of the very old people I know are Christian people; hopeful amid their declining years, often cheerful under the most untoward circumstances. Many of them have a competency on which to live comfortably; many of them are utterly dependent upon children and grandchildren. What a pleasant task and duty it ought to be to minister to the wants and comforts of the old, gray-headed, wrinkled face, and almost palsied limbs of your father or grandfather!

The most inhuman wretch that curses the world is the son who has a heart and neglects and mistreats a noble old father, or a daughter who is unkind and selfish in disposition toward her mother. We owe a debt to fathers and mothers and grandparents that we can never pay in this world, and may not have an opportunity to repay in the world to come. They labored and toiled for us when our very existence depended upon it; they sacrificed for us and helped us, or we could not be where we are to-day.

Old people don't read much. A large-print Bible and the religious papers furnish them with about all the reading matter they desire. They don't talk much unless you let them talk of the days when their steps were elastic and their lives and their hearts were buoyant.

What a blessing in Divine Providence that we grow older gradually and that we may grow old gracefully. Old age comes on by the tick of the watch, by the passing of the hours, by the numbering of days. Old age comes on like the shadows flee away and the daylight takes possession of the world. No man can indicate the day or year when he became old; but few can realize that they are as old as they are. "Once a man and twice a child." The old adage is true, but a child does not realize it is a child whether it is in the first state of human life or in the last.

How sad it is in the profession and calling of life to see the young and vigorous ones pushing the old ones aside! Between our town, Cartersville, and Atlanta, at Vining Station, on the Western and Atlantic railroad, there are more than a dozen old, worn-out, dilapidated engines, side tracked, covered with rust, and stamped with death. The younger and better engines are steaming and running

to and fro, and pass the old rusty ones on the side track every day, not turning their eyes even to look at the decrepitude of the old engines laid aside. The old engines, the old horses, the old dogs, the old men, the old lawyers, the old doctors, the old preachers, the old farmers must give place and allow the strong ones to take possession of the field; and we who are in charge of affairs to-day will soon be side tracked and younger ones will take our places; and if it be true that whatsoever we sow we reap, let us manifest the same kindness to the old people of to-day that we would have the

younger ones show us when the gray hairs and wrinkles of our declining years are to be seen.

Some old people are very companionable, some are very impatient and uncompanionable; some are as loving and genial as little children, others are resentful and pugnacious. How sorry I am for old age when the lessons to be learned by experience and the dangers which are to be learned by observation haven't mellowed their hearts and sanctified their minds so that, like the old wine, they are better and sweeter by reason of experience and age!

We must bear with the old; whatever may be their whims and prejudices, let us be kind and thoughtful of them and their happi-

ness, and seek always to earry them down to their latest hours with as mueh happiness and peaee of mind as possible, remembering always that the youths of to-day will be in middle life to-morrow. Thousands in middle life to-day will be old and may be helpless to-morrow. Morning, noon, and night, the three periods of human life: youth, with its hopes and jollities; manhood, with its burdens, responsibilities, and labor; old age, with its gray hairs and deerepitude, with its reflections and deelining years.

Old grandfather used sometimes to sit in my presence with five generations gathered around—he, the great-great-grandfather; his son, my father; I, his grandson; my daughter, his great-grandchild; my daughter's daughter, his great-great-grandchild. What a sight it is to see five generations sitting in a room! My grandfather wore his age with graee and with a buoyant hope of a blissful immortality He has gone to join the loved ones that have gone before in that world where family ties shall ne'er be broken.

CHURCH MEMBERS.

I YIELD the palm to no man in my respect, love, and confidence for a genuine Christian. The highest type of manhood may be found in him. The broadest beneficence, the kindliest deeds, the truest Christians are found in the rank and file of the Church of God. I would to God that all who name the name of Christ were pure and just and good! Of all professions, this is infinitely the highest. It is a profession which lays claim on soul and body for both worlds, and calls forth from every man who takes the vows of the Christian Church all his ransomed powers of soul and mind and spirit.

It is not the good I shall discuss in this letter, but the fraud, the humbug, and the hypocrite, the nominal professor, the decoy and painted duck. The worldly and the sinful may take no unction to themselves as they read these lines, for it is a fact that there is not a hypocrite in the Church to-day that we did not pull out from the ranks of the world and the world of sinners. They but laugh at one of their own number when the fraud of the Church is ridiculed.

The world looks hypocritically upon the Church; sees all its flaws and can find a hypocrite quicker and have more to say about him than they ever had to say of all good and true in the Church. I have had old sinners to say to me: "Give it to those old hypocrites, Jones, for they are in my way." I have but one reply to make to them, and that is: "How can a man be in your way unless he is ahead of you?" Instead of answering the question, the old sinner generally moves along to join in another world the man whom he so deeply despises in this.

Abe Mulkey, the Texas evangelist, has given to the world a true Christian character. Just before his conversion to God he became a bankrupt merchant, and, like many in the Church and out, he willingly fenced off to himself the three thousand dollars in real and personal property which the law allowed him, though he knew the very law itself was a travesty on justice and a fraud on creditors.

The morning after his conversion he stepped out of his home which a bankrupt law had permitted him to reserve to himself, and started down the streets of his town with all the enthusiasm of a new convert, determined to work for God. He hadn't gone far down the street when he met a lawyer of the city. He took the lawyer for a vineyard and made himself the worker, and began his task at once. Shaking hands with the lawyer, he said: "Colonel, God saved my soul last night and pardoned all my sins. I am happy on the way"

The Colonel, perhaps a little skeptical on religion, with a cynical look replied: "Mr. Mulkey, you say God forgave all of your sins?"

"Yes, Colonel; he forgave them all last night."

"Well," said the lawyer, "did he forgive you that claim I hold on you of seventeen hundred dollars, past due a firm in New Orleans, and that eighteen hundred claim I have against you in my hands in favor of a St. Louis house?"

The young convert was paralyzed, but soon he rallied and said: "Colonel, I will study about that; I will settle that matter right. I will see you later." He turned and went back to his home and said to his wife: "Louisa, I started to work for God this morning, but was paralyzed by Col. So and So in my first attempt. When I said to him that God had saved me and pardoned all my sins, with a cynical smile he said: "Mr. Mulkey, did God pardon you of the claims I have in my hands against you?" I have thought but a few minutes, but I give you the verdict of my mind and heart. I shall this day surrender to my creditors this home and furniture and all things of value which we possess, and will execute my notes for the balance and pay them if God spares my life."

She said to him: "Husband, I'd rather be the wife of an honest Christian man than be married to a millionaire, and know that there was a dirty shilling in the pile."

That day he did surrender all that the bankrupt law had allowed him to dishonestly retain, and executed his notes for the balance of the debts. He has since paid every debt with one hundred cents in the dollar and interest. Talking with me in my own home, Brother Mulkey said, with a laugh of triumph: "Brother Jones, I never could have been a Christian, and retained that which justly belonged to my creditors. Thank God for the good Providence which has enabled me to pay every dollar I owe!"

This man lives in Corsicana, Tex., to-day, honored and revered by both saint and sinner, and regarded as one who is expressive of the noblest work of God: an honest man. How different this man from thousands who cloak themselves in Church vows and profess and call themselves disciples of Christ, and yet dodge their creditors, falsify their word, are guilty of fraud and rascality, and deal in futures, imperiling not only trust funds, but the very interests of their wives and children. How different this man from those who by their godless example mislead their own children and exert a baleful influence over the children of others, or live like a prince, boarding with their wives, signing their names to all contracts as agents for their wives! I personally had about as soon sign a libel as to sign my name "Sam P Jones, Agent for Laura A. Jones." Whenever you see me and my wife both on one horse you can bet your bottom dollar I will be riding in front and she, like a good wife, will be in the rear of the procession.

Gov McKinley's wife let him ride in front; and when his horse fell down she went into the same hole with him, and voluntarily surrendered the last dollar she had to liquidate her husband s debts, though she knew the indebtedness was created by suretyship. Whatever homestead and bankrupt laws may be to men outside the pale of the Church, there is no law by which the law of God can be abrogated when the law says: "Owe no man anything but to love one another."

The old Hard-shell Church has made a record on this subject. In many places that Church would expel a member for taking advantage of homestead or bankrupt law as quickly as if he were convicted of theft. I have been told that in Athens once upon a time, an old country gentleman, in his jeans clothes, walked into a mercantile establishment and said to the merchant: "I want a few goods, sir, and haven't the money to pay for them; I will settle the bill this fall." The merchant, not being personally acquainted with him, replied that he was supplying as many customers on time as he could. The old country gentleman walked out of the store. The merchant asked one of the clerks who that was, and the clerk replied, giving his name, and adding that he was a member of the Hard-shell Church out in the country The merchant stepped quickly to the door and called him back and said to him: "Are

you a member of the Hard-shell Baptist Church?" "I am," replied the would-be customer. "Then," said the merchant, "I will sell you all the goods I have on time, I will sell you my clerk, I will sell you my building, I will sell out to you lock, stock, and barrel." I want to see the day when a man can hypothecate his Church membership at a bank or in the business world as readily as he could hypothecate government bonds.

There is but one way to be honest. Never say you can do a thing until you know you can do it; and after you have said you could do it, knowing you could do it, then let nothing come up between your word and its fulfillment that would divert the mind or interfere with the veracity of your statement. That is strict honesty. Nothing else is. Let the above sentence take hold upon your memory; and if you abide by that rule of honesty, you will find that your neighbor will trust you and God will honor you.

Talking about a want of confidence, a man does not have confidence in a neighbor simply because he wants to. I can't will to have confidence or not in a man as I please. The average man would trust all men if he could. I had a squirrel dog once which barked up many trees on which I could never find a squirrel, neither could I see a hole that a squirrel could have gone into. I got so that if the dog barked any distance from me I wouldn't go to him. I didn't have confidence in his bark. It was his fault, not mine.

I have learned by sad experience that when a man wants you to stand for him that is a sign that he wants to lie down. I have stood for many that did lay down, and they are lying there yet. After paying thousands of dollars for those whom I have stood for, now when a fellow comes to me and asks me to stand for him I tell him I am lying down myself now.

Whatever the world of sinners may do, the time has come when the Church of God must set the example, and each brother be true to himself, true to truth, and true to God. Hypocrites are at a discount, frauds are easily detected and sentimentality has played out. What a man does is a test of what that man is.

Baptism, laying on of hands, or taking the holy sacrament will not add to your life and character unless you are faithful to your word and you are trying to illustrate the life and character of Him who said: "Follow me."

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BOUGHT BY A DEMIJOHN

THE Legislatures of our country, both national and State, are made up largely of men who were chosen by the primaries and elected at the polls. A nomination is equal to an election almost universally as far as Democratic candidates are concerned where Democrats predominate; equally so with Republican candidates and Populist candidates where their parties predominate.

Many men run for the Legislature whose only qualification seems to be cheek and ambition. They have ambition to be statesmen and brains for cobblers, the qualifications of a pigmy and the cheek of a government mule. These two qualities, cheek and ambition, seem to be the winning cards.

There is very little honor, if any, and meager pay, for the Legislators of our country. Some of them make money as the boy did who said he got ten dollars a month and what he could pick up around for his salary as clerk in the store. There is now very little in it for holy ambition to feed upon and not pay enough to hire an industrious man to leave his cornfield to take the job, but there is a kind of glory in it to the little fellow. He reminds me of a small dog in high oats: he has to jump high to see the territory around him.

We have all kinds of men in the Legislature: sober men and drunken men, decent men and indecent men, fools and philosophers, legislators from the towns and legislators from the country. As the old woman said, the average legislator in this country is a mixtry.

It is told upon one of our Georgia legislators that, while serving his sentence in the Legislature of Georgia, a good old honest fellow who was from the country met a gentleman from New York in the lobby of the Kimball. The New Yorker was calling him Honorable Mr. So and So, and talking with him about the South. Directly he said to the Honorable Mr. Blank: "What county are you from?" He replied: "I am from Blank County." "Well, sir,"

he said, "what kind of soil have you in that county?" "Richest kind of land," replied the lawmaker. "What sort of water?" "Finest kind of limestone," replied the legislator. "How are your public schools?" the New Yorker asked. "We have the biggest sort of schools, sir." "What is the latitude of your county, sir?" "I am not certain, sir," said the Georgia lawmaker, "but I think they are mostly Baptist up my way." Shades of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun! But in almost every Legislature there are thoughtful, sensible men who give direction to legislation and in a measure control the ignorant crowd; and these men of brains are responsible largely for the legislation, whether it be in the interest of law and order, peace and right, or whether it be in the interest of whisky and all other forms of hurtful influence.

The model legislator is a sober man; he does not drink a drop, and thus he is removed from bad influences; he is not the recipient of jugs and demijohns and boxes of cigars sent to his room by leading saloon keepers during the session of the Legislature. A legislator who accepts demijohns and other presents from the whisky shops of the town is bought with a jug, and delivers the goods whenever the demand is made.

The model legislator is not a gambler; he earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and does not tolerate any legislation that exonerates horse racing, pool selling, bucket shops, lotteries, or whatsoever schemes men may put up to rob the fools of the land.

The model legislator is incorruptible. The lobbyist monkeys with dynamite when he approaches such a man, and generally the lobbyist knows who to monkey with. He is a man of integrity, and will not swap and trade; he sticks to his convictions of right and votes in line with his principles.

The model legislator is not a blackguard nor a blasphemer. The little pimp who claims to be a representative of any county, and peddles out his smutty jokes and indulges in profanity around hotel lobbies and in saloons, ought to be in stripes and chained to the dirtiest negro in the chain gang of the State or county which he misrepresents, for there are representatives and misrepresentatives just as the fellow who ordered the steak for breakfast. The waiter brought it and he tried to cut it. He called the waiter and said to him: "This is no steak; it is a mis-steak."

The model legislator consults only the wisest and best men in his county, and his vote is but an expression of the wish and will of that class. The fellow who hobnobs with the gang and consults gamblers, liquor dealers, horse racers, pool sellers, political henchmen, is known by the company he keeps, and is not fit to legislate for an alligator in a pond, much less for decent, law-abiding people.

The model legislator is in for wisdom, justice, and moderation. He never lifts his voice nor casts his vote if it is not in the interest of the women and children and home and right.

The model legislator carries his wife with him to the capital; and whether he carries her or not, he conforms the habits of his life to the will and wish of her who is his better half and the guardian angel of his life.

The model legislator is a man of prayer, and he prays in line with the fact that he may be tempted above that which he is able to bear, and he prays that the Lord will always make him a way to escape, and leans wholly upon the promise that he shall not be tempted above that which he is able to bear.

A model legislator must be a lawyer with profound convictions of right, with a broad knowledge of the principles of law—State, national, and international. There is not a code nor a compilation of statutory law in any State in this Union that does not show in many of its pages and paragraphs the most inscrutable, unget-at-able, unphilosophical sentences and phrases that mortal man ever found. It is not a confusion of the tongue as men had at the tower of Babel, but it is a conglomeration of words and phrases which means what the shrewdest lawyer in the courthouse can persuade the judge and jury that it means. "An act entitled an act to amend an act." Then comes a confusion of profound muddy-physician [metaphysician] and vaporings of a fool-osopher. If a ten-year-old boy in school were to formulate words into sentences and have such unstick-to-gatheration about them, he would be expelled on the spot.

A model legislator will get through in thirty days and go home and relieve the country of the burden which he and his associates would cause to accumulate by his remaining longer; for he is for economy in expenditures of public moneys and the lightening of taxes upon the overtaxed people of our country.

INTERIOR OF TABERNACLE, MONROE, LA.

THE THOROUGHBRED

I HAVE always admired a beautiful horse, and have never felt that it was a sin to look with pleasure on the shining hair, beautiful form, and graceful limbs of a thoroughbred horse. Nor have I considered the breeding and training of thoroughbred horses in itself a vice, and my chief objection to them has been like my objection to the violin: they have been in bad company too long. But still I love the soft strains of the violin and the style and form and speed of the thoroughbred horse, and long to see both in better hands.

There is something in good blood. It shows in folks as clearly as in animals. I believe that it is a Christian duty, as well as a great privilege of civilization, to breed up folks and animals to the highest possible point, and to give both the best possible training. The Christian world has not been able to separate the thoroughbred horse from the scrubby little devils that gamble on him, and, true to the old proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," the noble horse has been disgraced by his companions.

When a man will raise a horse worth fifty thousand dollars and a boy worth fifty cents, and put a halter on the horse and a rein in the boy's hand, it is a very difficult thing to do much with the fine horse. When America shall produce two thousand thoroughbred horses, and turn them over to fifty thousand ill-bred, unprincipled, dirty, scrub race horse gamblers, the magnificent horse has a poor opportunity to serve man or glorify his Creator.

There are two sides to the race horse question. The public generally looks at but one side. The thoroughbred horse has a real value, God given and God approved, as well as his powers for immortality; and if we only had some thoroughbred horses instead of scrub jackasses in our Legislatures, municipal boards, and police forces, we could protect the thoroughbred horse from his present

disgrace. I have never fought the thoroughbred horse, and never shall. He is a higher animal and a better animal than the fellow that bets on him.

I commend the man who takes an English hound and breeds into him the instincts of a pointer-bred dog. I commend the man who trains him till he roams the field with system and care and points and retrieves with the intelligence of a man. Such a dog sells for a thousand dollars, when the common cur is not worth the strychnine it would take to kill him. I commend the man who gave to the world the thoroughbred shorthorn, whose straight back and broad loins and round hips furnish to the farmer a most beautiful and profitable animal for his pastures and to our tables the delicious and tender roasts and steaks. I commend the man who has given to the world the thoroughbred Jersey and Devon and Holstein milkers, whose mammoth udders furnish to the home the stream that supplies our tables with most delicious milk and butter. These noble animals, as compared to the piny wood scrubs, are to the animal race as the Harvard graduate compared to the piny woods cracker is to the human race. I commend the man who lassos the wild horse from the fields, and through a constant and careful school of breeding and training shall give to the world a Nancy Hanks or a Proctor Knott.

The man who opposes the breeding up of any animal is a fool. I am glad to see increased attention to the breeding up of horses, cattle, dogs, hogs, and folks; and the amount of attention given to the above animals is about in the order I have named them. In this age of rapid movement the fast horse is a necessity Genuine qualities are bred into race horses—qualities that are useful to the general public and necessary to the comfort and well-being of the animal in doing the work demanded of him.

The quality of getting there with ease and speed cannot be fully appreciated till a blooded team and a scrub team make a trip together. The blooded horses with grace and speed and ease move along with no fagging and tugging and goading, and very little tiring; while the scrub team, goaded with the lash at almost every step, out of wind, fagged and pitiful-looking, brings up the rear. Breeding brings strength of bone and strength of muscle, power of endurance, natural ease of motion as well as grace and beauty.

It brings comfort and blessing to the animal and pleasure and profit to man.

A tired man has a horseback trip to make with some haste demanded. He mounts the scrub, and goads him into his awkward jog, which fags the horse and tires the man. If he had mounted a blooded saddler, he would have glided over the road, rocking his rider into a peaceful rest, making the distance with ease and comfort to himself and pleasure to the rider. Every saddle and driving horse needs the blood of the racer in his veins to give him wind and staying qualities, and as high breeding is a mercy and a comfort to the animal and a convenience and delight to the man, I believe it is in perfect harmony with the laws of God.

I believe in the highest development of everything in us and about us. I believe that he is a benefactor who converts the wild rose to the Marechal Niel, the wild crab to the golden pippin, the Mexican weed to the beautiful dahlia, a cur dog to a trained pointer, a razor-backed hog to a high-bred Berkshire, a piny wood stripper to a Jersey tester, a Mexican pony to a Nancy Hanks, and an ignorant sinner to an educated Christian gentleman.

To see a Nancy Hanks with glossy hair and graceful figure going down the track at a two-minute gait with ears laid back and nostrils distended and her fleet limbs moving like oiled machinery is a thing of beauty; but I never look on such a scene, I never attend a race, not because I don't love a thoroughbred horse, but because I can't stand the dirty, scrubby little devils that gamble on them. I do not believe that any Christian gentleman should attend a horse race or a modern fair or go within a mile of that stinking gang without a disinfectant.

The whole business must be remodeled, and an entirely new set of men take hold of the thoroughbred horse and his public exhibitions, before any Christian man or woman can have anything to do with public races and fairs. Gambling is one of the most demoralizing of all vices, destructive alike to character, home, and business. The high mission of the thoroughbred horse is not, in my opinion, to cater to the amusement of the public simply, or as a source of revenue for sports in the race course; but to improve all of the equine race.

The greatest development of the useful trotting horse can only

be had through the infusion of the thoroughbred into this animal. Every species of the equine family is improved by a dash of this blood: the driving horse, the saddle horse, the child's pony, but no animal is so much improved by this blood as the mule; imparting to the mule the energy, life, and endurance so much needed by him.

It must be a source of profound regret to every gentleman who raises thoroughbred horses to see how the horse is made but the animal for the pastime of the dudes, or an object on which the sport may bet his money. Of course men bet upon everything and will bet upon anything, and this evil will be perpetuated until we have more thoroughbred men. Whoever gambles is a sinner; and the most hopeless sinner, almost, in the land is the gambler who follows the race course. The bookmaker finds it profitable to himself: but the sucker, as well as the sinner, generally loses his character and his money both together on the race track.

There is no surer, faster road to ruin for a young man than the race track. The horse may beat the record now and then as a runner, but he cannot beat the time of the young man moving downward and hellward in his life. I am always sorry to see the young men—so many of them—frequenting the race course. There can only evil come to them. Many parents look upon that fact in the life of their boys with sorrow and regret, but seem powerless to check or to stop their boy in his downward course.

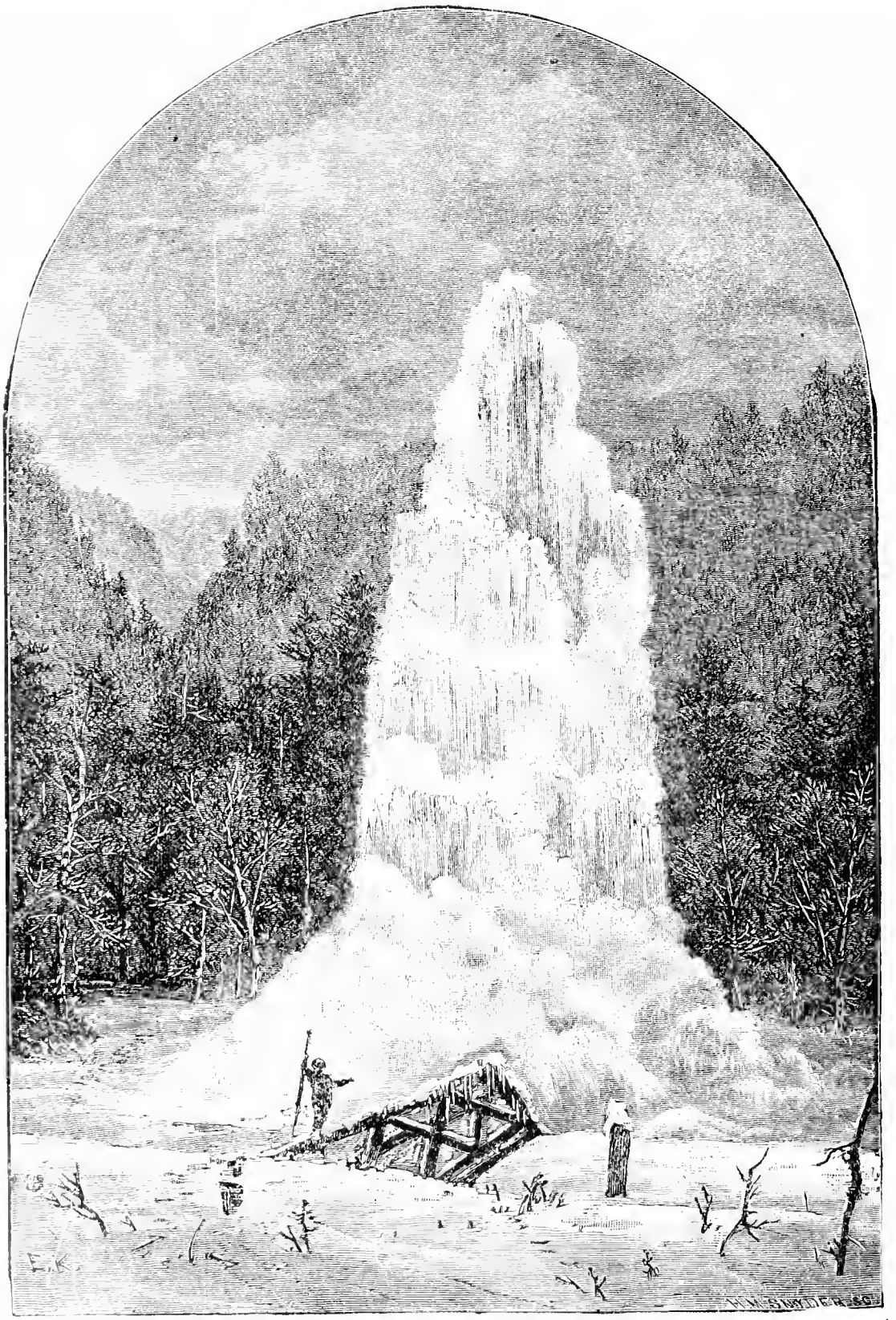
Will it ever be otherwise than that the thoroughbred horses shall be anything more or less than a source of support to dudes and the highway to hell for the young men of our land? The average thoroughbred stays on the track two or three years only; the average sport may remain on earth more than two or three years, but his character cannot live through more than two or three years in the race course.

Woe to the city or community that has its race track! The beginning of the end is inaugurated. Boys will be ruined and parents will be sorrowful.

RINGS, RASCALITY, AND RUM.

A MAN will always know that he has said something, or, in other words, that it was not a blank cartridge that he fired off, when the dogs howl in every direction. Facts are lies, truth is falsehood, and integrity a ridiculous fable when facts and truth and integrity impinge upon the theories and prejudices of any clique, clan, or party. The shibboleth must be rightly pronounced. Loyalty to party must he unquestioned. An editor said that I was but a free lance and that I belonged to no party, no Conference, and no ring. His head was as level as a squash. I am sure, as I have said repeatedly, that I champion no party; I kick like a bay steer when approached by any party, and yet, to my profound regret, while kicking and fighting at the rascality of parties, there is no party to which I can point and say: "Here is a party worthy your confidence, your respect, and your suffrage." The rascal predominates in one party; the fool, in the other. Between the rascal and the fool I will take neither. There is no defense for the rascality in either party, Democratic, Republican, or Populist. The Democratic editor in the South who feigns profound ignorance of the fact that lead has ever been used in the South, the editor in the North who denies that silver has been used in party elections, has every qualification for an official in hell, and I doubt if he will be there more than one day before he is inducted into office, and placed in charge of a quarter section of pandemonium itself.

Some of the editors charge that some of my utterances will be used against the South. I am by the South like the woman was by her husband when he was licking her. A third party interfered, and she jumped on him and helped her husband clean him up. I will never furnish a club or a cudgel for any hypocritical Yankee to club any Southern man over the head. They are as mean as we are, but somehow or other I can put up with the meanness of my neighbors and friends better than I can with the rascality and



meanness of a fellow who does not belong to my immediate section. The locality of a rascal determines somewhat my relations to him and my affections for him. A man born south of the Mason and Dixon line will never get over the fact that he was born in the South. I do not know that I have ever seen a man born north of Mason and Dixon's line fully recover from the fact.

There are many as noble men and women as the earth ever saw north of Mason and Dixon's line. Thank God! we have some of the same sort down our way; but North or South, the rascality and infamy of parties are equal. And I declare it to be the honest conviction of my mind that a man who will steal an office will steal anything. A set of men who will help their candidates to steal an office will help a man to steal anything. Principle is lacking, integrity is gone, and infamy is stamped upon the character of any man who stuffs ballot boxes or fraudulently counts election returns. I care not who he is, nor what party he represents; he is the most dangerous citizen in America to-day, and he is tampering with the very mudsills on which our free institutions rest, and if his work goes on unmolested and undenounced by the good citizens of our country the whole superstructure will tumble and fall, and amongst the *débris* will be found the helpless women and children of our land.

Rings, rascality, and rum are the three links in the chain that anchors us to the devil and destruction. Almost every municipality has its rings and its cliques. A ring does not run long until it develops rascals, and rascals cannot run anything without rum. The three R's have debauched our politics and well-nigh degraded our manhood. A ring will make out its slates, and they can name the successor to office, from President and Governor down to a constable, for a decade to come. Their wires are laid, their henchmen are heeled, their schemes made to succeed, and woe be unto that man or set of men who would put obstacles in their way or who would denounce their methods or thwart their schemes. A wise man can read the handwriting on the wall. Every party in this country has been weighed in the balances and found wanting, and the success of any party which rides into power through rings, rascality, and rum furnishes but the feast which Belshazzar enjoyed while the handwriting on the wall warned him that his doom was

sealed and his kingdom wrecked. There is not an element that enters into the rings, rascality, and schemes of the modern politicians that does not carry with it the very means of disintegration and the very source of party ruin. Boss Tweed, in New York, with his copartners in crime, furnish but one of the black pages of rascality in politics. Office seekers, brewers, distillers, saloon keepers, gamblers, are leading factors in American politics to-day. The millionaire is a potential force; the rum traffic, with its army of well-paid and willing hirelings; the gamblers and sports, with their influence and votes—all these are felt in national, State, county, and municipal politics; and no beings that walk this earth ought to be more interested in the politics of our country than these, seeing that both officials and law are subsidized and dominated by influences which control all authority in the interest of their business and in the protection of their damnable schemes. Money is power, rum is power, and rascality but the product of all who join in the procession. I declare it to be my honest conviction that unless the ministry of this country, of all denominations, shall read and think and preach along the lines of political economy, governmental principles, purity of politics, and fairness of elections, our country will go down and our institutions be forever ruined. If there is anything that the average politician, brewer, distiller, and strictly party editors and politicians want the preachers to do, it is that the preachers shall preach the gospel, attend to their own business, and let the world go on to hell. Let every man stand or fall before his own master, but how ministers of religion can wink at the crimes of the parties of their community and fall in line and run and vote with them, and yet keep in harmony with God and a conscience void of offense, is a mystery to me so profound that nothing but the eternal light of final judgment can ever make it plain.

To see how diligently our preachers are sticking to the gospel and letting politics and commercial dishonesty alone might cause the casual observer to think that the preachers were busy at and succeeding in the work of winning the world to God. But when the average preacher of this country sums up this year's work in converts and conquests for Christ, and examines and sees what he has done, you will then be ready to admit that he has plenty of

time to handle political rascality and commercial infamies. If the preachers are to be judged by this standard, it looks to the average fellow like fish are scarce, or the bait they are using is fearfully insipid.

Trusts and combines, rings and cliques, are running this country from snout to tail, and a fellow who is not in the swim with the gang who are organized and the rascal who shall rule had better join the procession of successful politicians and schemers, or have too much sense to ask for place or position. The fellow who is the puller in the gang, and knows how to pull, is the fellow who walks into office or succeeds in his calling. Thank God that my loyalty to what I believe to be right is higher than my fealty to any party! Every man can vote as he pleases, and here is one American citizen who claims that right. I think more of a genuine man than I do of a corrupt party, and when I vote in line with my honest convictions of right the man who says that I am a traitor is as consummate a liar as I believe him to be a villian. The man who says that any utterance of mine was made to help one party or hurt another because of my fealty or loyalty to any party either misunderstands my motives or else his maledictions are but praise to any gentleman.

THE SAME STANDARD.

THERE is no subject in the world to-day that demands more thought and wiser consideration on the part of parties and parents than this one. We have what we call our social problems, our political problems, financial problems, and commercial problems; but we have met the crisis in American history, and the question of social purity is paramount to all. The moralist, the enthusiast, the statesman, the theologian—in fact, every man who stands for purity of homes, for the purity of womanhood—should now take a hand and lend the forces and energies of his nature to the discussion of this subject. A people may swing too far in carelessness and thoughtlessness, until we have a debauched sentiment and unsafe ideas upon this question. Family ties, noble manhood, and pure and virtuous womanhood demand that those who lead thought and those who lead in various professions and callings of life shall determine for the rank and file of humanity this great question of social purity. To overcome evil with good is not only a command, but we have in the command a weapon by which all evil forces can be conquered or subdued.

Where social purity is lacking, there we have the most debauched municipal politics and the most flagrant vices. Upon the word "purity" the very foundation of society stands. Whatever is impure is cutting away and undermining the very structure of society itself. We have in our country a class of freethinkers. A man who thinks as he pleases will not be long in determining to do as he pleases, and the world is turned adrift the day when a man or any set of men can think as they please.

There are boundary lines and limits to thought on moral questions, as really as there are limits to actions in the social world. In some places we hear the remark: "The man who is pure in life is an exception to the rule." If one-half the male part of humanity is debauched, how long shall it be until the tidal wave will be strong enough to debauch the other side?

God knows there are enough impure women in America to-day. The shameless houses, as thick as the lamp-posts along the streets in all our cities, give expression of womanly impurity that would startle the world if all their numbers could be gotten together and humanity look at one side upon the hundreds of thousands of ruined women, and then, if they could be placed so they might be seen at another glance, upon the millions of impure men whose lives are a disgrace to virtuous mothers and pure wives and innocent sisters.

Social impurity is regarded by many as but one of the necessary evils. Whenever this is said the sentiment and manhood in that community is debauched. There should be written upon every lintel and doorpost of every American home: "Nothing impure can enter here."

The virtuous woman looks with contempt and scorn upon another woman whose character is blasted. The lost woman is tabooed in all society of virtuous womanhood. No riches can adorn her and no trappings can qualify her for entrance into pure society, and yet women who scorn a lost sister will give social recognition to the man who is as guilty as the lost woman. "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways." The act that ostracizes a woman ought to taboo the man, and any sentiment or thought that does not taboo both alike is vicious in its tendency and harmful to society.

Congressman Lynch, of Mississippi, said to his colored brethren on one occasion that God could not lift the African race to its place in the world until the colored man thought more of his wife and daughters and less of whisky

The very principle on which all good society is based is in the declaration of a man who says: "I will never do toward any man's wife or daughter or mother that which I would not have done toward mine." Every gentleman measures up to this standard; a vagabond who does not so measure up ought to be tabooed and despised on equal terms with his paramour in crime.

A section of the city set apart, allotted to vice like this, the troop of soiled doves, the numberless debauchees, their partners in crime, call attention of thoughtful men and praying mothers and pure sisters to a state of things which to them looks like an evil whose bounds cannot be marked. But the line must be drawn.

Preachers and patriots must alike take the platform, the pulpit, and columns of the press, and agitate until sentiment shall be converted and conduct changed. Then, indeed, we will have right thought, and with right thought there will come right action. I verily believe that a man can do wrong until his thoughts are wrong, and there can never be reformation of character until there is regeneration of thought with him.

Social impurity in all its meanness is regarded as the theme of a fanatic or the idealism of a transcendentalist. So much the worse for pure humanity. It is contemptible for a man to say that every man has his price. If things go on, won't some fellow say, by and by, that every woman has her price? Then the foundation is gone, the superstructure fallen. Society is rotten at the bottom and the top; the bums and harlots are at the bottom, and the gilded vicious leaders with their gang at the top. Wine and women are the subject of their song, the theme of their tongue, and the dream of their sleeping hours; but the great heart, or middle class, of society is sound. Virtuous women, pure men, still reign in thousands upon thousands of American homes. For this we thank God and take courage; but how long before the tide, with its present momentum and sweep, will make its way like the inroad of cholera or yellow fever and blight other families and ruin other homes?

As an American patriot, it grieves me to see the dishonesty in the commercial world. It grieves me to see the greed with which men work for gain, but nothing so grieves any patriot as social impurity with its blackening tide, debauching our boys and despoiling many noble girls. This problem, like all other problems at last, must be taught, enforced, enjoined; and whatever tends toward impurity in the most remote degree, let not only parents denounce and put out from their homes, but let the press of the country, both religious and secular, and every pulpit, thunder in deafening tones against them, until every such character shall reform or be relegated to the rear so far that they may never again come in contact with purity or hurt a home.

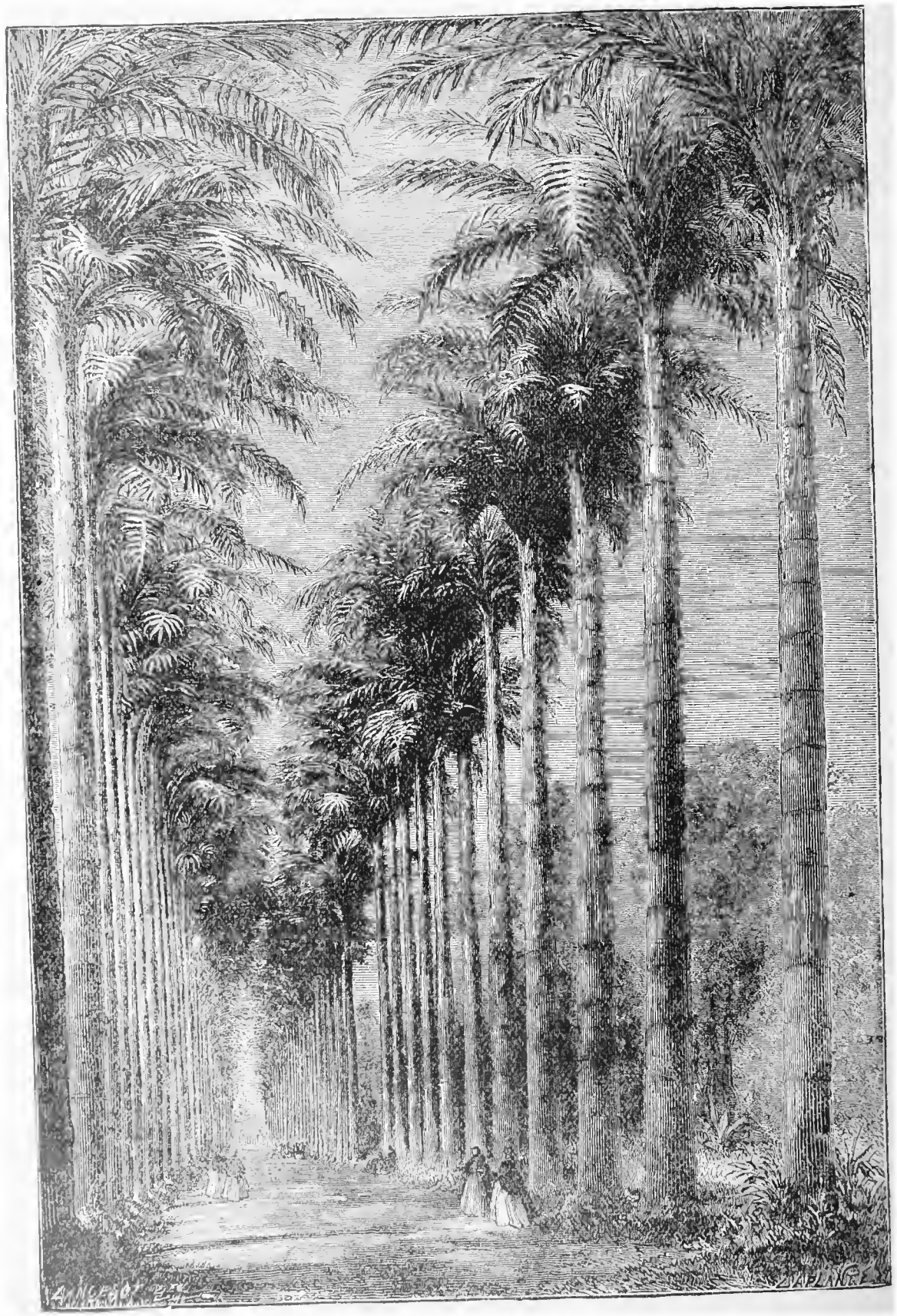
SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

"SUCCESS" and "failure" are two words which mean, perhaps, as much in our everyday vocabulary as any two words known to man. Success has its conditions; failure has its conditions. He who meets the conditions of success will succeed; he who succumbs to the conditions of failure will fail. There may be exceptions to all rules; but where conditions meet, the result, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, will demonstrate that they have met.

We frequently hear it said that opportunity makes the man. Opportunity does not make the man, but men make opportunities. There is something which inheres in the knife blade which we call mettle. Without that thing which we call mettle it would be useless in our hands. The first essential element to success is mettle —that something which cuts its way, forces its way, or conquers its way until results are reached. Mettle is worth as much to a man as it is to a knife blade, and without mettle he is as worthless as the knife blade is without it.

I pity the man who is sitting down quietly waiting for something to turn up, or waiting for the iron to get hot, or waiting for the river to be bridged. The man who gets under the thing and turns it up, or hammers the iron until it is hot, or crosses the river, bridge or no bridge, is the man who will succeed. Hindrances to some men are more effective means of success than helps are to others. Frowns help some men more than favors help others.

It is said that there is no royal road to success. If the attainment of wealth can be considered prosperity in this world, then the conditions upon which the man gets rich only have to be met, and success is his. Diligence, frugality, and heartlessness (which is but another name for stinginess) are some of the conditions upon which men get rich. He who conquers in the commercial and financial world walks to success over the blood and bones of his victims as



much so as Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, or Napoleon ever did. If a man will pay the price for wealth, he may be rich; but as sure as God lives the rich man must have a deaf ear to the claims and calls of others, a purpose to get through at the expense of all mankind; and generally the rich, in order to get rich, have been as stingy and parsimonious to themselves as they have been with others. Success in the political world is always achieved by the defeat and downfall of another perhaps more worthy than yourself. Success in the ministerial world works its hardships and produces its jealousies in many ways like it does in other lines. Success in the professional world, generally among lawyers and doctors, is but to get the practice other men might have. When one doctor is doing more than he is able to do, then we have several others not getting enough to do. Equally so with lawyers. I have seen it so with preachers. Then may we not ask ourselves, Is it better to succeed? After all, the question must hinge on what is success. There can be no real success that is not measured by the golden rule. There can be no achievement worthy of commemoration out of line with the Sermon on the Mount. There can be no opulence or preferment that is really worth having that is not in accord with the Ten Commandments. He who has determined to succeed at all cost may reach the point where the world will say that he is a success? Dives succeeded. He wore fine linen and lived sumptuously every day. Lazarus was esteemed a failure beyond any man of his generation; yet when we cross over into the beyond we see that they have swapped places: Dives a pauper, and Lazarus a millionaire. Real success in this life is in service. He who serves God and his generation well has achieved the highest success. Our Saviour put it: "Whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all." Self-subjugation and self-crucifixion first, and then build up all that is good about you. Along the lines of success in this world we will find an indomitable will—a will fixed in all its relations, set upon the thing desired, never turning aside to the right or the left. The harder the struggle the more intense the fight, the more the will asserts its power, growing stronger with each assertion, until by and by it has proven to both friend and foe that he who says "I will," and feels it in his blood and bones, that man is almost omnipotence.

The next element underlying worthy success is courage that asserts itself, speaks its mind; that fears a difficulty, but fears no man or aggregation of men that the world can present—a courage that walks up into the blazing cannons' mouths of public opinion without the quiver of a muscle; a courage that lays its head on the block or stretches the arms and hands forth to be spiked to the cross or that marches into the dungeon or laughs into the flames of martyrdom—that is an element indispensable if success in the right direction is desired. Faith in God, faith in yourself, and faith in your cause are essential elements. Faith is the principle on which Omnipotence slumbers; faith is the hand that reaches up and takes hold of the arm that moves the world—faith in your cause. The man who says, the evidence all in, the facts all submitted, "I know I am right," and then with faith in himself, "This thing ought to be done, it can be done, I can do it"—he who says this will be a mighty force that no odds can turn aside nor defeat.

Another essential element in right success is self-control, for he that ruleth himself well is greater than he that taketh a city. No one is in position to rule others until he first gets the reins of himself well in hand. The strongest men the world has ever known have been self-poised; and when a great soul poises, or its own convictions of right shall move, a world will move in harmony with him.

Another essential element is sobriety. A man who drinks at all is unreliable. He cannot trust himself, and as an honest man he would not ask others to trust him. There is not a more dangerous influence with which mortal man was ever surrounded than the drink habit. God only knows the future of him who to-day drinks at all. He who never drinks will never be drunken.

Another essential element to success is a kindly spirit toward all with whom we have to do. We see this in home life, where the mother reigns like a queen. Her kind, sympathetic heart pours itself out like the gush of a river, and gives her command of the situation. That man is in the best position to command his friends and conquer his foes who bears a kindly spirit toward every man alive. A knotty, gnarly, snarly, unkindly person will never have the right of way in this world. The ground of his pathway will be disputed

at every step, and if he progresses at all he must swim through rivers of blood and crawl over mountains of bones. Napoleon covered all Europe with blood, and died a defeated wretch at last; but Jesus Christ, with a kindly, forgiving spirit, has well-nigh loved the world into the pathway which leads to glory and to heaven. The laws of compensation work in spite of wind and tide. A Commodore Vanderbilt, a Jay Gould, an A. T. Stewart, may accumulate; and yet we know that their success was not commensurate with their opportunities and only lasted to the edge of the tomb. A Charles H. Spurgeon, a Phillips Brooks, a George Pierce, with their lives and works and characters will bless and fructify the world for a good thousand years after the names of selfish millionaires have been forgotten, and they shall shine like stars forever and forever, while those who lived for self and gain will perish away and be forgotten. The young men of our country should know that the lives of the truly good and great are the only lives worthy of their imitation, and that these noble lives furnish the only example that leads to success here and hereafter.

MINISTERS AND PHYSICIANS.

THE two leading professions of the country are the ministry and medicine. These two stand related to soul and body, each of infinite importance. Each successive year adds thousands to the professions. The theological seminaries are busy on the one side, and the medical colleges upon the other, turning out full-fledged ministers and physicians. We have preachers and preachers, and physicians and physicians, and while these are the two most important of all professions, yet they are bringing up the rear of the procession. The physician with his profession is as old as the diseases of men. The preacher has claimed a place in the moral world as long. Doctors of pills and doctors of divinity are the oldest doctors in the world.

I was sitting in a Pullman sleeper sometime ago, talking with an eminent physician from San Diego, Cal. I said to him: "Doctor, what is the matter with your and my professions? We have the two important professions of the world to-day, and yet we are behind all other professions in knowledge and efficiency, and I sometimes think that we preachers are at the foot or rear of the procession. I give you doctors credit for knowing some things, but while your profession is so old, you seem to know so little. The science of hygiene, anatomy, and physiology is either very inefficient, or you are not apt scholars. Take the science of electricity. It is now only in its infancy, and yet we see Edison inventing the little electric meter. When the cable stretched from Newfoundland across the ocean breaks at any point, he puts the meter to the cable and says to the repair ship, 'Go out two thousand miles, at a certain latitude and longitude, pick up the cable and mend it;' and the repair ship goes out and finds that he is correct. And yet," I said, "doctor, you gentlemen of the medical profession will get a man who is not six feet long right down before you on the bed or table, and you cannot tell what is the matter with him to save your

life." The doctor sat thoughtful a moment, and then he replied: "Mr. Jones, there is a wonderful difference between a man and a wire."

I said: "Doctor, I give your profession credit for seeking, by diagnosis and prognosis, to determine the nature of diseases and the application of right remedies, but my profession seems to know all about remedies, and little about diseases. We are strangers in diagnosis and prognosis. If a physician walked to the door of my sick room, and without asking a question or counting my pulse or taking my temperature or looking at my tongue, said to me, 'You are sick, are you?' and I replied, 'Yes, very sick,' and without further ado he opened his medicine case, took out a double handful of his compounds, walked to the bed and said, 'Open your mouth,' then I would resent the whole proceeding. Being already nearly dead, I am sure that would finish me."

I said to the physician: "I give you doctors credit for seeking to know by all means the diseases which affect your patients. By a hundred questions, by the test of temperature, by touch and insight, by spectroscope, by all appliances and means you seek to know the diseases, and then skillfully apply the right remedies; but with us preachers, how different! Like a pharmacist, we know the technical names of all remedies, and know how to compound them skillfully in the moral field; but few of us ever test temperature, count pulses, investigate causes, and see results. The average preacher, without seeking to know the moral diseases with which men are dying every day, goes into his ecclesiastical laboratory, fills up his medicine case, stands up in his pulpit and tells every man, 'Open your mouth,' and the average sinner don't open. He says: 'I will risk the disease rather than the remedies so complicated and so unskillfully administered.'"

These two professions come into home life; they are sacred professions. The vicious, the unskilled, the ignorant, and the indolent doctor is a curse to humanity, and brings reproach upon one of the noblest professions in which humanity can engage itself. The preacher, upon the other hand, a minister of God, sent as a mediator between God and man, operating between God and man, cooperating with man and coöperating with God in the subtle and transcendentally intricate work of bringing souls in right relations

to God, for him to be idle and indolent and unskillful along the lines of his profession is a sin against God and a sin against man.

It is not only the fundamental duty of a physician to know the names of remedies, to know simply what the pharmacist knows, but his most intricate and subtle task is in diagnosing. Where the vital organs are involved and becoming impaired, where disease becomes complicated, and the life of the patient hangs upon the faithful, effective, and intelligent work of the physician, there the test is made. The doctor and the patient come up together or, on the other hand, they ought to go down together.

One of our little doctors, by the time he learns to roll a pill round or dose a baby with soothing sirup, becomes skeptical or agnostical, which is but another name for being tremendously nonsensical. In the medical college he has seen a few bodies dissected, a few tumors removed, the ligaments, arteries, and veins traced, and over the dry professional books he has lingered for a short while until the diploma makes him an M.D., which does not always stand for "medical doctor," but may sometimes mean "medical doser," without knowledge of diseases or the power to heal them.

So in the ecclesiastical world. With a little literary learning evidenced by a diploma, and after spending three or four years in a theological seminary, he comes out a full-fledged D.D., which may stand either for "Doctor of Divinity," "Done Dead," or "Doodle Digger," as the case may be. A little peripatetic, perfumed, pusillanimous parson, who knows how to shake hands with the brethren, make friends with the sisteren by kissing the babies, and having his hair elegantly combed and perfumed with cinnamon drops, is frequently at a premium.

The patient, wise, skilled, toiling physician who lives in his profession, who honors his profession by a fidelity to the sick and a consecration to the task of their recovery, is a benediction to the profession to which he belongs, and is honored of men, and is doing as sacred work as any minister who preaches the gospel. A broad, sensible preacher, whose knowledge of psychology and theology, coupled with a thorough knowledge of men and things, without affectation, without morbid dignity, who, in the enthusiasm of a genuine, sympathetic soul, can lay his hand upon the moral disease which hurts, and the malady which ruins, and by application of

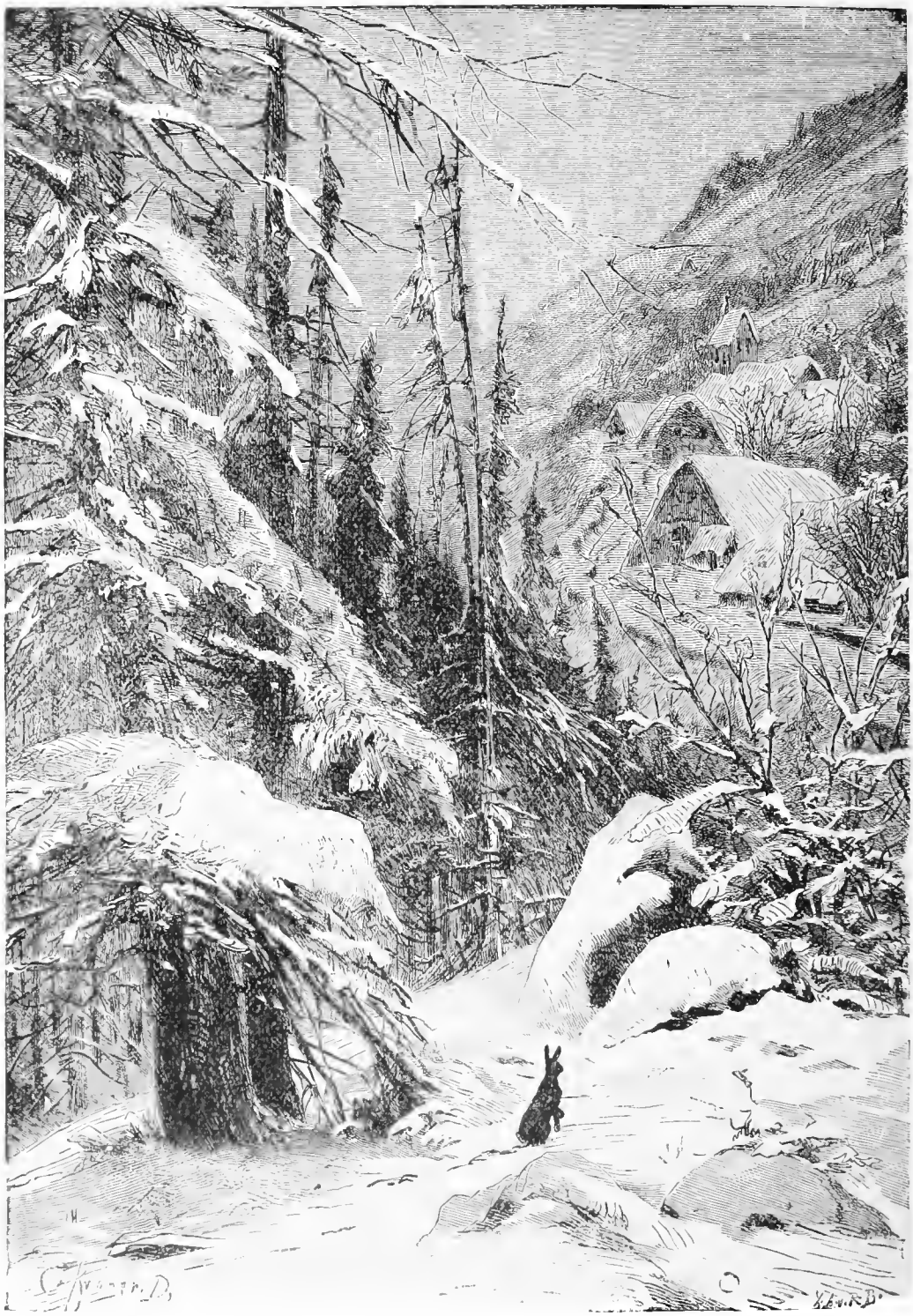
right remedies lifts his patient into moral health and spiritual regeneration, honors his profession and demonstrates his call to that profession.

Many of our doctors rank with the physician whom Pat approached and said: "Doctor, my wife is sick. I will give you five dollars to go to see her, kill or cure." The physician paid the visit. Pat's wife died. The physician presented his bill to Pat. Pat said: "Faith, doctor, I don't owe you a cent." "Why," the physician replied, "you told me you would give me five dollars, kill or cure." Then said Pat: "Did you cure my wife?" "No," said the doctor. Then said Pat: "Did you kill her?" "No," said the doctor, and Pat replied: "I don't owe you a cent. I was to give you five dollars to kill or cure, and you did neither." And many a minister would starve at his profession if his pay depended upon killing or curing, for with thousands of his patients he has never done either.

In the practice of the medical profession we have our sovereign remedies: quinine, calomel, and so on. In the profession of the D.D. we have our sovereign remedies: repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ. A remedy administered by the most skilled physicians for the body, or the most skilled physicians for the soul, will not avail unless the patient takes the remedy, follows the prescription, and takes advice. So let us who are ministered unto by these professionals look well to our relation to them, to the diseases that prey upon us, and to the dangers and destinies ahead of us. Heroism, heroic treatment, confidence of the patient in the doctor, and skillful nursing have almost raised the dead, physically and morally

The doctors say that in the physical world a complication of diseases means the involvement of the vital organs: the heart, the liver, the lungs, and the kidneys. They are hard to manage. So in the moral world. When will, conscience, intellect, and sensibilities are involved in moral wreck and spiritual dissolution, then moral dynamite, spiritual digitalis, moral calomel, and spiritual quinine, and so on, rightly administered, will save the patient and demonstrate the skill of the D.D. Both professions may spend too much time with books and too little time with men; know too much about the science, and not enough about the practice. The

little doctor whose prescription is compound cathartic pills and a jug of liquor has about served his day and generation, and must retire. The little parson who lives upon his sectarian creed, and believes in no good outside of his own narrow theology and narrower church, has his walking papers and must surrender the field to the worthy men who, like St. Peter at the home of Cornelius, saw that God was no respecter of persons, but that in all nations "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him."



IMAGINARY TROUBLES.

THERE is no subject so prolific and of so universal interest at this time as trouble, real and imaginary, homemade and manufactured for us. It is the part of a philosopher, first of all, to classify his troubles. Ours may be arranged, discussed, and settled under two heads: first, the imaginary or homemade troubles; and, secondly, the real troubles of life. To the first class belongs all that class of troubles which have their origin and existence in a disordered or selfish imagination. Job said: "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

There are the four seasons of the year, so many days in a week, and so many weeks in a year; so I reckon the allotment of trouble comes to every man measured out by surroundings or in-roundings. It is, first, the privilege, as well as the duty, of every sensible man to separate and classify his troubles, because the nature of the trouble has all to do with its treatment.

We are everlastingly looking for something which we shall never see, going out to meet something that is not coming to meet us. Imagination is the field where these hordes of evils feed and revel. If every man had starved to death who had imagined in his past life that he would starve, there would not be a living man upon the face of the earth. If every man who had imagined himself a fit subject for the poorhouse had been hustled off to that abode, I suppose that the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, and the Rothschilds would have been shut up with the balance of us long ago in the almshouse. If every man who had imagined that the disease which preyed on him was a fatal one, and it had been so, he would have been buried long ago. If every man who imagined that the world was coming to an end had had the facts on his side, the world would have been nothing more than the projection of frazzled ends.

It is impossible to treat this class of trouble seriously. Ridicule

is the most effective weapon. We will take up some practicable lessons along the line of homemade trouble, with the sisters, first. We will take the fond, good mother, whose heart is full of love and kindness, and, by the way, such a mother seldom consults her head in matters of home life. We will say that in her household there are six children. The oldest, twelve years old, and the three next in age have asked the good mother to let them hitch up old John and drive over two miles to a neighbor's home and spend the afternoon. Old John, by the way, is noted for his docility and kindness, especially toward children. The children go out into the lawn where old John grazes around, and they can lie around on the sward, and as old John walks about amongst them he never puts down his foot solid without first seeing that none of their little limbs are beneath his tread. They can climb his limbs like so many little trees. They can fondle over him. Really old John loves the children, and he is as fatherly as their good mother is motherly The kind mother consents. Old John is hooked up, the four children get into the buggy, and off they go. They are under promise to be back at 4 P.M. Four o'clock comes, and the children have not come. Now mother starts her trouble machine, and, like the old-fashioned weaving loom, both hands and both feet, with the broach in her mouth, the industrious old woman works, and as she works her trouble machine she says to herself: "Those children have not returned. I am sure old John has run away and killed them all." She prances from family room to front door, reveling in the luxury of her disordered imagination, until she remembers that the last time she drove old John he cut a mighty caper, and on until she remembers a presentiment, vivid as life, that old John was predestined to run away and kill her children. Then when she is shouting happy over the situation, the husband walks in and finds her in possession of the field. In a mild, timid way he asks what is the matter. She empties the glories of her imagination, and states the facts. He replies calmly and coolly: "Wife, the children will be here directly." But," she says, "my children promised to be back at four o'clock, and they have never told me a story yet." "O wife, hush; they have told you a thousand." "Well," says she, "the last time I drove old John he cut a mighty caper." "O wife, old John would no more hurt those children than you would."

"Yes, husband," she replied, "I have had a presentiment." Then, of course, like all wise husbands, he surrenders on the spot. She then says to him, "Go hunt up my poor children and bring their bodies to me," and as he starts mournfully for the front gate and roadway the children drive up with old John in his jog trot, children and old John and all, safe and sound. The mother looks out of the front window and sees the picture of their happy faces, and old John serenely standing at the front gate, proud of the fact that he has delivered the children safe to mother and home, looking like an old patriarch, saying to himself: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the stall and receive your oats and corn." The mother retires gracefully into an upper room and buries her face in her hands, and says: "What a goose I have been!" Poor woman, she will do the same thing next day. It is no more natural for the Mississippi to seek the Gulf than it is for such women to manufacture trouble to order.

Many brethren are also given to borrowed or homemade trouble. See a father and husband, under some financial crisis or untoward circumstances, lay aside his common sense which God has given him and to every other man who possesses it, and start his imagination to work on the dark side of the picture. Generally he puts his trouble-working machine into full operation at night. Beside his quiet, sleeping wife, he rolls and revels in the field of desolation and ruin. He can see his farm or business house under the sheriff's hammer. He can see his household and kitchen goods hauled off and put up to the highest bidder. He can see his helpless wife and innocent children led into the broad highway and marched off to the poorhouse or to the grave. He can see that his friends have all forsaken him, his foes all united upon him, and thus, in the glory of his imagination, he lies awake until the stars go out and the sun rises in the morning. Then, wholly unfit for the duties and labors of the day, he rises petulant in mind, nervous in body, appetiteless at the table, and hopeless as to the future, and strikes out absolutely unprepared to meet any issue or to conquer any difficulty.

Such a woman and such a man are only happy when they are miserable and only miserable when they are happy. While I now sit and pen these lines, there are millions of people with their trou-

ble machines running on full time and turning out more goods than can be consumed.

These are but two practical illustrations along the line of borrowed troubles, but they are enough to show the origin and tendency of them all. A ship befogged or a ship near the breakers slows up, sounds the alarm, and proceeds toward its destination slowly; but she is as safe among the breakers and dense fogs as she is in the harbors until she strikes the breakers or has a collision with another unlucky voyager.

Why can't humanity slow up like the grand old ship, use its common sense, be careful, be prudent, be thoughtful, know where the breakers are and keep off of them, know when enveloped in a fog that by and by the sun will break out in beauteous splendor and all will be light again. Experience would tell us much if we would turn back over its pages. The fact that I have never starved is proof that I never will starve, because bread and meat get cheaper as the years go by

Every good mother should close up shop along the line of diseased and selfish imagination and live in the realm of sense and logic, and every father and husband should turn over his trouble machine to some old bachelor who has nothing specially to do but run it; and if he should run it and himself both in the ground, this world would have lost but little and another world would not have gained much thereby

A cheerful, bright-faced traveling man, drummer, or angel of commerce, or whatever you may call him, in conversation with me a few days ago, said: "Brother Jones, about two years ago I found myself a very unhappy, morose, miserable man, with a wife and six children, the expenses of my family growing and my salary not increasing. I thought of my children to educate, home comforts to procure, and so on and so on, until I almost despaired. My wife detected it growing on me every visit I made home. With grip in hand on one occasion I kissed her good-bye. She followed me to the gate and looked me in the face with that bright, happy, cheerful face of hers, and said: 'Husband, will you make your little wife a promise?' 'What is that?' I said. 'Will you promise me that you will get a little blank book and keep a record of every case thrown across your pathway on this trip where there

are those worse off in life than you and your wife and children?' I made her the promise. I procured the little book. I found the first day seventeen, the next day twenty-eight, the next day forty-two. I laid my little book aside, and with that I laid aside my trouble machine. I went back home a happy man. I told wife her prescription had worked like a charm, and for nearly two years I have been a happy man."

It is a sin against a man and his family and his friends for him to go into this abnormal state and burden others with his insane tomfoolery.

NEED OF GOOD MOTHERS.

THE greatest force in this country is a first-class mother. She lives longer and stronger than any other character, for she multiplies her life by the number of her children. A Prohibition mother who raises ten children ought to be equal to ten Prohibitionists, the Christian mother who raises ten children ought to be equal to ten Christians, the Democratic mother who raises ten children ought to be equal to ten Democrats, and so on. In a few years each of these ten children becomes the father or the mother of a home, and each in turn lives in their children the lives of their mother, and it will be but a short time until a first-class mother will be a hundred times what she is.

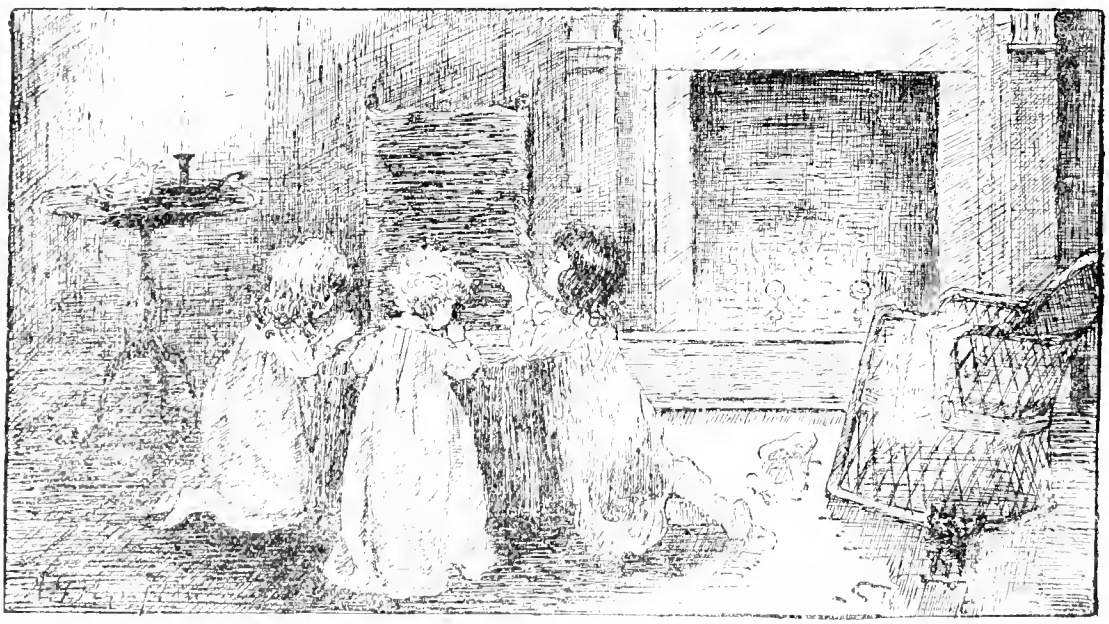
Mrs. Wesley was as much greater than any one man as all her children combined were greater than any one man. She as truly lived with and worked in Charles and John as she lived with and worked in her own body. If the women in this country will begin to hold children-raising conventions, and get every mother in the United States to join, pledging herself to raise a sober, Christian gentleman, it will be but a few years until the old drunkards and liars and thieves and whoremongers will die off, and the sons of good mothers will take their places. I think we can breed up to a reform quicker than we can vote up to it—for, after all, we must depend upon our good breeding for our good voting.

A genuinely patriotic woman cannot do a better thing for this government than to multiply herself by one-half a dozen boys. I am sorry the genuine female woman is to be extinct. I am sorry the whole thing is tending toward the man. Enough of the race is wearing breeches now. We need more men, but we have male material enough to make our men if some fellow could invent a process for turning male things into men. If the whole world turns to men, the thing will be very monotonous. If the women are going to wear trousers and ride astride and hold office and make stump speeches and stand up in street cars and be bankers

and clerks, telegraph operators, and railroad conductors, policemen, and politicians, where are our mothers going to come from?

God has called women by nature to be the mothers of the race; to be the home-keepers. It is a difficult thing for a woman to be a home-keeper and an office keeper; to take care of a babe and a bank, of children and campaigns, of cradles and candidates, of boys and ballots, of patches and platforms. I am heartily in favor of woman's work in woman's sphere, and I believe in the enlargement of woman's sphere to the extreme providential limit.

I would not take from the platform such women as Miss Frances Willard. I believe she is as truly a Heaven-appointed instrument



for the dissemination of right principles as any preacher in this country; but I stand for the home, and believe in the home, and believe that anything that makes a draft on the home is hurtful to our nation. I believe there are women who can work and ought to work in almost every sphere of life. Their providential relations are such that when they occupy public work their private work does not suffer.

But the danger facing this country is the tendency of our women to retire from motherhood. Our home life is becoming very rotten at this point. It seems that a woman prefers to be anything or everything rather than the mother of a large family of children, and, in

my judgment, there is no higher and nobler sphere. The children of this country are being reared by that class of people least competent to raise children. The educated and the wealthy and the higher classes of our people, who are in condition to give the best possible chances to children, are the very people who have no children.

When we go on the residence streets, where the stone mansion and the marble palaces are the pride of the city, we will find here and there a child; but when we take the back streets of the cities, among the poor classes, the yards are full of ragged, dirty urchins. The old proverb, "A fool for luck and a poor man for children," seems to be in full force. If the next generation of our children is to come from the lower and more ignorant classes, we will find our reformation a slow process. We are reforming at the top and deforming at the bottom, and as fast as our reformed die off their places are being taken by the deformed, and we have an endless process ahead of us.

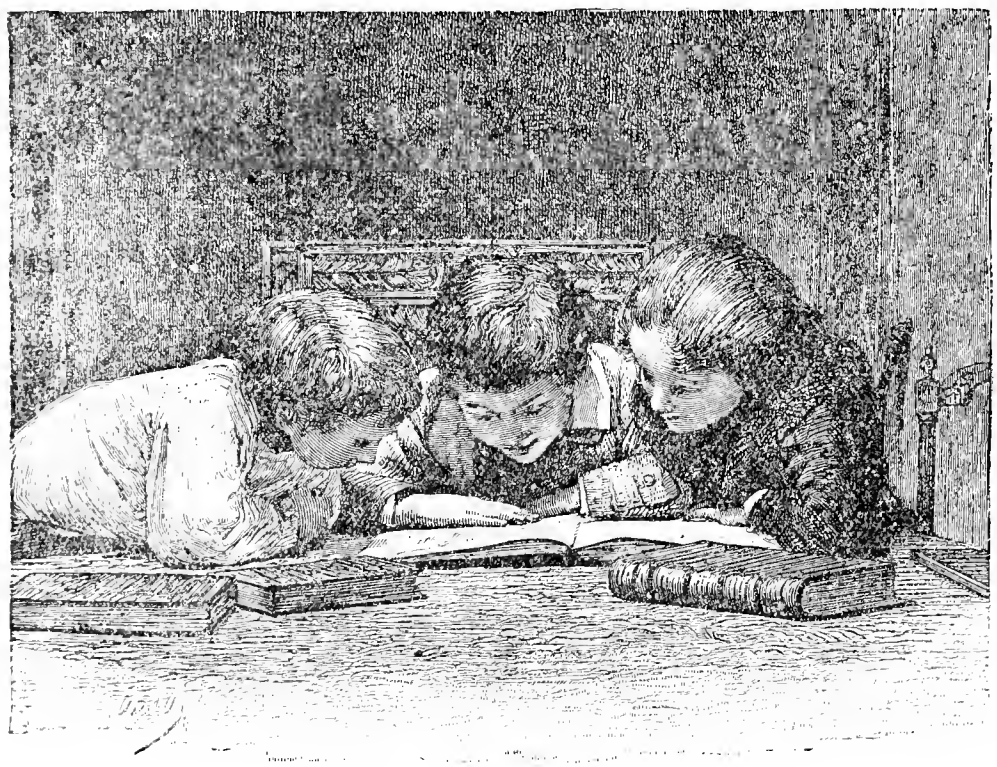
It is like trying to clear a spring branch with a hog wallowing in the spring. If we will drive the hog out of the spring, the branch will clear itself. If we will drive the devil out of our homes, society and politics will soon clear up. The godless society element of this country is putting a premium on childless homes, and sneering at the faithful wife and mother, until the homes of society are becoming centers of crime, and the little, agnostical, jackassical doctors are lending the noble profession of physics to the infamous prostitution of our race.

Marriage is becoming a merchandise, clubs are substituted for homes, wives are becoming society ladies, children are unavoidable nuisances, and destruction of life a habit. The few children who enter the home are turned over to milk bottles and nurses in babyhood, to public schools in childhood, fashionable colleges in youth, and are given over to society's dress and amusement in young manhood and young womanhood. Instead of reading the Bible and saying their prayers at night, the girls plait their hair in shucks for bangs, and the boys plait their toes for the toothpick shoes, and both go to sleep with dime novels under their pillows and fifteen-cent heads on top of them.

The old daddy is up to his chin in business, and the mother in

name up to her eyes in society, and the children are wallowing in idleness and feeding on dreams and dime novels, and the whole thing is hurried toward the gate where humanity runs out. They have not sense enough to be good. Their brains have all run down into their feet and hands, and all they can do is to play progressive euchre and dance.

A few first-class mothers would head off this whole gang and turn all our dudes and dudeens into men and women. I have no



objection to woman suffrage, but the woman who raises four boys for God and the right multiplies her votes by four. I am in favor of a woman being anything she wants to be except the father of a family of children, but my judgment is that the biggest thing a woman can be is a first-class wife and mother.

I would rather have been the mother of the Wesleys, or of Washington or Garfield, than to have been chairman of every political convention since the war, or president of society's four hundred for a life time. If I could mother this country, I would not be uneasy about our laws. The boy who has been properly mothered will never feel the pressure of the civil law. The fewer homes we

have, the more prisons we need; the fewer mothers, the more policemen. When a boy sings, "Where is my careless mother to-day?" the mother must sing, "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

The secular press occasionally pokes fun at the careless mother. Here is a characteristic poem on the twentieth century home:

Rock-a-bye, my baby, mamma is gone
Out to a caucus, and will not be back till morn.
She wore your father's trousers,
She looked so awful queer;
Rock-a-bye baby, your father is still here.

I heard some one sing at a hotel some weeks ago a companion piece to "After the Ball." This is the substance of the little song: A society mother had left a sick baby to go to a ball, and on her return had found the baby pale in death, "after the ball." What a picture of the moral condition of this country. Mothers have left their homes for society, and moral death has astonished them. A drunken son and gambler and debauchee "after the ball."

TO BOYS AND GIRLS WHO EXPECT TO WIN.

THERE are hundreds and thousands of young men in our country with ambition and energy who are struggling against wind and tide in their efforts to rise. There are thousands of noble girls toiling by day and studying by night how they can rise in the world.

It is of this class that I would write. I received a letter this week from a young man in one of our Southern towns. He wrote how he was battling against misfortune and bad luck, how hard he has labored, and how earnestly he has tried, and yet, he says, fortune is all against him. He wrote that he could bear misfortune for himself, but loved ones making their appeals to him for help and his inability to meet the demands of those who are dependent upon him well-nigh robbed him of his reason.

When there are half a dozen applications for every job that carries with it a respectable salary, when in all the realms of commercial and industrial life the places are overfilled, and the unemployed on the outside clamor for work and position, it is this that runs salaries down and brings hard times with all the temptations that come with hard times to the young men and girls of our country.

In all the industrial pursuits salaries have been cut; stenographers, telegraphers, bookkeepers, and so on, and so on, have amidst their toils and hardships seen their salaries dwindle until to-day they are receiving about half what they were paid for their service ten years ago.

To work hard all day and then lie down at night with the consciousness that the salary does not cover expenses, and with creditors clamoring at the door, is almost enough to deprive one of his reason, and yet this is true in tens of thousands of cases. If hope could see a star, then they wouldn't labor in despair; but how they may extricate themselves from the present embarrassment they hardly know Constant toil does not relieve the situation; the outlook to them is almost without promise, and to this class, both boys and girls, men and women, I offer this word of advice: Live within

your income if it means bread and water; pay as you can upon the debts already contracted; sooner or later the clouds will break away and the sunshine of prosperity will come to you.

There can be no sunny days to you amid the gloom that debt creates. No man is a free man who is in debt. Debt is the hardest master that ever cracked a whip over a human slave. It works him all day and worries him all night. Cheap clothes, cheap living, is the only way to meet any falling off of salaries, and really many times we shouldface the fact uttered by Pat when he said that he got rich by doing without the things that he was obliged to have. A Chinaman would get rich by and by on the present salary of the average boy in this country. In Europe men live on much more meager salaries than they do in America. As I have mingled with men and gathered the life history of those who have risen to opulence, I have found that the economy they practiced in the beginning of their career was the basis of the fortune which they afterwards accumulated. We can afford to live hard when young and strong, that we may live in ease when gray hairs and wrinkles and old age come. Better this a thousand times than to live through work and worry from the cradle to the grave.

It will not do, young men and young ladies, to growl and fuss with the condition of things. It does not pay to worry. A calm, wise view of the situation of things, and a determination to preserve character and maintain manhood at all cost, is the only thing that will win at last. I will conquer the difficulties in my pathway, I will overcome the obstacles, I will resist temptation, I will succeed. These utterances, made and stuck to, will enable a boy to swim any river, cross any desert, climb any mountain that may be in his pathway from babydom to genuine manhood. It is hard indeed for a young man to do his work in the best way and come constantly in contact with the avarice and greed of those who have already risen in the world.

I helped a young man sometime ago to procure a position with one of our large corporations. I said to him: "Now, when you enter upon your duties, are you willing to be kicked and cursed and bossed?" He said: "I don't know that I am." "Then," said I, "you had better not take the position. The way to do is to go in and let them kick and curse you; make yourself known, make

yourself necessary; rise with it and make yourself superintendent by and by, and then you will be in a position to kick and curse others as you were kicked and cursed while you were rising, for, after all, the only way to get out of the way of the toes of the fellow's shoes is to get the fellow where he had you while he was kicking you."

Of course this is not meant in a literal sense, but is given to illustrate that he who suffers the kicks and bruises and goes on doing his duty is the fellow who will by and by be in a position to kick others, though memories may have softened his heart till no underling will ever be kicked by him.

There is no class of Americans for whom I have more sympathy than the honest, industrious, toiling girls of our land. Multitudes of them—stenographers, telegraphers, bookkeepers, clerks—are toiling for a living—honest, noble efforts! Sweet girls they are, and yet at every step they face the fact that the business world is unjust to them. Their salaries don't measure up with the men's salaries, though they do the same work, and yet I dare say that an employer who will let a sweet girl labor for him for less salary than he pays a man to do the same work on the other side of the house is as infamous in character as he is unjust toward his employees.

The sewing girls—how they suffer! Sometimes every stitch is made with pain. O the nervous headaches, the hours of pain, the sewing girl endures, and all to maintain her character and obtain an honest livelihood!

I am so glad that in the bright and beautiful beyond these distinctions can never be, but in a world where mercy and justice and love obtain, where no nervous disorders and anxious cares and hopeless love shall ever be known, then and there the wicked shall cease their trouble and the weary shall be at rest.

Toil on, boys and girls; sacrifice muscle and brain, but hold on to character, to God, and the right, and in a world where the mysteries of life shall be made plain, where rewards shall be given according to success, then, and not until then, shall you realize that an all-wise Providence keeps a vigilant eye upon this world and will fulfill the promise at last to reward those who maintain virtue and integrity through their struggles and trials in this probational world.

THE SCANDAL MONGER.

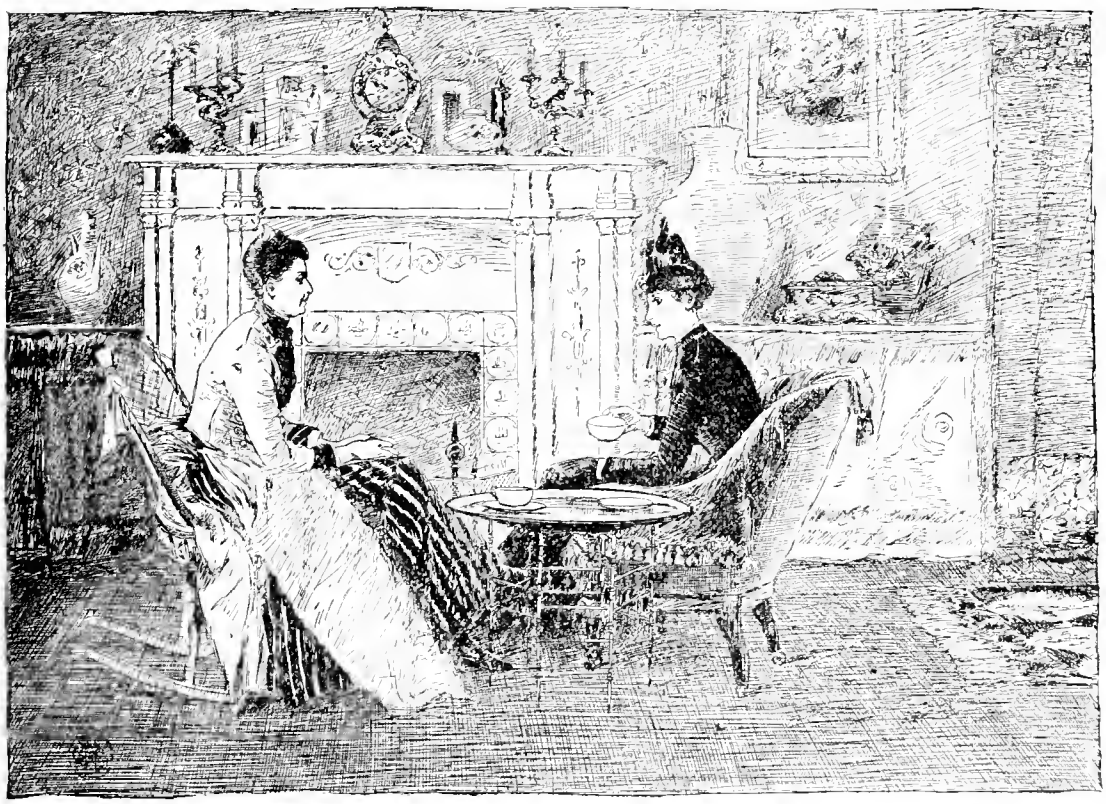
AMONG all the omnivorous, herbivorous, and carnivorous animals and insects, human and brute, perhaps the scandal monger, like the buzzard, is the most despisable; for, like the buzzard, they only put their bill into what is putrefied and rotten. I was told by the people of California that a buzzard was never seen in that State, but in all my travels I have never found a community anywhere that the scandal monger was not on hand for business.

The scandal monger is a male biped or a female biped; by nature they belong to the genus homo, by practice they belong to the devil from hat to heel. The school for scandal has turned its graduates out upon the world, and no school was ever honored more or represented better by the graduates sent out. The scandal monger, like the vulture, will fly over a beautiful landscape covered with verdure and beauty All that is sublime and beautiful and graceful never attracts his eye. The cattle and sheep grazing quietly in the field, the sturdy farmer following his plow, the busy maiden at her work—all these he does not see, but if somewhere in the range of his sense of scent he discovers a decayed body, pursuit follows until possession is his. So with the scandal mongers of our day Beautiful characters, pleasant homes, happy parents, obedient children, prosperous merchants, diligent farmers, active mechanics—these furnish no room for thought and no reason for comment; but should there be a putrefied character or a soiled reputation or a misguided step, then pursuit is ended and the game is his.

The scandal mongers are of three classes. The cowardly scandal monger, who, by innuendo, drives his thrust and probes with his bill. If he writes for the press, he uses a *nom de plume*, and a *nom de plume* in its last analysis is nothing more nor less than a buz-

zard with its feathers stamped off. His real name to an article defaming another would render the article powerless to hurt the one of whom he writes, or else he is too cowardly to daddy his own infamy.

Another class of scandal mongers is that class made up of the talkers of a community. Their tongues are ten feet thick and a thousand miles long. They can cover with slime and filth a whole community in a day. One day they are a reservoir into which the



sewers of the town are turned; another day they are clouds raining filth on home and field and shop.

Another class of scandal mongers sit in the sanctum of the newspaper offices, and wield a pen dipped in gall and as rotten as perdition. Some editors of some papers are built that way. Most generally, though, this food for scandal is furnished by the little characterless reporter, who, like a skunk, makes everything stink that he touches. In this land where freedom of press and freedom of speech is the palladium of our liberty, and one of the evidences of our civilization, this boon of a free people has been appropri-

ated by those whose work it is to drag angels down, but never lift a human being up.

These vultures which feed on the human character and soiled reputations differ from the buzzard in one respect. The buzzard would starve before he would eat sound flesh, it is putrefaction or nothing with him; but the scandal monger will slay his own victim, and prepare his own victim to be devoured by the students and graduates of the school of scandal. (The scandal monger, like the centipede, rots everything over which he crawls.)

There is but one cure for the scandal monger, and that is for him to sit quietly by and see others do for him and his home what he has done so frequently to others and their home. The tattler, the slanderer, the libeler are despicable because they come within the sacred precincts of home, where the mother is with all her tender solicitude and all her susceptibility to suffer. They come into the home and fill with sadness a noble father's heart, or they come into a home and toss and pitch from room to room the bleeding heart of a wife, or they gather the tender feelings of a sweet daughter in their cruel hands and wring and crush sensibilities as soft and tender as the heart of an angel.

If all men were without father or mother, a brother or a sister, then scandal mongers would not be so despisable; but when you touch one person of a home you have hurt them all, even if one should be guilty. There are a hundred innocent persons who will suffer perhaps more than the guilty one on whom the scandal monger has done his work. There may be a difference in one who occasionally indulges in a little gossip, or a little unneighborly talk, and one whose business it is to play the vulture on a whole community, but the difference is only in degree.

Gossipers belong to the primary class in the school of scandal, and the man who makes it his business to despoil character or hurt reputation is simply a graduate from the school. Which is the mightier, the tongue or the pen? The Psalmist advised: "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." Well may we pray: "O God, keep me from dipping my pen in gall and writing the lines that defame or hurt character."

It is said that a custom prevailed in the early history of New York to pierce the tongue of a slanderer. If that were a law now,

there would be many a disfigured tongue. Taste for tainted meat can be cultivated until it is more desired than fresh meat; so a taste can be created for discussing the faults of others till nothing is so pleasant. Criticism made to the person at fault for the purpose of reforming is hopeful and right, but a just criticism in the absence of the party at fault is rarely anything but a malicious or thoughtless stab at character. But a just criticism, however hurtful, is not a slander if it be true, but he or she who handles a fact only to hurt or to satisfy a selfish end will learn soon to handle a doubtful fact and then lie for some end.

Jealousy and malice are the mothers of slander, and the devil is the father of the whole thing. The serpent that injected its poison into the bosom of the beautiful Cleopatra was coiled in a basket of flowers. So the slanderer's poison is often given amid the flowers of compliment. "She is a beautiful woman, graceful and cultured, dresses in elegant style, but I have heard that she is cross with her husband." There is society's serpent coiled in a basket of flowers.

A lad fond of throwing rocks stood in his yard and threw them for entertainment. A sudden scream from a neighbor's yard, and an investigation revealed that a horrible gash had been made in the temple of an innocent girl, and great suffering was caused by the sharp rock he had thrown. He said: "I didn't mean to throw it." A wanton society gossiper for entertainment drops a scandal here and there; a few hours later an innocent woman, with face buried in her hands and with a bleeding heart, weeps over the lie.

The tongue of the slander monger is as cruel as the dagger of the assassin. I heard of an old lady who would not speak evil even of the devil. When drawn out by a doubtful party, she remarked: "They say the devil is very persevering." It is better to flatter the devil than to slander an angel. He who flatters may make a fool of you; he who slanders you damages your reputation and hurts you with others. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell." From the way St. James talks in the lines just quoted, there must have been slanderers and backbiters two thousand years ago. David spoke of them frequently in the Psalms.

No doubt Noah was troubled with them. I suppose Adam and Eve lived for awhile free from the tongue of slanders.

As to the causes and cure, I have only to say that it is a depraved, abandoned heart we place as the cause, and the only cure for this fearful practice is to cut the acquaintance of him or her who has a slanderous tongue, and cease to be a subscriber or a reader of a paper whose only purpose seems to be to traduce character and damage reputation.

BROTHER IN BLACK.

BORN, bred, and buttered among the colored brethren, I know them as they are, and no man can know the negro unless he has been acquainted with him from his infancy up. I learned much about the negro in my childhood days from my old black mammy and the little negro children that played with me day after day.

Superstition is inborn with the negro; hence he is a very religious character. I don't say that many of them are pious, for a man can be very religious and not much pious, and very pious without much religion. The negro has a conscience. It does not hurt him so much when he does a wrong, but it lashes and pains him when caught in wrongdoing. To illustrate: A good old preacher one Sunday morning was preaching on the eternal punishment of the wicked, and in the midst of his fervent and fervid sermon he said: "Brethren, no longer than last night some one come and stole the last two chickens me and my old woman had. I believe that negro is in this house this minute, and I hereby and hereon consign him to everlasting punishment, and the decree has gone forth."

Early next morning one of his parishioners came to his front door with two chickens in his hand and said: "Parson, here is your chickens." "Dem ain't my chickens, child," said the parson. "I knows they ain't," said the parishioner. "Your chickens was eat up 'fore de 'cree went forth, an' last night arter I went to bed my conscience hurt me so I couldn't sleep a wink until I went over to Mars Bob Proctor's and got you two more in the place of them. Here, pasture, take these chickens and take that 'cree back." Of course he left the parson with a conscience void of offense.

The negro's superstitions make him an easy prey to deception in religious circles. I was preaching once at Trenton, Tenn., when there came to my room a kind-looking old negro preacher, well along in years. He introduced himself as "Uncle Ben," a Methodist preacher, and said: "Brother Jones, a friend told me to come

BISHOP ISAAC LANE,
OF THE COLORED M. E. CHURCH IN AMERICA.

and give you my Kuklux experience, and said you would be interested in that." "Let us have it, Brother Ben," I said to him. "Well," he said, "it was shortly after the war, just about the time I went to preaching. I was pastor of a circuit in this county, preaching to four churches. I was at Oak Grove Church when the Kuklux notified me to desist from preaching the gospel. I sent them word that the message of the Lord was upon me and I must preach; and I did keep on preaching. They sent me word again to desist, but I told them like St. Paul, I count not my life dear unto myself! So, one night down at Oak Grove Church, I had preached one of the most powerful kind of a sermon in the distracted meeting, and there was a whole heap of mourners coming to the altar, and about ten o'clock I said: 'While we sing the next hymn the officers of this church will raise the mourners.' They were dead mourners." "Dead mourners?" I exclaimed. "Yes, sir; they were dead mourners; and when they tried to raise them they took them up in the middle and their heels and head both hung down. They was dead; and about that time somebody at the door hollered "Kuklux!" 'Fore God, every mourner raise theirself and they all run out of the church, and the Kuklux stood in the door and bowed at them as they run out. Them Kuklux had horns, and when all the people was out of the church the Kuklux took me down into the woods and beat me mighty nigh to death. I told them they just as well finish the old man, but they 'lowed if I preached any more they would finish me. So den I went up to Sister Brown's, and just as I come in the house, while the moon was shining, Sister Brown's gal seed me coming. She was one of the dead mourners, and she 'lowed: 'Ma! ma! ma! ma! yon comes Uncle Ben.' Old Sister Brown she jumped out in the yard and just halloed and danced and said 'Hallalejah! I knowed, Uncle Ben, if you was a servant of the Lord you would be a Daniel in the lions' den, and they couldn't hurt you.' I said: 'They did, though. They beat me mighty nigh to death.' And I tell you, Brother Jones, from that day to dis I is never had no confidence in dead mourners—never has had from dat day to dis!"

A friend in Van Buren, Ark., gave me an incident characteristic of the darky's superstition and philosophy combined. He said: "Over in the Valley of the Arkansas, where the fearful cyclones do

their ruinous work so often, two negroes were plowing in their cotton, when a cyclone with its fearful force passed near them, almost twisting their shirts off their backs and frightening them nearly to death. When it passed on, the two darkies took out their mules and led them on toward the house, each too much frightened to say a word to the other. On the way to the house they passed their cornfield, which was in the immediate track of the cyclone, and as they looked over the ruin and wreck of their corn, stranded and torn to pieces and destroyed, they both stopped and looked. Still frightened, they looked at each other and looked at the great field of corn which the cyclone had riddled. Then, one speaking to the other, said: "Jim, jest look at that corn, or rather look at the place where the corn once was. Jim, you take that man they call Mars God up one side and down the other, and he does nearly as much harm as he does good."

The darky is a philosopher in giving consolation to the disconsolate. During the late cold snap, with its biting winds and killing frost devastating fruit, fields, berries, and gardens, the old boss knew that havoc had been played with all the fruit, and he wouldn't go out to see, but sent old Uncle Toney By and by Uncle Toney came in to report, and the boss said: "How is it, Uncle Toney?" "A clean sweep, a clean sweep, boss." The old boss hung his head in silent despair, and with a deep groan he thought over the ruin of his prospects. The old darky, in deepest sympathy with him, said: "Boss, I's got dis consolation to offer you." "What consolation have you to offer me, Uncle Toney?" "I think it's gineral, boss."

The negro is a philosopher in the management of the mule. The negro and the mule work better together than any forces I know. The good old colored man was driving his time-worn mule along a level, sandy road, when the mule took the sulks and wouldn't go backward or forward, right or left. The old darky exhausted all his resources in whipping, in trying to lead him, in trying to conjure him with a bundle of fodder, but all to no avail. Finally, completely exhausted, he raked up a big pile of leaves and trash under the mule and set them on fire. When the fire blazed up under the old mule, the mule moved up just four feet and stopped the bed of the old darky's buggy over the fire until it was all burned up except

the irons. To have killed that mule then would have been a clear case of justifiable mulicide.

The negro is a weather prophet. When he sees the sun drawing water he knows "it's gwine to rain." When his corns hurt him he knows there is going to be a change in the weather. When he sees the hogs toting straw and leaves he knows "it's gwine to turn cold." When his joints ache he knows that we are going to have a spell of weather.

These latter day extreme blizzards we have he lays to the weather bureau. He says we never did have these awful times out of season like we have had since they started those weather bureaus.

When the ice factory was started in my town a few years ago, we had a late spring, and the darkies said: "Lessen they stop that ice factory there won't be no more seedtime and harvest in this country Our 'taters is gwine to be frost-bitten in July, and corn, by reason of the cold season, won't never get knee high, and dem white folks with their inventions of weather bureaus and ice factories are gwine to fix this country so no negro can live in it."

But, all in all, the negro is a good citizen, a kindly neighbor, a forbearing, forgiving fellow. A friend asked me the other day if I didn't believe all negroes would steal. I said: "No; nor I don't believe that all the white folks will steal; but I do sometimes think that if the negro owned the property as we white folks do, and the negroes were to hire us at the same wages we now pay, we would long ago have stolen all the negro had.

THE DRUMMER.

THERE is no more characteristic character in history or science or art than the commercial traveler. He is multitudinous, many sided, and ubiquitous. Wherever commerce is known, and traffic is carried on, the drummer goes. Having been on the road almost constantly for fifteen years, my contact with this class of men has been frequent; and, to be candid, the more I have seen of the drummer the more I can see that he has a big heart and an intelligent head.

The drummer of to-day, compared with the drummer of fifteen or twenty years ago, makes one think favorably of the doctrine of evolution, at least in some of its phases. There is an immense difference—morally, at least—between the drummer of to-day and the drummer of twenty years ago. The profane, whisky-drinking, beer-soaking, gambling drummer is an exception. The rule is that the drummer is a bright, upright, intelligent, moral man. Some of the best men I know in America belong to the Travelers' Protective Association.

The characteristic drummer, with his fund of jokes, with his good humor, with his tact and talent, is a very interesting man. Take him at the hotels, on the railroad trains, on the streets, and even when he is pushing his traffic—everywhere you will find illustrations of pluck and vim and enterprise and get-up-and-get. They are ubiquitous. On every train, in every hotel, on every street corner, at every religious service, and almost everywhere else, you will find at least one drummer. If he be religiously inclined, he shows it. If conviviality dominates him, he shows it by his associations.

To keep cheerful and pleasant, and yet follow the hard life that these men do, must be a task indeed. Almost always on the road, with the inconvenience of travel on night trains, stopping at all classes of hotels, from the hash house up to the Fifth Avenue, drinking all kinds of water, eating all kinds of grub, exposed to

all kinds of weather, and, worst of all, away from home and loved ones, their life is indeed a hard one.

The thousands of homesick drummers whom I meet bear testimony to their devotion to their wives and their love for their children. God has made men so that there is no weaning of a true man away from his home. Old drummers have told me that they have been on the road twenty years, and yet each successive year their absence from home and loved ones grows more painful and more unendurable. This is a wise stroke of Providence—this instinct they call love for home. If this could be obliterated, then we would be but wandering tribes of men, and every other man would be a tramp.

In this particular I have suffered with the average drummer the horrors of homesickness and the longings for association of loved ones at home. The bright oasis in their lives is when the three months' trip is over and for a week or ten days they enjoy the company and surroundings of home, and the sweet, noble wife, and the prattle of the children. Thousands of these men, amidst all their hardships and privations, bear a love and loyalty to home and wife and children as sacred as the memories which connect us with the love of a sainted mother or a sainted wife. Some of the best Christian men I know to-day are commercial travelers. Their life is a benediction in the world of commerce. By life, example, and conversation they stand for a clean and upright manhood.

I love the drummer because he is a hearty fellow and he has a big heart. His charities are many, his sympathies are profound. When the record is made up of the affairs of men it will be seen then, as it never will be known before, how many deeds of kindness, how many deeds of charity, and how many rivers of sympathy have gone forth from the lives of these men wherever they have found objects of charity and needs for their sympathy They are a generous set of fellows, and withal impressionable as they listen to the things preached, and movable under the influences of truth. It has been my privilege to preach to ten thousand drummers, no doubt, and many letters have I received from them thanking me for the good they had received, and for the reformation of life which had come to them under the influence of my meetings.

I am glad that it is true that the vulgar and wicked drummer is

fast being retired to the rear and switched off on a side track, where his life is less influential and his power for evil is abridged. When the drummer, with his gripsack in one hand and his Bible in the other, shall go forth pushing his wares and pushing the cross of Christ with equal vigor, then it is we will take the world for God. These men, ramifying this country from ocean to ocean, in every city and hamlet, can be a power for good equaled by no force scarcely I know among men, and I verily predict the day when the commercial world, with its army of drummers, will give to Christianity one of its most potent forces and active agencies.

The drummer is not only a student of human nature, but he is a fine judge of it. Thrown in connection with all classes of men, if an apt scholar, he soon becomes an expert in divining the character and understanding of his customer.

Above all things, the drummer should be an honest man. He should be a man of the highest sense of integrity He should be a pure man in his personal life. With honesty, integrity, and purity as his leading characteristics, he will reflect honor upon his profession, and, with industry coupled to these noble qualities, he will be effective on the road, and do much business for those who employ his time. It is not necessary for him to drink. It will ruin him to gamble. It will side track him to be dishonest. The drummer who has come to stay is the man who honors his profession by all the qualities which honor a man in any other profession.

The drummer knows the best towns, the best business men in each town, and, above all, the best hotels, for when his business is over he wants a square meal and a comfortable bed. Withal this is a healthy life. The drummers are all fat and sleek, and I know of no life more healthy and invigorating to the physical man. If a drummer is sober, and keeps good hours, and gets all the sleep he can, he will generally live to be his three-score and ten years.

The brotherhood of the Travelers' Protective Association was in session at my meetings in Waco. They made a formal request of me, by unanimous vote, to preach a sermon specially for them. I consented to do so. It is always with pleasure to me that I stand up before a large body of traveling men, and talk to them about the things that belong to the soul and that affect character and

destiny I have preached to six or eight hundred drummers gathered in a building, and have always found them respectful, attentive, and responsive.

May God bless these men of hardships and privation, wherever they may be, and shield them in the hour of temptation, and guide them successfully to the haven of rest! is the prayer of one who is interested in them, and who has been benevolent in all of his thoughts concerning them.

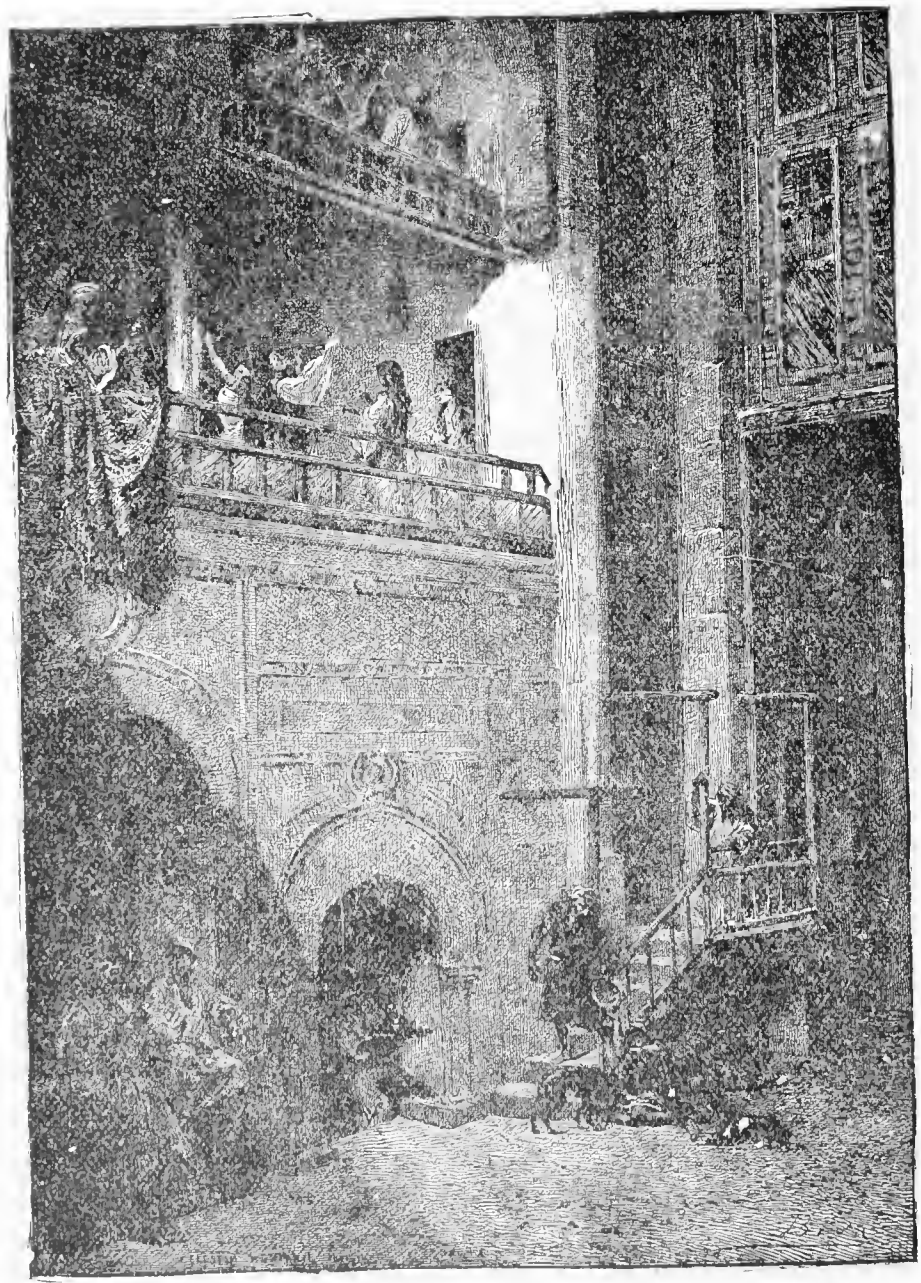
DIVES AND LAZARUS.

THERE are times when benevolences must be many, benefactors must multiply. Charity is a New Testament scripture term, meaning simply a practical deed kindly done for a brother.

Our Saviour gave us an illustration of pure, simple charity in the following parable: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

The priest by his very obligation was bound to care for a brother; the Levite none the less bound by his vows. The Samaritan, who hated the Jew, and without conscience upon the question, was the man who practiced charity. Out of a kind heart he did a practical deed to help a brother.

In this country we have organized charities and benevolences which look toward the amelioration of the condition of humanity In these times these institutions are not equal to the task. Collections for the poor are taken every Sunday in the churches. They range from eighty-five cents to forty dollars. Most of these collections would seem to come from paupers, and as charity begins at home, the money ought to be refunded on the spot. Then we have committees in the churches that look after the poor. Some churches give charity balls, and thus they connect the sweetest



word in all Christian language with one of society's most baleful and hurtful things—a ball.

Then we have contributions from millionaires. I saw the other day, announced by the Associated Press, that a millionaire in Washington City had given $5,000 to the poor of the city. This makes good news for the Associated Press; it is a rare occurrence. I have often wondered if such gifts would be made at all if the giver thought that it would never be known. There may be a few still alive who give in the scriptural way to charity, who "will not let their left hand know what their right hand doeth." A man who gives $5,000 to charity, and circulates it, or suffers it to be circulated by press or mouth, really gives about $1 to charity and $4,999 to himself; he takes that much in glory

A millionaire out West boasted the other day that he had raised seven thousand bushels of wheat this last year on his Iowa farm, and the railroad rates were so heavy upon his wheat that it would not pay its own way to market. Out of the generosity of his soul he proposed to the president of one of the leading railroads that if he would haul the wheat free of charge to the Nebraska sufferers he would generously give them the wheat. The trade was made, and he did a mighty charitable deed by giving wheat that was worth nothing to himself. There are a mighty lot of folks in this world who are willing to give away anything and everything that they do not need and do not want.

The charities of the average man in this country would shame him to his face if he would keep a record of them. Many a man thinks he is giving away thousands, when, if the record has been made as honestly as he gave, it would amount to such a pittance that he would destroy the record in sheer contempt for himself. How much we give does not test our generosity, but how much we have after we have given is a far better test. She who gave most and made the record as the most generous of all givers was the poor widow who gave two mites, which was all she had.

"If thou seest thy brother have need, and shut up thy bowels of compassion against him," condemnation instead of commendation comes to every such man. These are times of millionaires and paupers, and the masses of humanity range between the two. Poverty is indeed poverty when brought in contact with great

riches and luxury. Take it as it is in New York City. Millionaires with half a dozen luxurious homes, more or less, when right down the street a dozen families crowd into one little tenement house, and thousands sleep on the awnings and in the parks when the weather will admit.

No wonder men sour and rebel. Philosophers may prattle, and political and social economists may write, but after all we are not a brotherhood; we have but little interest in each other.

My own native State at one time shipped a train load of provisions to starving Nebraskans. A citizen of my own town said: "We should make up a car load here." I replied: "I will give one hundred bushels of corn to the enterprise." Some one remarked: "What a fine advertisement for our town when it shall go abroad that Cartersville, Ga., shipped a car load of provisions to the starving West!" I replied: "I do not want any stock in the advertising business; but if they are really suffering, they are our brothers and we need to help them." I heard it on many sides that Georgia would get great advertising for this deed of charity. I suppose this is but in line with the way the world does the thing. I am told that streaming banners placarded the cars: "Georgia's gift to Nebraska." Our motive may be all right, but I suppose the angels laughed when they saw Georgia's gift steaming its way to Nebraska.

Has the spirit of unselfish devotion to men died out in the hearts of our countrymen? Do we never push a hand out to help a brother without hoping to return the hand with something in it for ourselves? The pauperized benevolent institutions in our land, the columns of our great dailies in our cities, in extremely cold weather like we have had lately, announce and recount the destitution and the objects of charity all about. "Ye have the poor with you always," said the Christ; but I would rather be the poor pauper who suffers in privation and want to-day than to be the man of means and ease and luxury and comfort, and turn a deaf ear to the widow and orphan's cry or the appeal of the poor about me.

Dives fared sumptuously every day, but turned a deaf ear to the cries of diseased and pauperized Lazarus lying at his front gate. Dives in hell begging for one cup of water; Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Lazarus in comfort and luxury; Dives in hell forever.

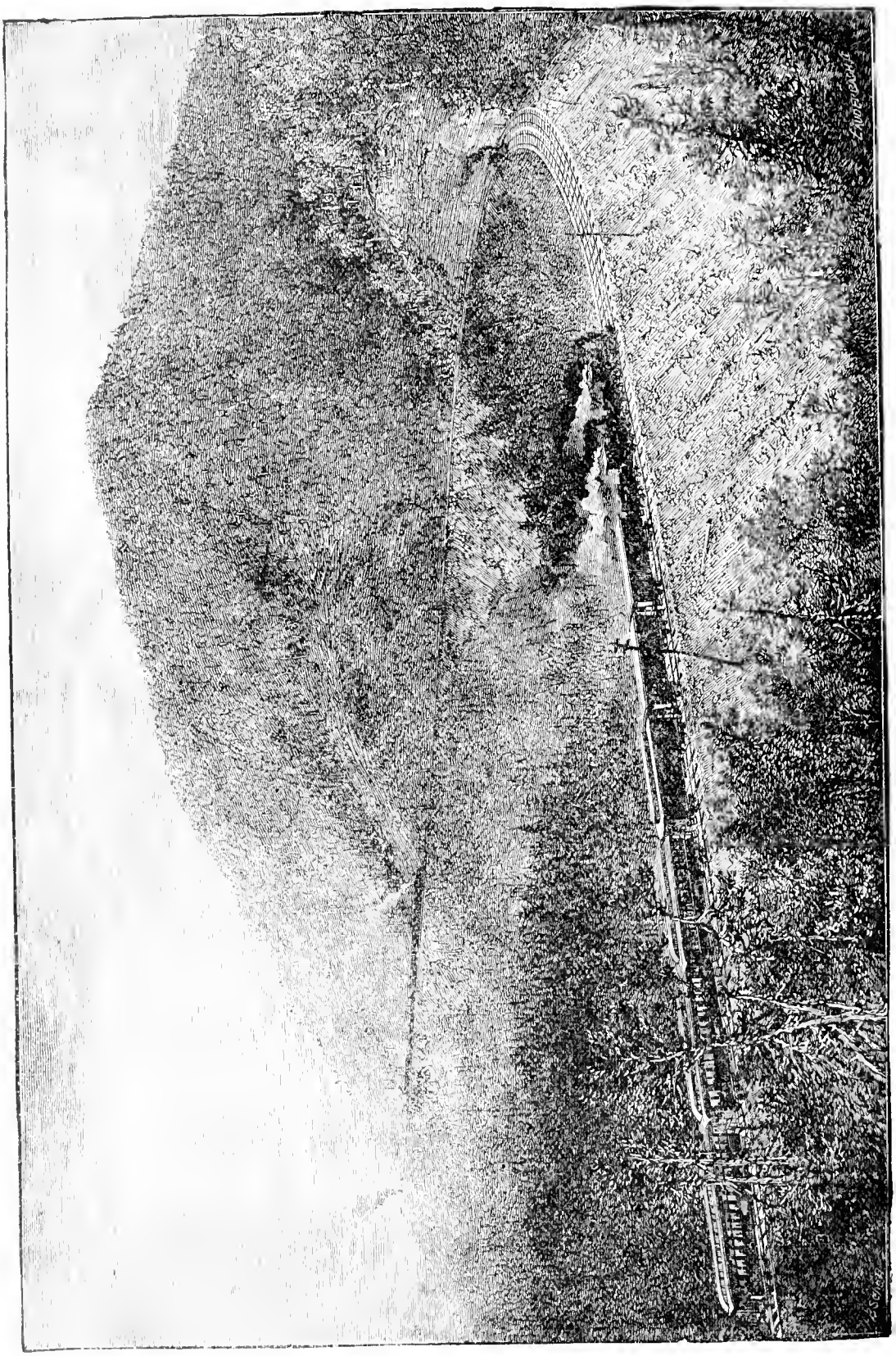
THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

THERE are in the United States some hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad. The locomotive engineers in this country alone number perhaps fifty thousand. What a vast army of men standing at the throttle day and night! As a humble passenger riding on day coaches and Pullman sleepers, constantly on the road from year to year, traversing the country from ocean to ocean, I have learned to admire the noble, heroic character who stands at the throttle, and I trust myself into his hands, feeling that he is my friend and that he will not only carry me safely to my destination, but that he will make sure of my connections *en route*.

My ideal of an engineer, drawn from association with thousands of these brave men who handle the throttle, presents itself in a picture before me as I write—a brawny fellow, five feet ten inches tall, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, with overalls on, intelligence in his eyes, the glow of health upon his cheek, and a kind of expression which seems to say: "I will put you in on time or ditch the train!"

No finer class of men, taken as a whole, can be found in any profession or calling than the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers present to the world. Membership in this order is a guarantee of sobriety and sterling qualities. Railroads are essential to the movement of freight of all kinds, and passengers, including the mail and express; and while I sit quietly dictating this article for the press, perhaps ten thousand engineers stand on their engines, making schedule time from starting point toward destination, with their eyes on the track, their hand on the throttle, watchful of schedule and time, and thinking of the safety of those whose lives are committed to their care.

The locomotive is an organized force and moves at the bidding of its master—the engineer. The love and devotion the engineer has for his engine is almost akin to the love he bears for his wife



and children. Jealous of her record, careful of her machinery, and proud of her performances, he sits on his engine and thunders along the steel rails, listening to any unusual noise which would indicate a want of harmony in her machinery, listening to her exhaust to determine if her valves are working right, noticing the water and the steam gauges, thinking of the up grade just ahead, ever watching for signals along the way.

It has been my privilege to ride with many engineers on our trunk lines. I have never availed myself of the privilege without thinking more of the engineer and of the marvelous power that carries us like the wings of the wind on our journey toward our destination. These brave men are hardened to toil and acquainted with dangers. They have literally grown up on railroads. Knowing their business, they perform well. With the locomotive engineer, it is true, as in all other professions and work, that some are much more skilled than others. With the same engine, the same train, the same fireman, some engineers will roll along on time and get there; while others, full of work and worry, worn out and tired, get in late.

Some men seem born to the calling. It is a thing of beauty and joy to sit on an engine with a born engineer who seems master of the situation. The engine itself seems to respond, like a thing of life, to his very touch. Up grade and down grade, through tunnels and over trestles she rushes and thunders at his will, or slows up and moves cautiously as he may desire. They run their engines up and down the same steel rails three hundred and sixty-five days and nights in a year. The work never grows monotonous to them, but each successive trip adds new zest to their calling and is a tonic to their lives. Like most of other callings, grit is the next essential to common sense. The timid engineer must sooner or later be retired to slow trains or to the plow; but the nervy one, calm in the most exciting hour, and deliberate when danger is nigh, is the man who runs longest and runs most safely The millions who travel seldom think highly enough of the brave man who stands at the throttle, with sleepless eye and steady nerve, and who, through dangers seen and unseen, brings us home to friends and loved ones.

Perhaps no class of men is more devoted to their homes, to their

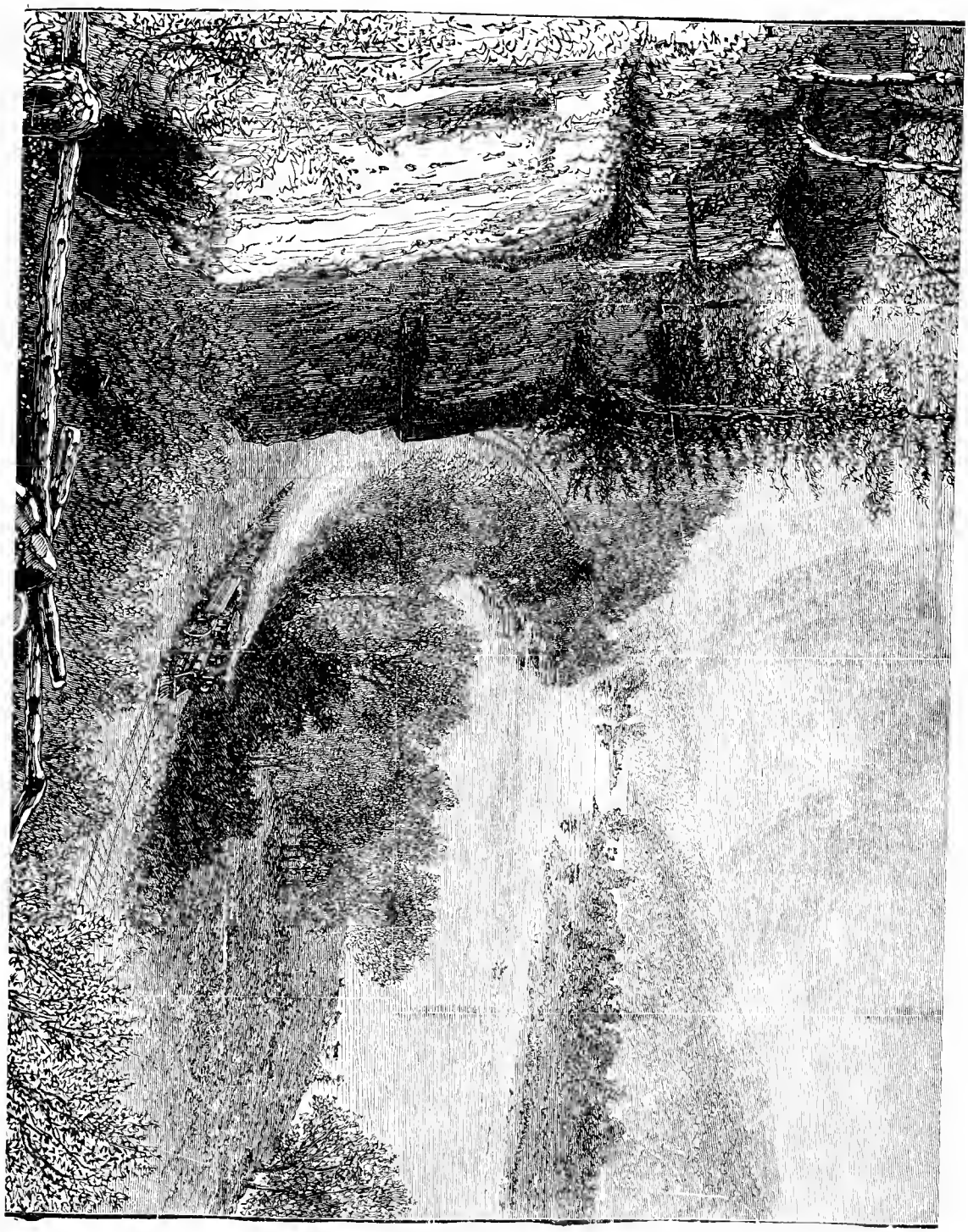
wives, and to their children than the locomotive engineers. I have spent many pleasant hours in their homes. Their devotion to their families wins me to them as their friend. There is no bigger hearted or more accommodating class of men alive than these. There is no favor in their power that they will not grant you, and no kindness they will not show you.

Traveling much, as I do, sometimes on belated trains, at a water tank I have stepped down to the side of the engine, introduced myself to the engineer, and said to him: "The connection which we may miss by reason of being late is an important one, sir. Will you do your best to make that connection?" The response is always: "Yes, sir; if my engine will steam, we will make that connection." Many times have I had occasion to thank them for favors granted, and I love them for the kindness they have shown.

Of course there are exceptions in this profession, as in all others. Such are the fractious, cursing, fly-all-to-pieces fellow; the snarling, sullen fellow; the contrary, mulish fellow; and just the common jackass, pure and simple, who kicks and bites—as dangerous at one end as the other. But these are exceptions, be it said to the honor of the profession. As a class, they are more intelligent to-day than ever. Their organizations have been the means of culture. They read more and think more than ever before.

This is perhaps the best paid labor in the United States to-day and perhaps the best satisfied class of labor; and no labor is more sober and upright. It is true of the engineers, as it is true of the drummers, that no class of men have improved more in moral character, sobriety, and intelligence in the last twenty years than these. The engineer, who, at the slip of his driving wheel, or the running down of his steam, or at the slip of his eccentric, curses his way out of the difficulty, has well-nigh passed away.

A few days ago, on one of our roads, one of the connecting rods from the driving wheels to the cylinder broke. One of the passengers walked out to the engine. It was a cold, windy, rainy night. He sat for awhile, and saw the faithful engineer and his fireman toiling to repair the damage so that they could proceed; with torch and wrench in hand, silently, without a word of profanity or a sign of impatience. The passenger was charmed with their spirit and work, and when he went back into the train he got out a box



of cigars from his valise and said to the conductor: "Will you please give this box of cigars to the engineer and fireman, and tell them that I admire the patience and fidelity they exhibited amid the toils and hardships they underwent. There was not an oath or an impatient word uttered by either. I present them these cigars because of that fact." The conductor replied kindly: "Sir, I am well acquainted with both the engineer and fireman; neither of them smoke or chew or curse or drink; they are Christian gentlemen." The blackguard and the blasphemer belong in the back room of the bum saloon, where the old greasy deck and the crap dice live, and not to a locomotive.

One night on one of our Southern roads, from some defect in the machinery, our passenger engine was unable to proceed. We exchanged with a freight engine standing on the side track near by. The freight engine geared up to us, and moved off. At the next station, where we took water and coal, I walked up to the young fellow running the freight engine and said to him: "I see we are nearly an hour late. If we miss the connection at the end of this road, I will miss an important engagement, and I wish you could make that connection. He said: "I will do it if I can." I stepped back on the train, and immediately it moved off. It was an old shackly freight engine. We could hear her rattle down the whole length of the train, but the pulsations of her power were felt in the increasing momentum. At every round of her driving wheel the sparks went flying from engine to rear coach. Up grade and down grade a mile a minute he whirled through the air, and when he rolled up under the depot and stopped he had been about fifty minutes running the forty miles. I slipped a five-dollar gold piece into his hand. He had oiled the engine and done his best, and I thought I would oil him.

How often these brave men have done their duty and their best for passengers, but without a word of recognition or appreciation from those they have worked so hard for! Many of those who lie down on a Pullman sleeper on a cold, rainy, dark night, and sleep over miles and miles and wake up safe and rested in the morning, give but little thought to the brave engineer and the toiling fireman who stood at their posts with sleepless eye and diligent work, watching the track and schedule hour by hour, taking the risk, for-

getful of their own safety and comfort, and thinking only of duty and destination. Whatever may be our forgetfulness of them and their noble work, there is a sleepless eye above the stars looking down by night, and through the hours of the day, upon the faithful men whose work is both secular and sacred; and if they prove faithful to him as they have to their engines and schedules, he will guide them safely over the last bridge of that river which runs between this and the beautiful and bright beyond.

Thousands of these brave men are now gray-haired and must soon turn loose the throttle. May they be as ready to leave the world as they have been to shove their reverse levers forward and pull the throttles of their engines open and leave the starting point for earthly destinations!

THE DUDE AND THE TRAMP.

THE unprofitable classes of society seem to be increasing. Idleness and begging used to be a calamity. It is now becoming that one is an honor and the other a profession. For the last few years I have been greatly interested in the two classes, the dude and the tramp, to the common eye the farthest apart of all classes, but to me closest together. In appearance they differ widely; in character they come close together.

The dude is society's idler. His whole mind and life is absorbed in dress. He lounges in the easy-chairs of the social clubs, ornaments the parlor and the ballroom, and lives off his kin. By society he is considered a respected idler and decent drunkard and high-toned debauchee and respectable gambler. He dresses in the latest style, drinks only at the club, and takes the finest drinks. He gambles on the most respectable plans, and pursues his lecherous life in what some call the tony places. His highest ambition is to have a good time.

As I see his real character, though he walks in the highest circles of society, he is a low, vicious character. He demands his bread and clothing by his sonship in the home. He begs his money on the same ground, and with his money and his clothing he buys his high position in an empty and godless society His real character is that of a loathsome sponger and sinful idler and criminal gambler and debauchee. He is the white sepulcher—beautiful without, but within full of rottenness and dead men's bones.

The tramp, like the dude, is a man of leisure and an idler by choice. He begs at the homes of society as the dude begs at his own home. The one stands at the door; the other sits in the arm-chair in the family room. The tramp begs his clothing from the homes of society like the dude begs his clothing from his own home —the one taking what is given without selection; the other demanding a right to make the most fastidious choice.

The tramp spends his leisure hours with the idlers of the slums,

or reclines in the sunshine by the roadside; the dude spends his leisure with the idlers of society and lounging in the velvet chairs of the clubrooms. The tramp shoots craps; the dude plays progressive euchre. The tramp drinks the old red liquor; the dude drinks fine wines. The tramp breaks the Sabbath by lounging with his vile companions in some city slum, or playing craps with a group of his kind by the roadside; the dude breaks the Sabbath by buggy driving with the thoughtless and wicked, or lounging with his kind in the clubrooms. The tramp has the odor of the slums; the dude, the odor of the richest perfume. The tramp and the dude meet together on the plain of the idler, the beggar, the drunkard, and the gambler.

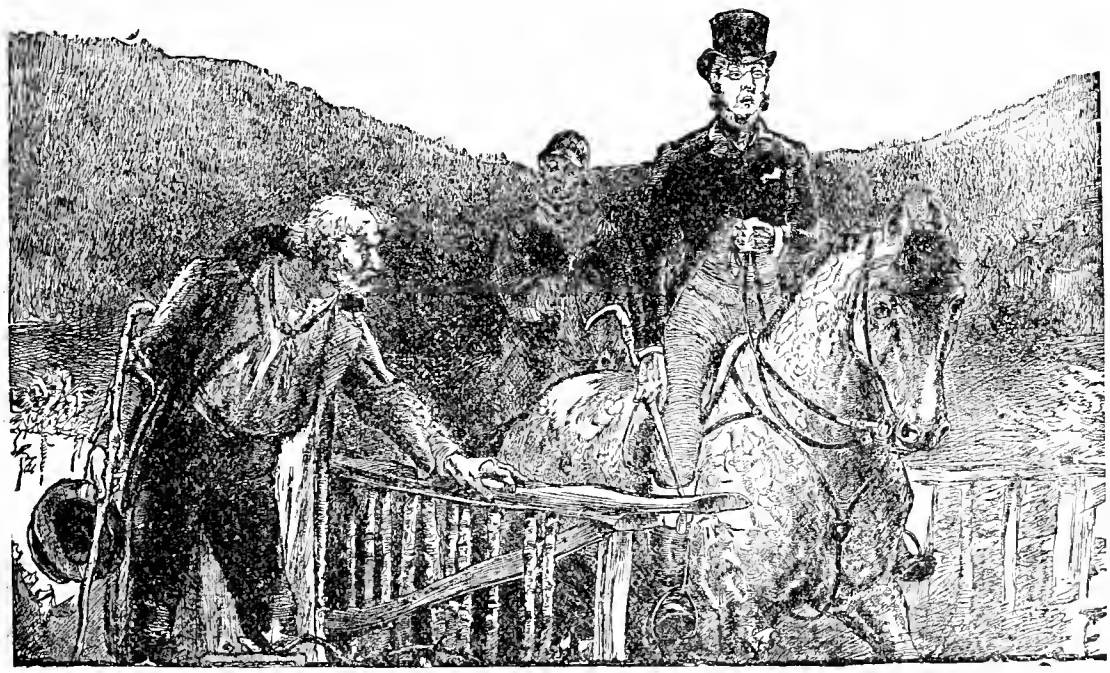
The dude is a wart on the nose of society; the tramp is the corn on its toes. While the dude and the tramp, in my mind, run so close together in the above, there are things in which they are widely different. The tramp is friendless in all circles; the dude is toasted as society's favorite. The dude is given a palm as society's finest progressive euchre player; the tramp is given thirty days as the slum's gambler. The dude as he lolls in the clubroom and parlor is toasted as society's honored gentleman of leisure, and the tramp as he rests upon the dry goods box and the cold curbing of the street is arrested for vagrancy. The dude is welcome in every parlor; the tramp is driven from every door. The dude is regarded as society's highest specimen; the tramp, as the lowest stratum.

How shall we get rid of the dude and the tramp, these useless suckers on our body? The dude question might be easily settled; the tramp question is a more difficult one. If every father and mother, however rich they may be, would take the reins in their own hands, as God has commanded, and see to it, first of all, that their boy gets a first-class qualification for some business of life, and then see to it that he enters that position and earns his own bread, there would be fewer skeletons in the closets of the palaces.

Our rich homes that have prospered in business have kept their money from the great benevolence of the world and have bought a through ticket to hell for the boys, by society's air line with parlor and buffet cars attached. The men who have charge of the great businesses of this world to-day are the men who were raised

to work. The men who have charge of the prison cells and the stripes are the men who were raised to idleness. Honest sweat is the medicine that will cure society of the social excrescences called the dude. This honest toil must be provided, while the parents of our boys and society must be revolutionized on the question of the honorableness of honest toil and the utter disgrace of idleness.

As for the tramp, every community should have a workhouse with comfortable bedding and plain, nourishing food and a first-class overseer and a variety of employments, and every man found



idle or begging should be arrested and turned into this workhouse. The idlers should be arrested on the streets, in the clubrooms, in rags or in broadcloth, barefooted or patent leathers. Gamblers should be arrested at the progressive euchre table, in the parlors of the rich and at the clubrooms, just like the negro is arrested for shooting craps. The high-toned drunkard and the low-toned drunkard should be toned together and made to sing to the same music, and set to the key of the workhouse.

I believe in the great brotherhood of man, and I believe that the only genuine standard to be erected by society is that of true, noble, genuine manhood. But what is the standard that influences the boys and girls of our land worth if they do not measure up to its

heights and out to its breadths? The home circle is the place for the standard to be lifted. The home circle is the place where truth is to be taught and wisdom to be learned. The home circle is the place where example must be set and precepts taught.

Let us learn the lesson thoroughly, that all life centers in the home life, and that all forces radiate from the home life. The instincts of the tramp were developed in his home life. The instincts of the dude were developed in the home life. It is impossible for some homes in this world to turn out anything else upon the world but a dude or a tramp. For parents to turn out either of these characters from homes into the world ought to be considered a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The penalty ought to be doubly severe for turning out a dude, for tramps seldom marry; dudes do. The instincts of the tramp are buried with him; those of the dude are transmitted to posterity The tramp is only a burden to the generation in which he lives; the dude will curse generations to come of his children and grandchildren if they are like him. The sooner these nuisances are abated, the better for the world.

Whenever any line of life that is not manly and noble is considered a profession that fact becomes a calamity When a man is a professional man we naturally associate him with some of the nobler professions, such as law and medicine, science, etc., but a professional dude or a professional tramp is not only a nuisance to society, but he is a blot upon all professions if he dignifies his line of life by calling it a profession.

There may be excuses somewhere and somehow why a man is a tramp, but there is no reason in heaven or earth or hell why any man should be a dude. There may be some apology for the dudeen, but who can offer one for being a dude? If we would abolish these two professions, let us teach our boy that no one but an idiot would be a dude, and nobody but a vagabond would be a tramp. The girls can do much to help us in ridding ourselves of the dudes, and the boys can largely render the tramp a thing of the past by letting him die with this generation.

AGAINST THE RACE TRACK.

I BELIEVE that the race track as it is to-day is one of the most demoralizing influences, both to men and women, that curses the world.

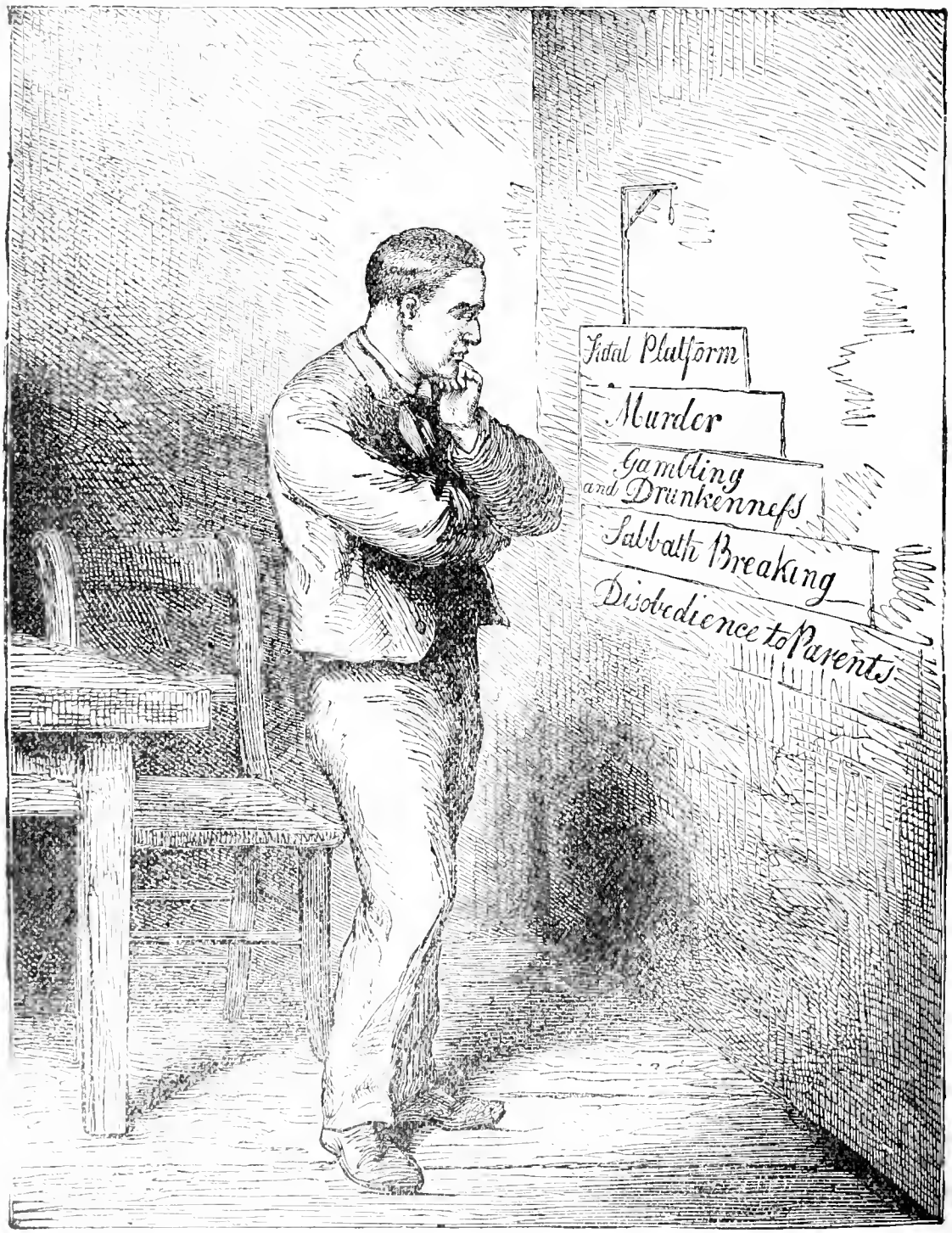
I was in Memphis just after the races in the spring of 1894. In the midst of the hard times then prevailing, I was told by parties who were in a position to know the facts that the bookmakers and race horse sports carried out of the city of Memphis between $300,000 and $500,000. One sport's deposits ran up to $30,000 in a single day, I heard. Many an otherwise clever boy, and perhaps many faithful husbands, were robbed by these bookmakers and sportsmen.

There is no pastime so fascinating as horse racing. To see half a dozen thoroughbreds standing on the track, prancing and capering for the start; see them as the word is given, how they leap and lunge, and then on the home stretch, neck to neck, with muscles swollen and nostrils distended, and then the last one hundred feet, nose to nose, as they push and run for the prize—it is the most fascinating sight on which mortal eyes can look. If this were all, the race track would be inoffensive and charming.

I have always admired a thoroughbred runner or a standard-bred trotter. If the sports and betters on horse races were as highly bred as the animals which run in the race, the track would not be a reproach and a means of degradation and ruin.

I know something of the baleful influences of the race track in Chicago, in Nashville, in Memphis, and many other points. I care not who advocates the race track, I know it is a curse, and the man who believes that a race track is helpful to society and elevating to men and women ought to have his hair shaved off and his head set out in Johnson grass. He would raise the hay, and surrender the privilege of raising hell here and yonder.

I know the old cry will be raised when a man denounces the things which bring wreck and ruin. He is a crank, he is transcen-


Fatal Platform
Murder
Gambling
and Drunkenness
Sabbath Breaking
Disobedience to Parents

dental, he is dreamy, he is not practical. All cities already have enough demoralizing influences without the addition of the race track. Race tracks, prize fights, faro banks, and so on, will demoralize any man, degrade any woman, and hurt any city. I know that the advocates of these things say that they bring life and activity, periodical amusement, and much money to the cities, but all these are but poor return for character hurt and life ruined.

A member of the Church who will advocate these things is a hypocrite of the first water. A nonmember of the Church who will advocate these things is a sinner against God and right, and a curse to society. There is not a decent sinner in the world who has any respect for the member of the Church who participates in or advocates such things.

I suppose that any city, if it wants the race track, can have it. But when every gambler on horse flesh, or any other means, shall wear the stripes in the penitentiaries of our country society will be a thousand times more effectively protected than it is to-day. A few diamond studs, a knowledge of a few winning horses, and a passion for wine and women are all the characteristics any man needs to cover him with infamy here and land him in hell hereafter. Nancy Hanks has a character superior to the sports who gamble and bet over her.

I want it understood that I do not oppose well-bred horses, but I do advocate higher-bred men. Every sport in the United States, sold on his genuine merits, would not bring the tithe of what Nancy Hanks is worth. I wish we could have speed without sports, as thoroughbred men as we have thoroughbred horses—men who have the mettle and push and drive of the thoroughbred horses, and yet none of the vices which blight and ruin character. A sport is a sport; and the diamond-decked sport is as much lost to character and manhood as the bum sport who only bets the glass of beer with his companion because that is all he has to bet.

"Provide things honest in the sight of all men," is God's command, and the dollar won, either on the race track, or at the faro bank, or in the Louisiana lottery, is a dishonest dollar, God's word settling the question, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and not by ways and tricks and dishonest schemes of sports and gamblers.

There be many who will say that Sam Jones is intemperate and unjust in what he says about this, just as he is in many other things. When I believe a thing is wrong I say so, and say it so that no man shall have any doubts on his mind as to what I think about it. When I believe a thing is right I will champion it to the death; when I believe a thing is wrong I will fight it to the end.

Establish a race track in a city, and it will bring custom to the saloons, to the bawdy houses, to the faro banks, customers for the police and the devil, just as it has done all these things for every city in America to-day that boasts of its race tracks.

The Prime Minister of England, Roseberry, the successor of Mr. Gladstone, owns the horse that won the last Derby I suppose that this will give eclat and respectability to the turf for a hundred years. I know that it will make him a sinner against God and a reproach to England for a thousand years.

I have a contempt for any class or clique or clan who are willing to do wrong because some magnate or potentate or priest shall do wrong. "The king can do no wrong," may apply as to the subjects of his realm, but St. Paul made one tremble on his throne and another potentate beheaded John the Baptist because these faithful ministers of the gospel warned them of the day when they should meet God and answer for the crimes of their lives. More than one Nebuchadnezzar has become a brute and eaten grass.

I admire goodness in the child, in the poor laboring man, in the hard-worked sewing woman of the city. I hate sin, though it shall ride in the chariots of the kings and bedeck itself in crowns and diamonds and wealth. Character will ever stand above chattels with me, manhood above mammon, and right above riches. He who will worship a golden calf is an idolater, and he who worships a gaudy, gilded sinner is a fool. A man who gets drunk is a drunkard, a man who bets is a gambler, a man who tells lies is a liar, and a man who commits adultery is a whoremonger. I care nothing for his pedigree, his fortune, or his *status*. The man who is truthful and honest and sober is a man, though he may be covered with sores and lying at the gate of the rich, fed with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. Manhood consists in what you are, and not in what you have or where you are.

I had rather spend the rest of my days wearing the stripes in any

penitentiary in the United States with conscious innocence in my own soul than to live like many a man, free and honored, and know that if I had justice before God and man I would be wearing the stripes of a villain. I had rather be in jail to-day and know that I would be hanged to-morrow, and know that I was innocent, and God knew that I was innocent of the crime for which I should be hanged, than to walk the streets of a city like many a man does to-day, and know that if I had justice I would be hanged as sure as the stars shine at night.

God walks on no higher plane than innocence. The devil wallows in no lower depth than guilt. Innocence is the highest altitude, guilt is the lowest depth, and every man is tried and acquitted or convicted at the bar of his own conscience, for if our own hearts condemn us, how much more will God, for he is greater than our hearts.

A WARNING TO BOYS.

HAVING been a boy once myself and now the father of two boys, I claim that this qualifies me for the task of talking to you plainly and candidly. The scenes and memories of my boyhood days live with me; they are a part of me. My mother's face, my mother's voice, my mother's counsel, my father's example, my father's instructions—all these will abide as long as memory holds its place. You boys to whom I address myself carry with you the same memories largely that I carry with me. The incidents and innocence of your young lives are a living fragrance about your life to-day. If it had always been as it is to-day with you boys, would life be worth living? There was a time, boys, when your downsittings and uprisings were known and watched over by mother; no sun by day nor moon by night ever witnessed a deed on your part which brought regrets and remorse to your tender conscience. But how now? That day when you uttered your first profane oath, it shocked you and confused you, it was a violence to your own nature; but repeated oaths have come from your once pure lips, until now you swear by note without remorse.

The day when you took your first drink of intoxicants, while every fiber of your being felt its vivifying influence, your conscience rang the bell of warning and told you that was the first step toward a drunkard's grave, and you felt that its pleasure was a poison and that in its sweetness there was a snare, and with the consciousness that you had taken the first wrong step you could see then as you cannot see now that it "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The drink habit, once fastened upon you, boys, will become the instigator of all other habits of vice and sin. Whisky will make an honest man steal, a truthful man lie, and will transform a gentleman into a vagabond. The greatest crime you can commit against yourself, your family, and your country is to become a drunkard;

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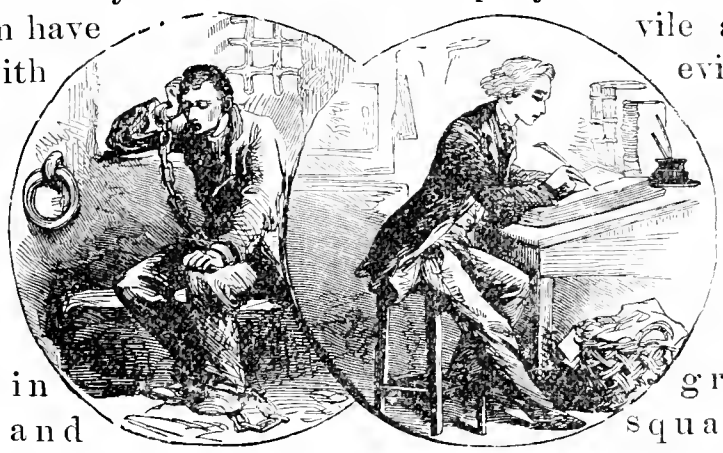
for when a man is once drunk then he is fully equipped and qualified for any crime known to the Decalogue. Every murdered wife and butchered mother; every child that has fallen under the cruel strokes of a drunken father, the crimes of arson, of rape, and burglary, they all point their fingers alike to the criminal, who when filled with booze did the deed. It is not only ruinous to health, but moral manhood and character fall before the foe called drink, and none have been able to withstand its power. If you have never drank, say that you never will drink, and stick to it. If the drink habit is more or less fixed upon you, run for your life; quit or die; no delaying or parleying, but quit now, this very moment, and quit forever. Then, boys, let me say to you that another fruitful source of your ruin is bad company. That boy does not live who can have vile associations and run with evil companions without damage to his moral character and ruin to his upright life. Boys do not go to destruction one by one; they go in groups, in schools and squads. When you get your consent to loiter about billiard halls, gambling hells, and saloons, with their hordes of evildoers, then you have already got your consent to go to destruction. An angel from heaven could not long consort with that gang and be anything else but a devil. I say to you, boys, take care of yourselves at night; where you go and what you do after the sun goes down in the evening will tell on your character; darkness may hide your deeds, and the fond mother may be sleeping quietly on her pillow unconscious of her boy's midnight revel, but it will tell on your character tomorrow.



Another fruitful source of harm to you, boys, is that you always erect one standard of morals for your sister and another for yourself, when God means that they shall be the same; let every boy force himself to conform to the same standard of morals that he erects for his own sister. You are out of place, young man, if you are

where your sister cannot maintain her purity and preserve her character. Again, boys, let me say to you, the houses where shameless women revel—God tells us in his own words that her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. A house cannot stand with its foundations disrupted; no man can stand long and stand erect whose life is not pure. Whatever tends to impurity in the life of our young men is one of the most potent factors in the disruption of home life, and will sooner or later overthrow the altars of our God around which the family circle gathers. Whatever differentiates the standard of men and women, of the boy and his sister, is false and fatal, remember this, boys, and guide your life by the same standard of morals and purity that you erect for your sister.

To you boys I would say again that integrity in word and honesty in your dealings is essential almost beyond my power to state the facts. Die before you would tell a lie; suffer anything before you would be dishonest. A lie is twin to a thief; a liar is a more despicable character than a thief; you can lock and watch against a thief, but a liar defies locks and sentries.

> It is a tangled web we weave
> When once we labor to deceive.

A lie demands a bad motive to begin with, and constant looking after in the future lest it should appear to be a lie. I would rather father and take care of a thousand truths than to daddy one lie and look after it. Whatever is wrong has been wrong and will be wrong forever, and no amount of wrongs can make a right. Your character must stand simply and only on right, and can only be overthrown by wrong.

Boys, surrender your life to God, incorporate the principles of the gospel of Christ into your hearts; get right within, and things will follow straight without; keep wrong within, and you will soon find yourself wrong on the outside. Never do wrong till it is a habit with you to do wrong. Know thou the God of thy fathers, love and serve him, and it shall be well with thee in the generations that follow you.

THE MODEL SON.

AS a father, with sons nearly grown, I have given much thought to this subject. It has been said that the "boy is father to the man." This being true, no doubt it makes the study of the boy's character a very interesting one.

Subordination is the first and greatest characteristic of the model son. The boy who imagines that he can disregard the will of his parents and the laws of his home without hurt to his character and ruin to his life is either mentally out of whack or an imbecile. Every father worthy of the name has wisely taught his boy the right and wrong—the things to be done or to be shunned—and formulated such rules for the government of his children as will best protect them and guide them in the right way. So soon as a boy gets his consent to violate a rule and disregard the will of his father, then he takes the first downward step which may hurt his character and ruin his life. The boy who is absolutely loyal to the rule and government of his home life has already one element of a model boy.

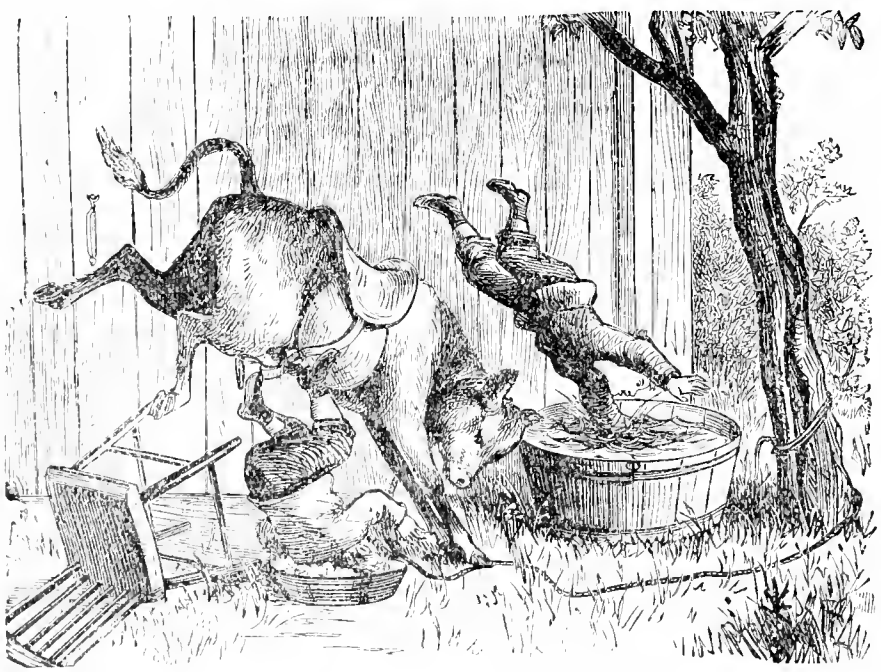
Another essential element in the life of a model son is his devotion to father and mother. Mother is his sweetheart, and father his bosom friend and companion. He loves their company and their association. There is nothing more beautiful than a son's devotion to father and mother. The model son is not only obedient to rule and devoted to his parents, but he is kind, considerate of all his household—brothers and sisters and servants. One disagreeable, unlovable, cross-grained child can spoil the beauty and happiness of a home. He mars and disorganizes the whole family circle, and is a source of constant friction. A sullen, snarly, cruel boy will be a failure as a man.

The model son is an unselfish boy. He has learned the truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive, more blessed to do

for others than to have them do for him. A real selfish boy is a pig, and the only thing a pig can be when it is grown is a hog.

The model son will take in the condition and situation of his parents, and will be ever ready to help in any way whenever and wherever he can lend a hand or lift a burden or remove a care from his father's or mother's life. A boy who will sit by the fireside and let his father and mother go out and cut wood to renew the fire, or feed the stock or do errands that he should do, needs a big dose of rough on rats. The lazy, indolent boy is a curse to his parents.

The model son is a grateful boy. He appreciates the kindness of his parents, and is ever seeking opportunity to show his grati-



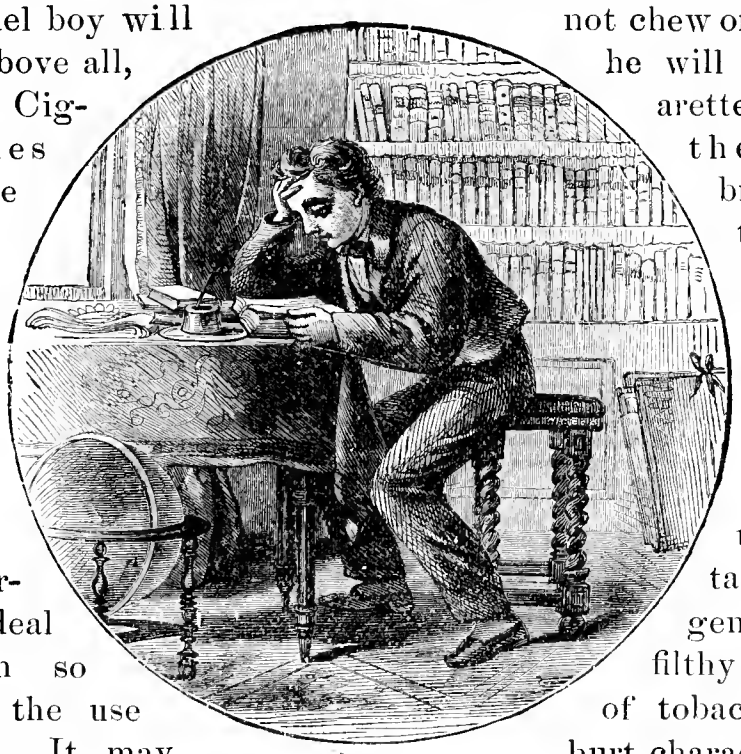
tude in all ways. He feels profoundly that he owes a debt of gratitude to his noble father and lovely mother that he can never pay. but he will pay all he can on the debt every day he lives.

The model son has the confidence of his parents fully. They can trust him anywhere and in everything. The day that a father finds that his boy has willfully deceived him marks an era in the life of that boy The father can never fully recover from it. Then the boy becomes a source of care and solicitude, which he never was before. The boy has abridged his own liberties and hurt his own opportunities forever. Then he feels hard toward his father because

he won't trust him. When confidence is lacking, opportunity is abridged, and chance is cut off.

What a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!

The model son is a sober boy. The day he begins to drink his mother's happiness is gone and his father's peace of mind destroyed. If every boy could see where the drunkard begins, and how every drunkard was once but a moderate, gentlemanly dram drinker, surely he would not play with the serpent that bites so fatally. The model boy is a teetotaler. He will not drink.



The model boy will not chew or smoke tobacco. Above all, he will not smoke cigarettes. Cigarette smoking undermines the health, softens the brain, and degrades the body. The habit fixed upon him in boyhood will hardly ever be thrown off. I will not say that a man cannot be a Christian and use tobacco, but certainly he cannot be an ideal gentleman and indulge in so filthy a habit. I know that the use of tobacco impairs the health. It may hurt character.

A model son is an intelligent boy A fool is a reproach to his parents. Culture is the handmaid of character. It dresses its charms and makes it lovely. No son is fitted to reflect honor upon his parents unless he reflects honor upon himself. To grow up in ignorance in this age of cheap books and free schools, with kerosene oil ten cents a gallon, is a disgrace to any young man. Intelligence is essential to success in all departments of honorable business life nowadays, and our sons need culture and information along the line of political economy and governmental principles. The salvation of our country depends upon an intelligent

voting population. Nowhere are ignorance and vice showing their baleful effect more than at the polls and the ballot box. No man ought to be allowed to vote who cannot read, write, and speak the English language intelligently. Ignorant politicians and ignorant voters have well-nigh swamped this country. Let's teach our boys honesty and political economy.

Above all, a model son is a Christian boy—not merely a member of some church, or an attendant on some Sunday school, but loving and living the principles of the gospel of Christ—a boy who had rather be right than rich, rather be pure than a prince; a boy who has the courage of his convictions, who will say to his companions: "No, boys; I won't go with you. I would not bring a pang to my good mother's heart for ten times all that you will get out of that."

To sum up the whole question, a model boy is one who has been reared in a model home, by model parents—a home like one I visited a few days ago. It was an elegant home in all its physical phases, the home of a great lawyer, a brainy, busy fellow, whose practice pays him thirty thousand dollars a year. I spent the night at his house, and I can never forget that home. After supper we talked awhile in the sitting room, the family all being present. Then the father turned to me and said: "Brother Jones, you will excuse me. I would not be discourteous to a guest I love, but I have a higher duty than that of entertaining my guest. Wife will entertain you for awhile." He walked out of the room, and his

three children followed him—two boys and a daughter, whose ages ranged from twelve to eighteen years. The wife then said to me: "Brother Jones, there is a model father. He is a very busy man. He works from ten to fifteen hours a day, but five nights in a week he spends from one and a half to two hours in that room with the children over their school lessons, and they do not come out of that room at night until the lessons for the morrow are perfect. The children are so interested in their studies because their father is so interested for them, and when they come out of the study every night we sit and talk pleasantly for a few minutes. Then he reads a chapter from the Bible and we all kneel in prayer and devotion. Then all retire for the night, and before breakfast next morning we have family prayers again." Stopping a moment, she then said: "I do thank God that I have such a husband and such a father for my children!"

THE MODEL GIRL.

THE ideal girl in American life is perhaps not more abundant to-day than fifty years ago. The first essential of a model daughter is a sunny, bright, cheerful disposition. She ought to be the light and life and joy of the home. Whoever else may be possessed of a sulky, sullen disposition, the girl can least afford to cultivate such a spirit. Girls are at home more than boys. Home ought to be bright and cheerful. Those who stay there most ought to contribute most to the joy and gladness of the home. Cheerfulness covers a multitude of faults. The home circle never tires of the company that is cheerful and bright.

Another essential element of the model daughter is ambition. The average girl in this nineteenth century is so ambitionless. To be a pretty little thing, to outshine somebody, to be more attractive in personal appearance than somebody else, to have more beaus and a better time than others, are about the sum and substance of the ambition of thousands of our girls. Character is not made up of either beauty or bangs nor frills and flounces. Beauty is skin deep and ugly is to the bone; but the girl with real ambition, intellectual ambition, moral ambition, proficient in culture, and useful in the social world, is the one that really adorns our homes of this day.

The girl who turns her back on God and piety, on the sick and suffering, and seeks the giddy whirl of the ballroom, plays progressive euchre, or associates with silly dudes, can never rise above the butterfly, and really lives but little longer than that beautiful insect. Ambitious for culture either in art or music or literature, the girl who has equipments in either of these lines contents herself with the consciousness that she is dependent on no one. The independent girl is the one to be sought and won as a prize by any young man.

The model daughter is a domestic girl. She can play on the piano most beautifully, on the cook stove most elegantly She can

darn a sock or make any garment worn by herself or brothers or sisters. She must necessarily be domestic in order to take many cares and burdens off her mother's life and relieve her mother of many of the arduous duties and tasks that belong to home life. The model daughter thinks there is no one in the world like her mother She will toil for her mother, sacrifice for her mother, and suffer for her mother's sake day or night. Anywhere, everywhere, she stands ready to help her mother and carry all the burdens she can, which otherwise her mother would have to carry

The model daughter is desperately in love with her father. To her no man is the peer of her father. His counsel is wisdom and his will is her law.

The model daughter does not go much on dudes. A real girl herself, she despises all forms of shams, and a dude is the commonest kind of a sham. Diamond studs, toothpick shoes, hair parted in the middle, the scent of cinnamon drops—these things have no charm for her, but she admires the genuine. She esteems character above everything else. The boy of real worth is the one who need apply, for really at this point, and this point only, is the worth of the girl determined. At the marital altar alone a man can tell the estimate a girl puts on herself, for on the marital market, if nowhere else, the girl thinks she is getting full value in exchange for all she gives, and the girl who sells out cheaply there has shown to the world that she is cheap herself.

The model daughter makes a confidante of her mother. She has no secret that her mother does not know. There is nothing clandestine about her life. Her life and conduct is as fully open to the scrutiny of her mother as it is to the scrutiny of God. The girl who acts clandestinely and who does not communicate her whole life to her mother stands in a relation to things on the outside of home that jeopardizes her chances for higher success and makes it possible that ruin may come to her. I love the girl of true sincerity, who is as transparent as the air, who lives with a consciousness that "if mother and father knew me like God knows me, their confidence in me would be increased, and their happiness on my account would be multiplied."

The model girl, in addition to the foregoing traits, is a companionable girl: pleasant, affable to all. She is the pet of the home.

idolized by brothers and sisters and servants. No favor she can ask would be too great, and no desire of hers can wait long if others around her can know her wishes.

The model girl studies to know how she can best influence her brothers for good, if brothers she has. She studies their lives, their tastes, their dispositions. Wherever she can lead them in the right direction, wherever she can check them in the wrong direction, it is the study and care of her life to do so.

The model daughter is a Christian girl: a girl of prayer and consecration and self-sacrifice. Knowing what Christ has done for women, she would live so that Christ would say of her at the end of her pilgrimage: "She hath done what she could." If the influence of all our daughters were directed rightly, if their example and precept were what they should be in the home life, what a powerful good the girls of home would do!

The model girl is very choice in her associations and her books. Either of these, if bad, is hurtful to character, whatever they may be to reputation. She will not mingle with those whose lives are not as clean as hers, knowing that evil communications not only corrupt good manners, but jeopardize character. If our young men demand that the girl shall be pure and innocent, she, as a pure and innocent girl, demands the same thing of the young man who enters her parlor or takes her hand in friendship. Society can never be reformed as it should be until our girls draw the line at purity, virtue, and manhood, and say to all young men who would seek their company or claim their friendship: "Your life must be as pure as mine." Knowing the influence for evil of cards and wine and the ballroom, the model girl turns her feet and life away from all these things. The theater never claims her presence, not because all theaters are impure, but because most of them are: and, rather than run the risk as to where to draw the line, says, "I work on the safe side, and I shall attend none." Such a girl is a model daughter, and is the joy of her father's and mother's hearts, sunshine in the home, and a blessing to the world.

THE MODEL WIFE.

THERE are supreme moments in the life of every human being. The day of our birth, the day of our death, are no more important days and involve no more important events than the day of our marriage.

I have seen some people whom I thought made a mistake by being born. Some have died through the mistake of doctors, but the biggest mistake a man ever made is when he makes a mistake in marrying. A fellow ordered a steak at a restaurant, and when it came, after several efforts to cut it, he said, "This is a mis-steak"—a mistake that is only felt to the next meal; but the fellow who makes a mistake in marrying has made one that will last through time, and perhaps through all eternity.

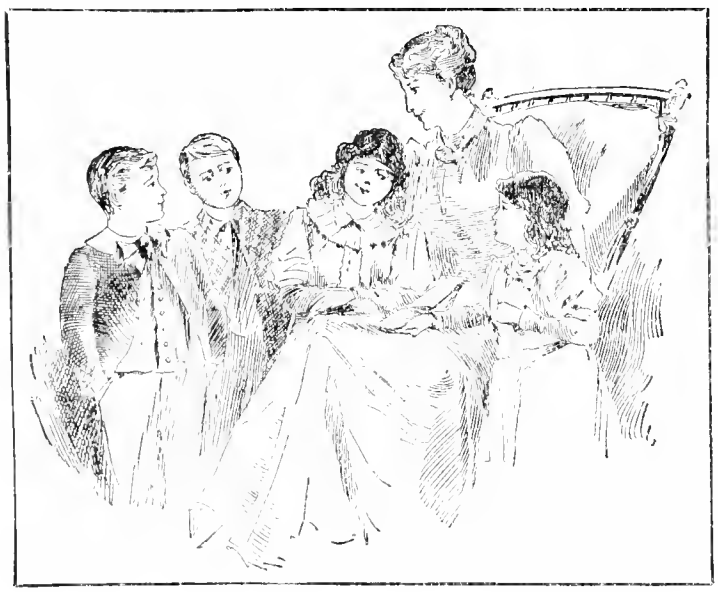
It has been said that God gives a man a good wife. That being true, I suppose that the devil gives a man the other sort. I believe that it is owing to lucky chance more than good management or wise selection that there are not more unhappy marriages. It is said that "love is blind." I have thought that in some instances it was also deaf and dumb. A pretty face, a jolly laugh, a bright eye, dazzling jewelry, or a rich daddy—one of these has decided many a fellow.

I was talking sometime ago with a young preacher who had a model wife. He said that he had two brothers who married much money with their wives. He said that he started out to hunt for just "a gal," and got one who didn't have a dollar, but who had more genuine, noble, first-class "gal" about her than any one he ever saw Many of the things which attract some men when in search of a wife are but the bangs and frills, which only serve to hide many defects and cover many faults.

A model wife must have character above everything else—character that asserts itself, that controls itself, that impresses and expresses itself at every turn, showing itself in an intelligent eye, in the kindliness of the heart, in the decision of the will, in the

gentleness of hand, in the grace of the movement. A pretty little wife may make a very pure wife, but with a well-rounded character a woman will not fail in any sphere.

Intelligence and common sense are other elements in a model wife. The biggest fool in the world is the man or woman who will marry a fool. There is no remedy for that disease. Hunchbacks, deformed limbs, red hair, stringy necks, snaggled teeth, and all other deformities of life, may be mitigated, helped, or cured; but foolishness no man can cure, and it will manifest itself in all of its incongruous shapes in the children to the third and fourth generations. Refinement is another element in the model wife. Let a man be coarse if he will; but from a coarse woman, in the language of the Episcopal prayer book, "Good Lord, deliver us." A fast woman is more despicable than a slow horse. Speed may be desirable in a horse, but give us a slow gait for a noble woman.



Of course above everything else the heart is to the noble wife what the sun is to the heavens or the moon is to the tide. It is the great warming, lighting, potent force which makes a man's home beautiful and lovely. Such a heart pours its sympathy through every avenue of a strong mind like the gush of a river, and will make a woman a queen as a wife, and a thing of joy and beauty forever.

A model wife is also a woman in whom selfishness does not live. She gives herself to husband, to children, and to home, and looks upon each child committed to that home as an angel sent from God, with blessings in both hands and joy in both eyes and peace in its every prattle. I would as soon shake hands with a dead fish's tail,

or keep company with the dead, as to marry a woman who despises children, but who is foolishly fond of poodle dogs, parrots, and canary birds. There are wives who would be mothers; not these do I mean, but I speak of that home where children are looked on as a curse and their presence a nuisance.

John Wesley's mother was a model wife—consecrated to her home, consecrated to her husband and to her nineteen children. More than any woman almost since Mary, the mother of the Christ, has Mrs. Wesley blessed this world.

A model wife is a woman with integrity She would die before she would deceive him whom she loves. Her word is as sacred as her soul. There is an utter absence of duplicity and deception.

A model wife is a Christian wife, for Christianity has given to the world the women who deserve to live in history, and those who will live in heaven. It is almost impossible for the devil to wreck a man who has a thoroughly religious wife. Her influence is felt by him at every turn of his life. He can never get away from the fact that "my wife is a good woman, fearing God and keeping his commandments." Many a wreck along the shore of life has been made by the irreligious wife.

A model wife is the keeper of her home. Society has no charms for her. She does not entertain much, in the sense that she gives "swell" dinners, champagne suppers, germans, card parties, and so on. She guards her home diligently against every influence that could harm the husband or ruin the child. Her efforts are to ennoble, to bless, and to save. The model wife will always measure her expenses and her expenditures by the income of her husband. She will not run her husband in debt. A model wife is a good housekeeper. "Dirt, debt, and the devil," she has given orders, "can't enter here."

The woman who thus embodies the characteristics of a good wife will possess a character that will be a fortune to any home, a blessing to any man, and a crown to her who possesses it.

THE MODEL CITIZEN.

A GOOD government will protect the life, liberty, and property of each citizen. Every model citizen looks well to, and will protect at any cost, the honor, integrity, and purity of his government.

There are governments and governments. I often hear it said that ours is the best and freest in the world. I reckon that up to date it is, but I very frequently ask myself the question: "Will it last?" Can a government for the people, and of the people, and by the people stand? Are the people capable of self-government? Ignorance, prejudice, and vice are no more capable of self-government than the devil is capable of righteousness or holiness.

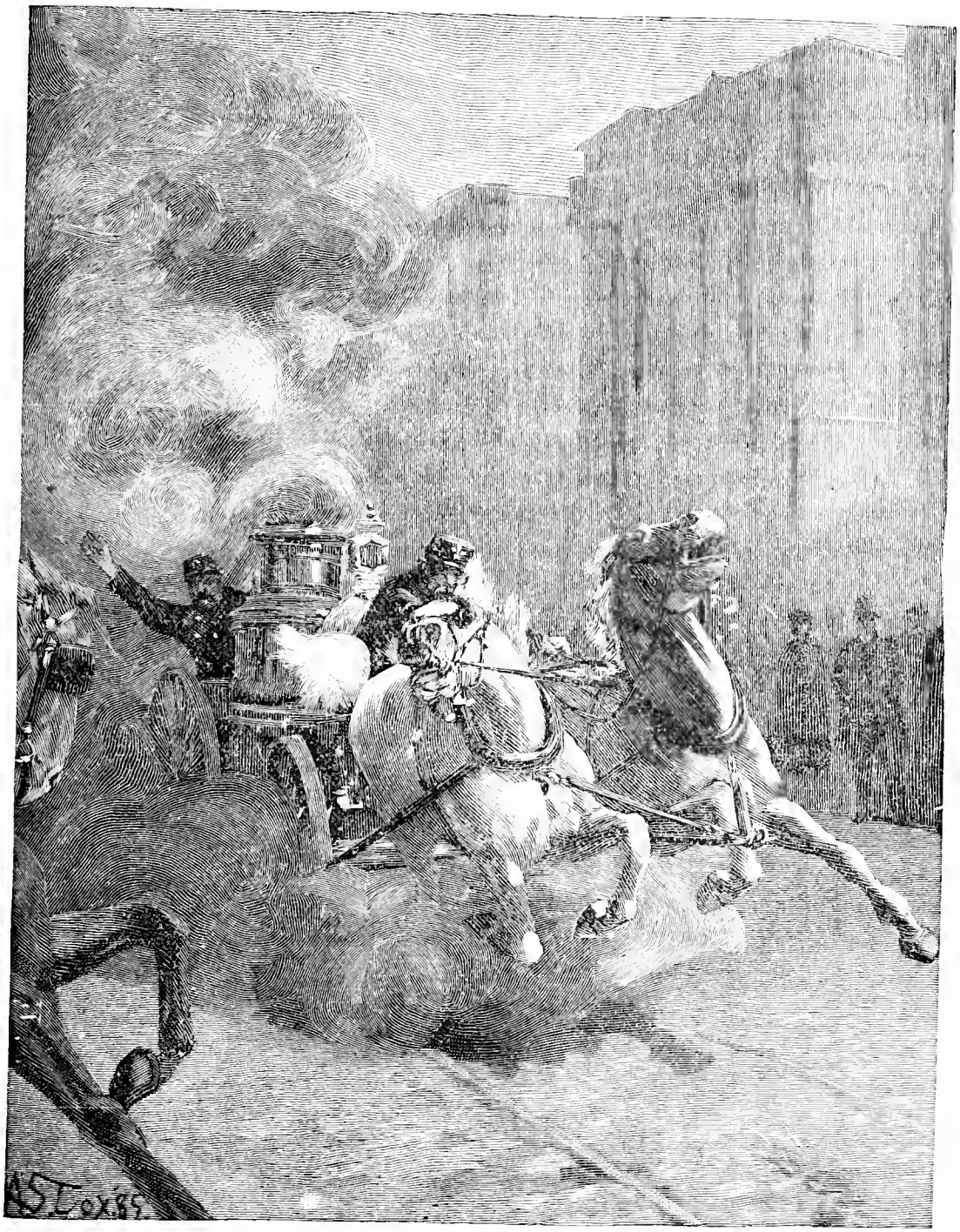
The model voter must rid himself of prejudice and ignorance. He must be in possession of such facts and right theories as will enable him wisely to discern what is best now and best for the future history of our country. He must be able to discern between a politician and a statesman, between a political wire-puller and an honest, upright man, between principles and party. Political prejudice precipitated the war between the States; political prejudice perpetuates Mason and Dixon's line; political prejudice seems now to be dividing this country, not only North and South, but East and West.

I'd rather monkey with a gun or rough on rats than with political prejudice where ignorance is dominant. Combine a fool and a rascal in one person, and you have before you the most un-get-at-able, unmanageable, unteachable, unmitigated donkey that ever disturbed the quiet of a barn lot. Why can't a man be as sensible in politics as in anything else? I will buy a certain brand of flour, and when the thing runs down I will quit it and try some other; but once a Democrat, always a Democrat. No matter how close the thing gets to the gates of hell, once a Republican, always a Republican. To quit either party is to be tabooed by all the faithful, and guyed by all the newspapers, from Maine to California, as a traitor to his party, and a mugwump, etc.

A model voter is an honest, upright, intelligent citizen, who votes in perfect line with his convictions of right, with no more reference to party lines than the old negro plowing corn has reference to the latitudinal and longitudinal lines made by the topographer. It is seldom the case that a model voter can vote a straight ticket. It is hard to get a ticket from Governor down to constable where every man named on the ticket is an honest, upright man.

A model voter will not vote for a drunkard, for a liar, for a gambler, for a whoremonger, for any office in the world, and when a man gets his own consent to put his ballot in the box for an unclean, dirty dog, he stultifies his own character, and stigmatizes his own ballot. A primary election may nominate, on the day of the election the candidate may be successful, but a man who is personally mean cannot be officially good. I have deliberately and unalterably made up my mind to scratch every unclean man off of every ticket I put in the ballot box, and take a decent man off of any other ticket and put him in his stead. If this is not an honest, patriotic vote, then I don't know what honesty and patriotism are. If the Democrats nominate the devil, hoof and horn; if the Republicans take up the meanest imp in perdition and nominate him; if the Populists should nominate a yellow dog, what is there in the nominations of the so-called party to make me march up under the pop and crack of the party whip? I am not going to do it. I don't have to do it. I will vote for whom I please. I don't intend to vote for any man when I don't indorse his personal life. I don't care what party nominates him, I don't care how much I am tabooed and guyed by a subsidized press or political office seeker or ward politician. I am free, white, and twenty-one. If I were free, colored, and forty, I would stand on the same platform and make my ballot the best expression I could of my desire and my principles.

When the day comes at the ballot box when every candidate knows he stands upon his merits as an honest, upright, true man, and not upon the crack of the party whip forcing voters to cast their ballots for him, then the day will come when no rascal will run for office, and no scoundrel will be nominated by any party. Have parties if you will, and let every party know that each candi-



date stands upon his merits as a man of integrity and uprightness, and that they cannot force the intelligent, honest voter of this country to swerve a hair's breadth from his conviction of right.

The model voter regards the ballot in his hands as the most sacred trust committed to him by any government. His ballot counts one in the interest of purity and manhood, or counts one in the interest of rascality, rum, and deviltry

The model voter demands that the qualifications of the man who offers for his suffrage shall be such that none can doubt his ability and integrity and willingness to adhere to the right at all cost. We want to separate and forever distinguish by our ballots between law breakers and law makers. A man who violates law is not fit to make laws. A man who is dishonest is not fit to make laws to govern honest people. A man who is godless and mean is not fit to make laws to govern upright, sober, intelligent people.

The immortal Ben Hill said at his Atlanta Bush Arbor speech, when I was a boy, that "reconstruction had made the ignorant negro spring with one bound from the cornfields of Georgia into the Legislative halls of the State to make laws for decent people." A man who sits about his hotel and laughs about the lobbies and drinks whisky with the rabble and gambles with the vicious is less fit to make laws than the negro who sprang with one bound from the cotton patch to the capitol of Georgia. The Legislative halls of the State should only be opened to upright, intelligent citizens; open the doors of the chain gang for the other crowd.

A model voter will vote as he prays. A man who thinks and prays in line with morals three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and then votes for the candidate of the party on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day, is lifting the morals of the country like the possum climbing the pole nine feet every day and falling back ten feet every night. The fellow who figured a week on how long it would take the possum to climb to the top of the pole asked for another week in which to figure, and said that he thought he could have the possum in hell before the close of another week; so it is when they talk about lifting the standard of our young men and the morals of our country by putting bad men into office. A few more years, and we will have it elevated to perdition.

A model voter will shun the little politician who is everlastingly

on the go for office. He has a contempt for the little office seeker that he cannot express. He does not attend the political harangues of such, and is not led astray by the sophistry and inflammatory speeches of every bum politician that comes along. He loves virtue and manhood, and always expresses his choice by his ballot.

No man ought to be allowed to vote unless he can read and write the English language intelligently and correctly, and no man ought to be allowed to cast a ballot who has not lived in America over twenty-one years. We who were born here cannot vote until we have been here twenty-one years. Why should the foreigner have any advantage over the fellow born here as to time? We have ten-year-old boys in our town who can vote more intelligently, and with less harm and with less danger to the good of our country, than nine-tenths of the foreign hordes who are casting their ballots annually in this country Then the foreign vicious element would not have such a pull on politicians. I asked a member of Congress the other day when Congress would take up the immigration question? He said: "Whenever public sentiment forces Congress to do it, and not before." The United States Congress is like a mule at a bridge. You have to force him over, one hand pulling the line and the other using the whip. (I mean no offense to the mule in this comparison.)

A model voter is not afraid to scratch. As the saying goes, you can tell where the flea is on the boy if you watch him scratch. When a model voter goes off to cast his ballot you can tell who is honest and upright on his ballot if you will watch him scratch. A model voter will vote for the best man, irrespective of party wishes, irrespective of party lines, irrespective of party lash.

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THE MODEL FARMER.

TO whomsoever the old adage, "All things come to him who waits," may apply, surely the farmer cannot claim this adage as a part of his heritage. It is working and not waiting, it is industry and not indolence, which makes the model farmer; therefore we say that the first essential element in the model farmer is constant, everlasting, never-let-up industry. The model farmer is as busy in January as he is in June, as hard at it in March as he is in October. To run a farm wisely is an all-year-round job; plowing and planting, cultivating and harvesting are but four things to be done by the model farmer.

Everything, including land, horses, mules, cattle, hogs, sheep, chickens, ducks, geese, claims a part of his time and some of his labor. He must take care of his land; then his land will take care of him.

The everlasting taking from and putting nothing back again has bankrupted many a farmer and ruined many a farm. To look after all these things it takes an industrious man, and gives him from ten to fifteen hours' work a day, twenty-six days in a month and twelve months in a year. It gives him very little time to attend political meetings, and less time to give to politics and politicians.

No farmer has ever made anything to help him on his farm by his connection with politics or his association with politicians. I know some good farmers who are bankrupted to-day because they became interested in politics. Politics will bankrupt a farmer, a lawyer, a merchant, a preacher, or the devil himself.

Again, the model farmer studies the character of his soil, the fertilizers adapted to it, and by this means he is able to procure the best results and the most lucrative harvest. The average farmer in this country knows no more of the component parts of the soil he cultivates than the mule that walks in the furrow ahead of him. I believe a fellow can succeed as a farmer better than in any other

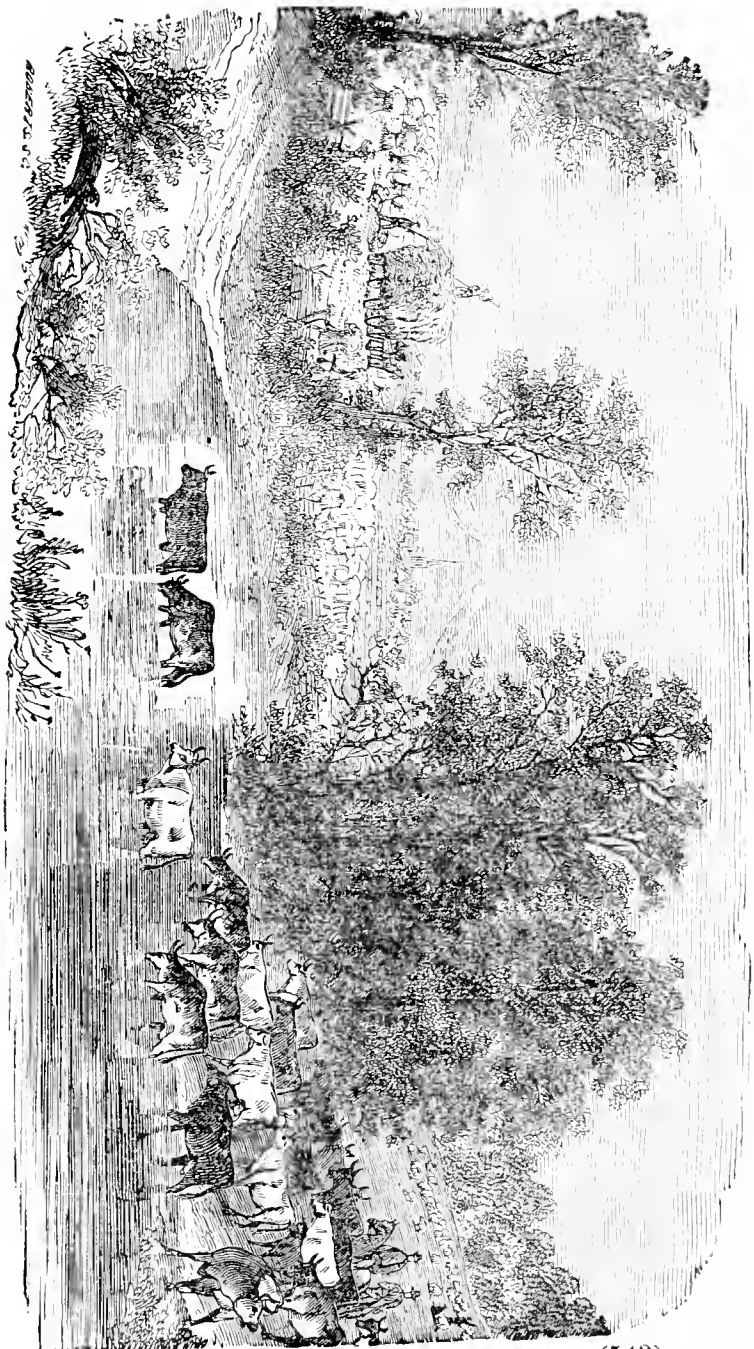
profession, for a man must know something in most any other calling or profession to get along at all, but I have seen first-class fools make pretty fair crops.

The model farmer is a frugal man; he makes every edge cut. He never buys a grain of corn, a pound of meat, nor a bushel of wheat; he lives at home, and lives well. We may talk of Delmonico's in New York, but the model farmer sets the best table to which I ever sat down: the best bread, the best butter and milk, the best vegetables. Really, it makes me hungry to write about them. He sells his surplus in everything, and has a surplus of everything to sell that grows on the farm.

The model farmer lives within his means. He will do it, if in no other way, like Pat said he got rich: by doing without the things he was obliged to have. Woe be to the farmer the day he gives his consent to go into debt, and the farmer who is not in debt is an exception, world without end, to the rule. He must raise cotton, and there are farmers producing and selling it on the market to-day, as cheap as it is, and taking the money they get for their produce and buying as much with it as the same produce would ever buy. Really a dollar will buy more to-day than any day in the history of our country, but the dollar don't pay any more debts than it did in any other day in times of prosperity He who makes the crops of this year to pay on debts of last year and the accumulated debts of this year is left now.

One of the finest farmers in Georgia to-day gave this as his experience. He said he ran along in debt for several years after the war, until finally the mortgage took his place, the merchant took his mule, and the devil was about to take him; he had no credit and no friends. Finally he said to his wife and children, "We have corn enough to feed our mules and bread for us, and our cow will give us plenty of milk and butter; on this rented farm we will make our crop on bread and butter and milk." He said that all through the year he sat down to his table, morning, noon, and night, and not a piece of meat, nor a cup of coffee, nor any delicacies nor luxuries went on his table through the year.

At the end of the year his part of the crop came to him all in cash. He settled up his debts and had one hundred dollars left; the next year he made the one hundred dollars run him, and to-day



he is one of our largest and most prosperous farmers, and says that he has not seen a day for fifteen years he wouldn't knock a man down who would offer to credit him. He said that the two years he lived closely, on bread and butter most of the time, were the two years that gave him the lessons of economy and frugality which made him to-day almost a millionaire farmer.

If our farmers could learn a lesson like this, and quit looking to the merchant for credit and Congress for aid, but with frugality, wisdom and industry mix their muscle with their soil, their common sense with the management of their business, the farmer of to-day would be the most independent man in the world. No model farmer will go in debt. The day he goes in debt, whatever else he may be, or may not be, he ceases to be a model farmer.

The model farmer is a hospitable man. Some of the most magnificent hospitality I ever witnessed or shared has been at the good old farmer's home. His genial disposition, his healthy common sense, his good wife, his manly boys and womanly girls, charm us with their association, and the table bids us feast and live.

The model farmer is a man of general information, well posted along the lines of history, political economy, and agriculture; in other words, he is a pleasant companion, talking sensibly upon all subjects and foolishly upon none.

The model farmer has a genius for producing the longest ear of corn, the biggest potatoes, the finest hogs, the best wheat, and then he keeps on hand the fattest mules, the finest milch cows, his crib full of corn, his barn full of fodder, his pocketbook with some cash always in it. The model farmer is scrupulously honest: no stones in the middle of his bales of cotton, no cheat in anything he offers for sale. When he carries a load of potatoes to town, the biggest potatoes are not always on top and the little ones on the bottom. The same is true of everything he offers for sale.

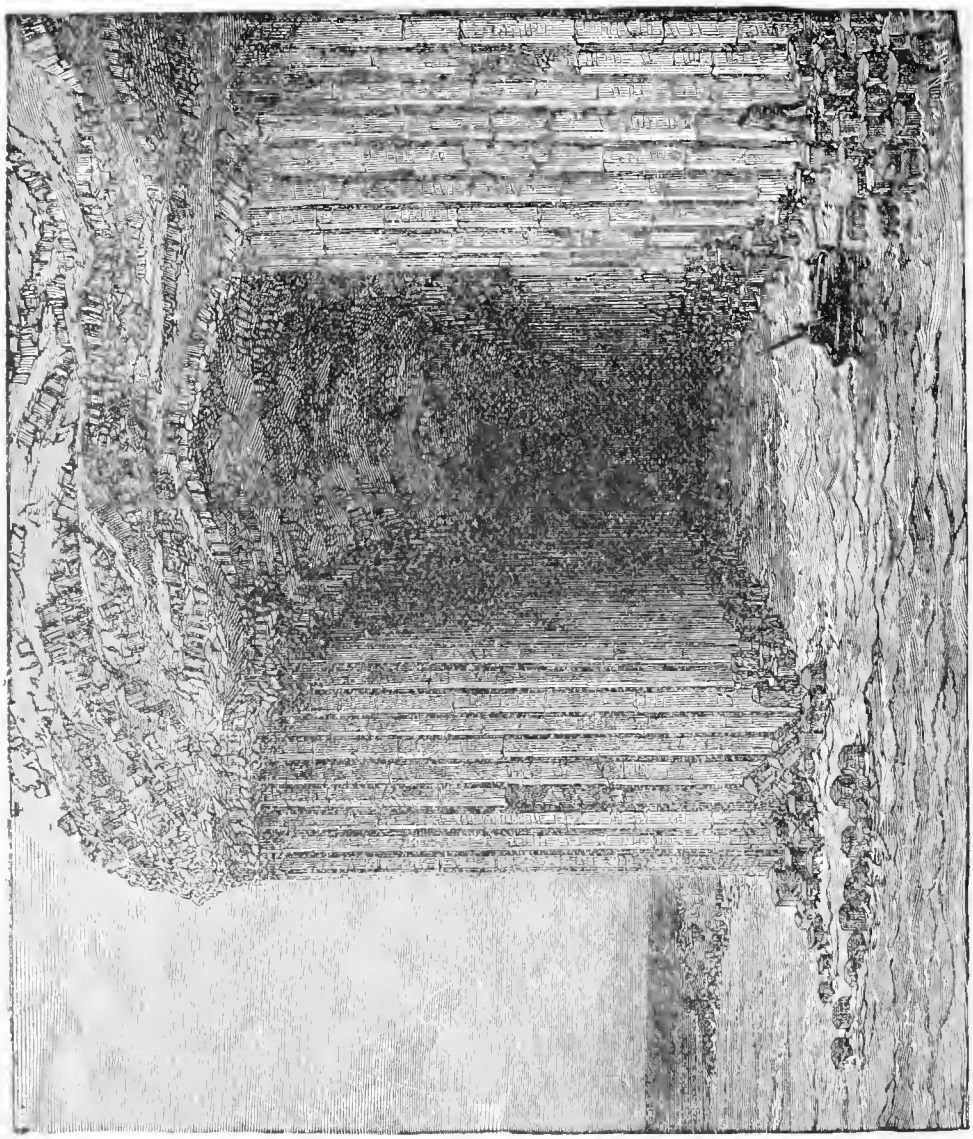
The model farmer divides fairly with his wife. The butter and chickens and eggs and all the little things with whatever they bring upon the market are scrupulously turned over to his wife as her pin money, not to buy sugar and coffee with for the family; but it is hers to do as she pleases with, and she takes a greater interest in these things because they are hers.

The model farmer will make his own boys work, for woe be to

him when he and his boys sit up in the shade the year round and boss a poor crippled negro and a stiff-eared mule making a crop.

The model farmer is a true Christian man who recognizes the fact that his farm belongs to God and he is but a tenant in possession. He totes fair with God, knowing that the sunshine and the rain, with the seedtime and harvest which they bring, are but a gift of the kind Father above. The farmer, above all men, ought to be the purest and best man, constantly in contact with sunshine and showers, with field and forest, with fruits and flowers, with the bright world all day and the stars and quiet at night.

As a rule our farmers are best in character and purest in life. May the good Father above us multiply the model farmers all over our land, for it will be giving to them a perpetuity of our purest morals, and they will be the mainstay of our government and institutions, both the Church and State leaning on their strong arms and noble hearts.



MODEL CHURCH OFFICERS.

WHILE we are discussing model characters on various lines, I don't see why a discussion along the line of a model deacon and steward may not be interesting and profitable. These are the taxgatherers of the Church; they collect the money from the brethren and turn it over to the Judas or man who holds the bag or treasury of the Church, and he pays it over into the hand of the parson.

The model deacon or steward is a rare bird. I suppose there are more bow-legged, box-ankled, lamper-jawed, crooked-nosed, knock-kneed, one-horse stewards and deacons than in any other profession known to the children of men. Among them you will find a few models, and it is of these I want to write. I might give offense to all, but I suppose that every deacon and steward in this country thinks he is a model, and therefore he is not the man I am shooting at.

The model taxgatherer for the Church is a good business man. He don't have to go to his creditors and demand pay for his preacher. He practices the scriptural rule, "Owe no man anything, but to love one another;" and thus, conscious of his own integrity, he goes about his Master's business without restraint and without compunction.

The model deacon or steward is a generous man. It is the height of folly and ridicule to send a stingy man out to collect for the Church. A little, close-fisted, stingy, skin-a-flea-for-its-hide-and-tallow and get-all-you-can-and-keep-all-you-get sort of a fellow is a stumbling-block and an offense to any liberal-minded man who may be approached for money for the Lord. He practices the liberality that he exhorts others to manifest. The word he uses to others is, "Come on, boys," and not "Go on, boys." He heads the procession. He allows no man in the church to give as much as he, according to his means or his meanness.

The model steward or deacon is a broad-minded fellow. He does

not count the children in the parsonage or manse, nor expect the preacher's salary simply to cover the bare necessities of table and wardrobe, but he estimates in hard money, with liberality and decency, the value received.

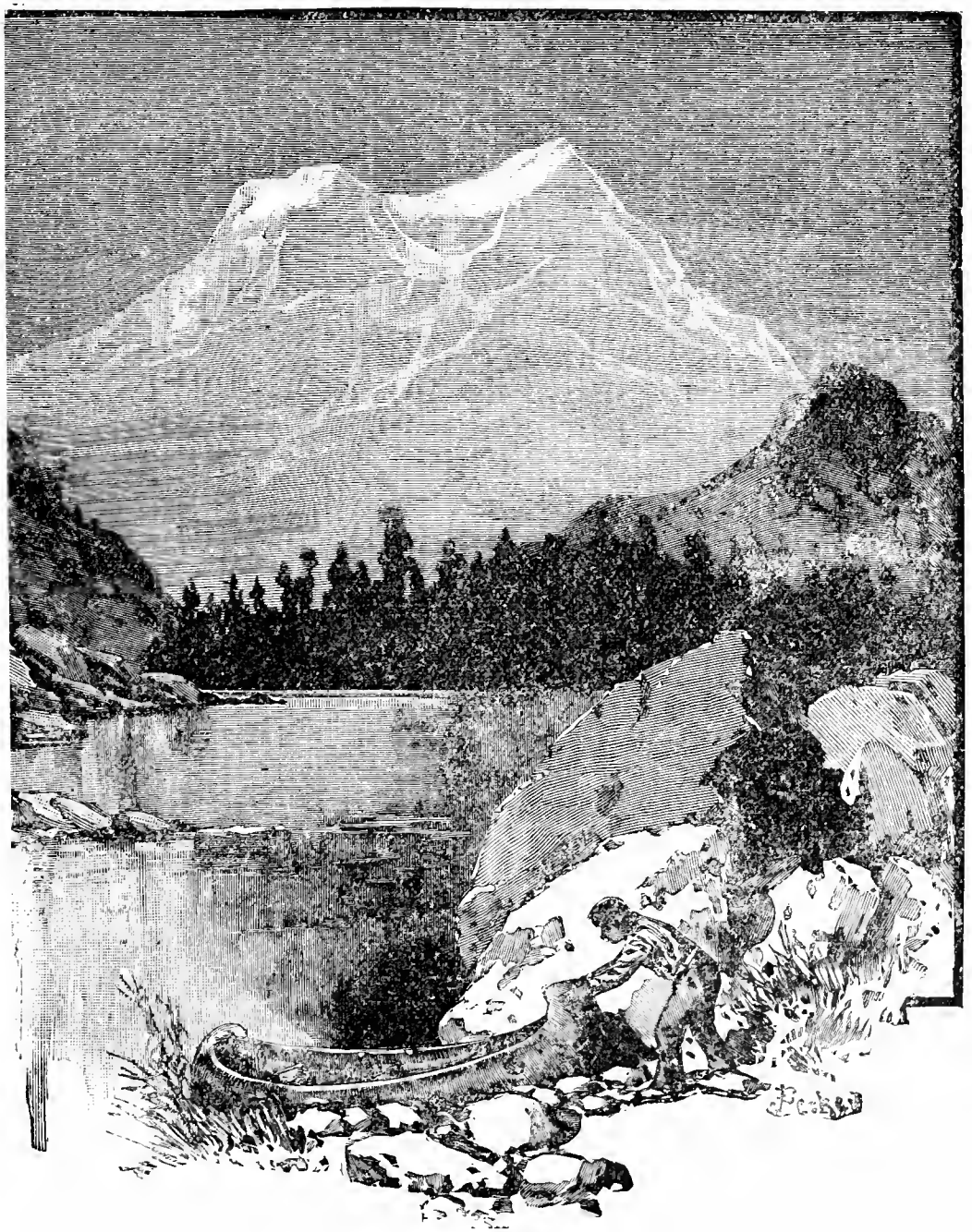
The model steward or deacon is a kindly, sympathetic fellow, one who commands the love and respect of all the church; he is liberal to the poor, kind to the sick.

The model steward and deacon is a clean man. He is no card-playing, dram-drinking, theater-going, dance-giving official in the church, but he gives to the brethren in the church a model life after the image of Him for whom he labors. He is a Christian of the highest type, like Cornelius of old, praying to God always, fearing God with all his house, and giving much alms to the people.

The model steward and deacon is an active fellow He makes and takes opportunites, but never breaks an opportunity. He is sowing seed day by day that he may gather the harvest by and by. He comes on each pay day with one hundred cents on the dollar on his assessments. He never lets a preacher go without every dollar of his pay. He is no party to the crime of robbing the preacher of his well-earned salary I don't know but that the old preacher was right who, upon being told by the steward of his church at the last quarterly meeting that they were fifty dollars behind with his salary and couldn't raise it, replied to them: "Brethren, if you don't settle with me in full, not one of you shall ever enter the gates of heaven. I will stand up at the pearly gates, and as you stewards walk up I will tell God, 'there is the crowd that swindled me, a poor Methodist preacher, out of fifty dollars of my salary.'" The brethren responded by settling up with him before he left the house.

The model steward or deacon is a fine judge of human nature. He knows that all men are not alike; he knows that each man has his way of approach; he knows whom to scold, whom to encourage, and whom to smile upon; he knows all the near cuts to the heart and pocketbook. Such a steward and deacon cannot be resisted, and when the brethren respond there is no sting left and he feels glad that he has done his duty and helped an efficient church official to do his duty.

The model steward and deacon is a fellow of courage; he is not



afraid to tackle any man wherever duty demands. He is no apologist, but talks with his fellow-man as one having authority, and as knowing as the scribes. He talks like he had a cause and wasn't afraid to present his cause and demand response.

The model steward or deacon is loyal to his pastor in service, in attendance, in liberality, both by word and deed. He stands a coworker with his preacher, holding up his hands, pushing uphill, and helps him hold up going downhill.

The model steward or deacon above all loves God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, working not for the applause of men, but for the approval of God; and there is no model steward nor deacon, however hard his task and thankless his mission on earth, but that works under the sympathy of his God and the smiles of the angels.

It is the model steward and deacon who train the Church in the way of liberality; but if the steward and deacon are close-fisted themselves, their spirit is contagious. Worthless themselves, the shadow of their faithless lives falls upon all with whom they come in contact; refusing to pay their own debts, others refuse to give them what they demand for the church. A fellow who pulls corks out of demijohns and bottles is not a good fellow to pull money out of the brethren, and the fellow who plays cards cannot play steward and deacon much. A fellow who goes in doubtful ways and follows wicked devices will make but poor headway when he tries to get others to be liberal and respond to the claims and calls of the Church and pastor. A deacon whose breath does not smell right, whose hands are not clean, whose feet walk in forbidden paths, will make a poor servant of God to send on a mission of the Church. A lazy, indolent deacon will infuse his spirit into others who will be hurt thereby

A pastor can nowhere show his administrative qualities and good common sense more than in the selection of the board of deacons. No church can prosper with an offensive official board. It is said that the devil once held a parliament, and was receiving reports from emissaries who had returned from the earth. Among others, one emissary reported that in the section of the earth where he had been religion was taking the community; that at every church service conversions were reported, class meeting largely attended,

prayer meeting enthusiastic and successful, Sunday school overflowing, and every interest of the Church flourishing mightily. At the end of his report the devil ordered one of his emissaries to get his overcoat, boots, and hat, and start out immediately and see about that settlement; but while the emissary was gone for his boots and overcoat and hat, another emissary stood up and said that the reports just given were true, but said: "I stayed all night in that settlement the other night, and one of the deacons gave a dance at his house." So when the emissary came back with his overcoat, boots, and hat, the devil told him to take them back and hang them up in their accustomed place. "My interests are not being hurt in that community; I don't care how much they shout and go 'round at the church, nor how many conversions they claim at the church, if the stewards and deacons are giving dances and card parties at their homes, I will get the whole business sooner or later."

Yours truly
C. H. Spurgeon

THE MODEL MINISTER

THERE is no calling so sacred as that of a minister of the gospel. There are no duties so arduous as his. The man who is thoroughly equipped for efficient work in the ministry would be a success in any calling. The first essential element in the model preacher is religion. The man who knows personally that Jesus Christ hath power on earth to forgive sins, who knows for himself what pardoning mercy and redeeming love is, a man who loves God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself, who loves the truth and models his life as nearly as possible after Him who said, "I will make you fishers of men," is best qualified for this sacred calling. I heard a preacher say once in the pulpit that if he had ever been converted he did not know it; he hoped he had, and sometimes felt that he had been; but I found, on talking with some of his parishioners, that they agreed with me on the proposition that if he had ever been it wasn't generally known.

The next essential element in the model preacher is common sense. Really you cannot make a model of any man or human being without this essential element. The preacher who goes off to college and swaps off his common sense for book learning has made a poor trade. Common sense carries with it judgment, and judgment is nowhere worth more than in the ministry. Judgment is the faculty which locates his hearers for him and determines the truth which he shall preach to them. It not only determines who his people are for him and what truth they need, but makes him wise in the application of the truth.

Another essential element in the model preacher is tact. Sometimes talent will fail, sometimes logic and rhetoric and exhortation all fail; then he who has tact as a reserve force can always whip the fight and conquer the field. Tact is that element in human nature which takes all the nigh cuts and generally gets there and is sitting quietly down with it when "Eli" comes up.

Another essential element in the model preacher is a thorough

knowledge of men. He must be a good judge of human nature, for he has to do with men from the first to the last; in a limited sense he is a mediator between God and man. I have seen many a preacher learned in logic and lore, and yet they knew less of men than the babes that prattle in their homes. To know what men are and where men are is an all-essential knowledge to any minister who preaches to others.

Another essential element in a model preacher's make-up is magnetism, that something which draws all men to him and keeps them there. A man of deep sympathy, whose heart pours its current like the gush of a river outward toward all men, rejoicing with those that rejoice and weeping with those that weep, he makes himself a brother to every man and is no respecter of persons. His sympathy makes him put his arm around a fallen brother and lift him up, and his magnetism holds the brother close to him. His sympathy carries him to the homes of poverty and to the side of the sick, and there like an angel of mercy he ministers to them in words of consolation and in deeds of kindness. He is seen a dozen times among the sick and suffering where he is seen among the rich and respectable once.

Again, the model preacher is a man of courage. Like John the Baptist, he will thunder his anathemas in the ear of a king as he sits upon his throne. He is willing to march up to the block and lay his head under the cruel blade, willing to be cast into prison and rot to death within its walls before he will shirk a duty. His only duty here below is to preach the truth and nothing but the truth. at the cost of his liberty and the price of his life if need be. He possesses the courage that denounces wickedness in high places and sheathes the sword in the presence of a fallen foe, that induces him to preach to men as he thinks about them, and that never varies an inch to please a king or conciliate a foe. His courage prefers a lion's den or a fiery furnace rather than to skulk and hide from duties that ought to be performed.

Another essential element in the life of a model preacher is loyalty to God and his calling. He is absolutely subordinate to God and truth. His loyalty, like consecrated patriotism, marches at the command of his master unto danger or to death.

The model preacher is not sanctimonious, but realizes that there

ENOCH M. MARVIN,

Late One of the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South.

is a time for all things. He does not bore the circles in which he sits with dissertations that are distasteful to all present. He can not only talk theology in the pulpit, but he can talk history, science, art, business, and on all subjects on proper occasions. They rejoice when he comes and they are sorry when he leaves.

To be a model minister, above all things he must be an industrious man. The lazy preacher, like any other lazy man, is a vagabond, though he be a religious vagabond as distinguished from any other sort. I know many preachers that cannot make a living for themselves and families in any other calling with the same energy that they put forth in their work as a preacher. The preacher who is supporting a wife and six children on about three sermons a month is not only stealing a march on humanity, but seemingly on Providence. It takes as much industry, push, and vim "to get there" in the ministry as in any other calling. Many of our preachers, I reckon, are not lazy, but they love to rest. Their principal job seems to be to take care of themselves and their health, instead of its being their highest aim to accomplish something in their calling at cost to themselves in the way of comfort and ease. Industry will show itself in any calling. It will tell in the preacher's sermon, in his walk, and in his work every way The old theory is about exploded that a preacher can open his mouth and the Lord will fill it. He does fill it with air, but there are too many old air guns going around through the country preaching the gospel.

The man who is a model husband, a model father, and a model citizen is the preacher who will best attain the name of a model preacher. He must be a man of integrity, whose word is never questioned in the pulpit, in the business or financial world. Many preachers to-day have bound themselves hand and foot and ruined a life of usefulness by want of business integrity. "Owe no man anything but to love one another," is an injunction that every preacher ought to obey, and when he disobeys he reaps a harvest of unhappiness and ineffectiveness.

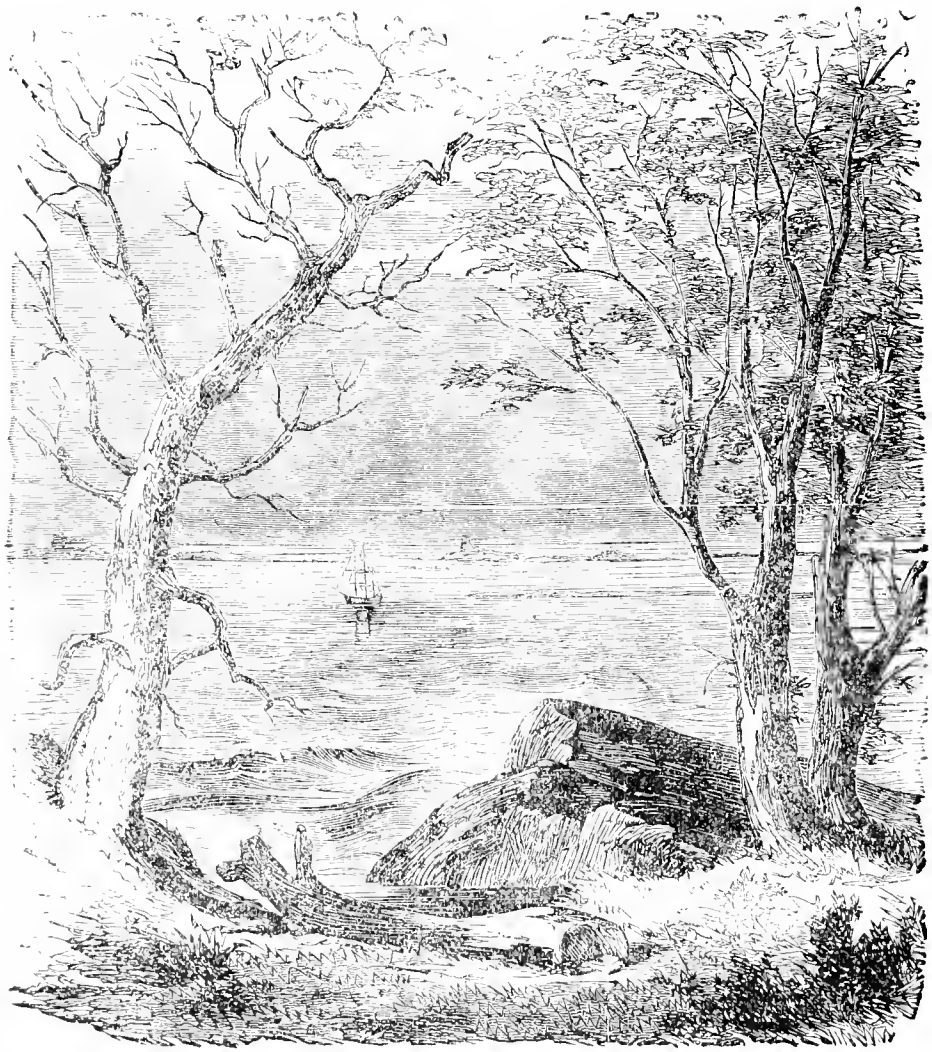
The model preacher has a calling that will adorn, but above all things let him adorn the calling which God has given him by every excellence of character, by every step of his life, and by every purpose of his being.

THE MODEL JUDGE.

THERE is no character more to be desired, and none of more incalculable value, than that of the model judge. A judge, like a poet, is born to his task. There are some qualities which must enter into his character that others might get along without. The first characteristic of a model judge is the fact that he is a model lawyer, and not only knows the law as a practitioner in the courts, but understands thoroughly the great principles of law. We have what we call case lawyers, and frequently they get to be judges. This is, perhaps, unfortunate, not only for him, but the people to whom he ministers his calling. The case lawyer gets much from absorption and is superficial in the very nature of the case, but he who understands the great principles of law has the first element of the model judge.

The next element in his character is that his power of discernment is well developed. Justice is a word that rests upon his mind and conscience day and night. The scales evenly balanced are but the emblems of his life work. With wise discernment he not only has a deep insight into all questions brought before him, but he sees all sides of the question, all parts of the case, and understands its relation toward the other. In other words, he gathers up the whole matter before him, analyzes, separates, and then puts every part together again in right relation and in perfect harmony.

Another element in a model judge is absolute freedom from prejudice. Prejudice can have no place in the mind and heart of a model judge. The very word itself, prejudice, is offensive to him. Like the balances, they are free and devoid of everything except the substance weighed therein. He, with a mind without a thought and a purpose, puts both sides of the question into the scales and weighs them according to their weight. Thus left free, it is as natural for him to plumb the line as it is for the sun to shine by



day or the moon by night. Without favor to any, with prejudice against no one, he sits and judges of all matters presented to him.

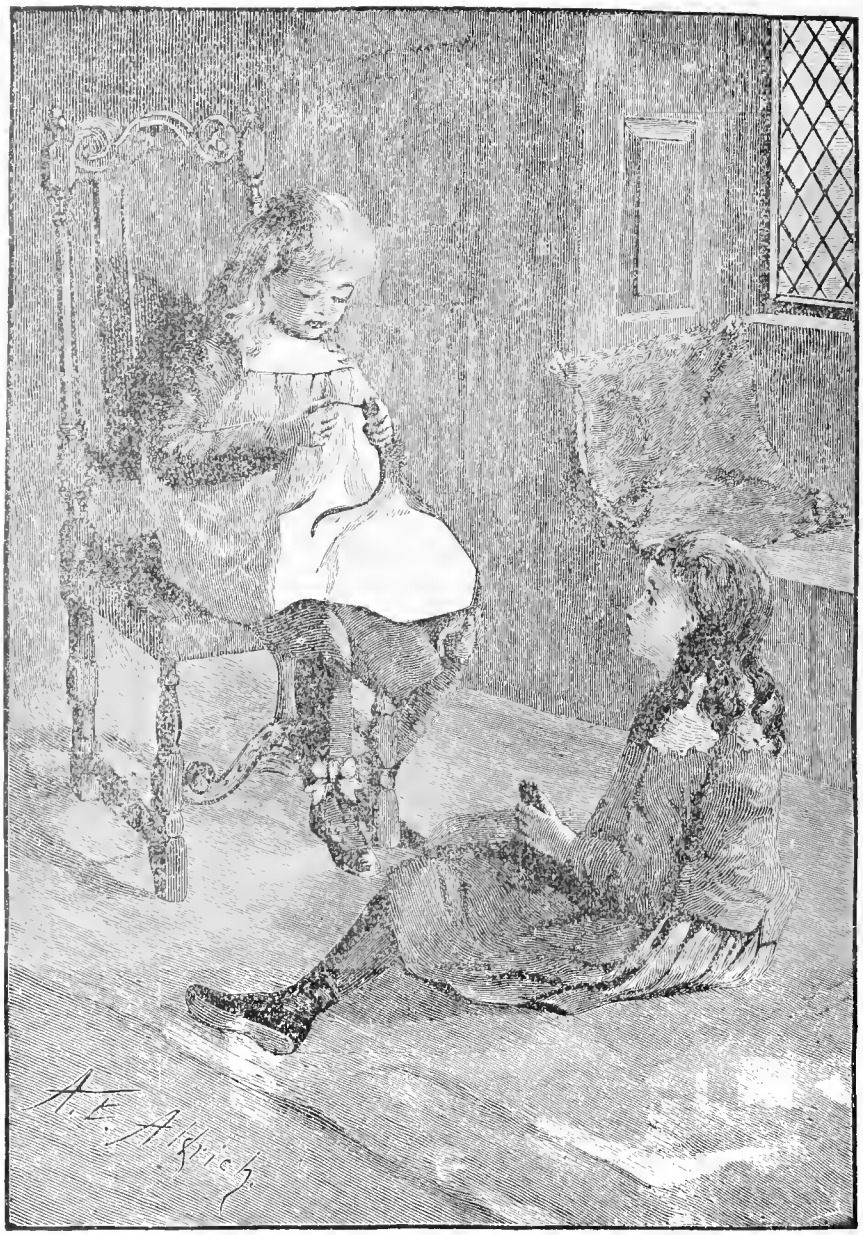
The model judge has a large measure of executive ability The machinery of our courts, to run smoothly and effectively and with dispatch, requires a man with a large administrative ability The lawyer, the jury, and the sheriff—in fact, all *attachés* of his court—move at his bidding with the regularity and quiet of the old familiar clock at home.

The model judge shows the force of his character nowhere more clearly than in the management of the lawyers who practice at his bar. The lawyers respect such a judge; not only that, but they admire him. Billingsgate, vituperation, fuss and feathers, they have found out won't go with a judge like this, and all parties connected with the court understand that they must plumb the line or "hit the grit." With the machinery in good running order in his court room everything runs smoothly and business is turned off rapidly

The model judge is unpurchasable and unbulldozable. He cannot be approached by threats, he cannot be intimidated by fuss. With a clear discernment of his duty, he discharges it.

The model judge is a sympathetic man. Sympathy and mercy are but twin brothers. It is said that justice ought to be tempered with mercy, but generally the judge tempers mercy with justice. The judge who only sees the criminal's wife and children, and hears their pleadings and that of the criminal himself, is not fit to sit on any bench; but the model judge looks at the crime committed—a crime against God, a crime against law, a crime against society—and knows that the protection of society and the maintenance of law and order depends upon the punishment of the criminals and a prompt administration of the law.

As in all other professions, the model judge is a model man. A red-nosed judge is a disgrace to any bench. A man who drinks whisky is not fit to preside over any court. An old swill tub as a judge, or old beer soaker meting out justice, is a travesty on the whole business. A gambler and a libertine is not fit to preside over any court. He who violates the law should suffer the penalty of wearing the stripes in prison rather than soiling the ermine and disgracing the calling of the judge. Pure and clean and upright



in his own character, and with his own personal life a rebuke to all offenders—he is a model judge.

A model judge is a man of broad information. He has read and thought on all lines. He is also a much-traveled man, a man who is in touch with humanity, who sees life as it is in all its practical developments, and is a fit man to deal with and rule over men.

A model judge is a very courteous man; a surly, vindictive, ambitious man is not fit to be called a judge. With justice and patience and courtesy the model judge gives every man a chance. Every lawyer has as wide a range as decency and common sense will admit.

The model judge is a prompt man. He moves by the clock or his watch, and is never late himself; all others have learned that they must be on time. The cost of running the machinery of the court is heavy on taxpayers, and many judges have increased the cost and made their court a burden to the community by their want of promptness and rapidity

The model judge is a man who keeps as free from politics as an angel. A judge who aspires to political preferment and other things in the line of politics, who makes the judicial bench but a stepping stone to something else his ambition requires, is a poor judge. A judge who is a politician is a stench in the nostrils of good people. The judge who uses his office to make political friends and political votes will leave a record of corruption of which any decent man would be ashamed. It is to be regretted that the ermine is too often soiled by the political trickery and rascality of him who wears it on the judicial bench, and yet it is true that almost every man who holds any office from the district bailiff to the Vice President is hankering for something higher. I have some respect for the man who does his work so well in one official position that he is by the very force of circumstances promoted to something better, but he who uses his official position for personal aims and political advancement will sooner or later demonstrate to his constituency what he is.

Chief Justice Logan E. Bleckley, of Georgia, is my ideal of a model judge. Genial, clever, unselfish, a poet by nature and a lawyer by birth, an honest man, no better lawyer in any State, no

kinder gentleman in any calling, no more impartial judge, he will go down in history the peer of any judge and an honor to the supreme bench of Georgia.

I believe that the model judge is a man who will by prayer and trust lean heavily upon God, asking for his guidance and protection and praying that he may be delivered from mistakes and errors as he ministers between man and man, and that he may be able to mete out justice with perfect impartiality. I firmly believe that a knowledge of God and constant communication with Him will make any man wiser and truer and more correct in all he does and in all he decides.

THE MODEL GOVERNOR.

THERE are nearly fifty States in the United States, including the territories, which have Governors. I suppose that in rank and grade they differ widely. Each State has its Governor, and each Governor has character and characteristics. The model Governor is not in office to-day in all the States of this Union, though many States have superior men as Governors. I suppose that Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, embodies as many of the characteristics of a model Governor as almost any Governor in the Union. Gov. Northen, of Georgia, is a man of sterling worth and conscientious, unswerving fidelity to duty and to right.

The attitude of a Governor toward law and lawlessness will determine largely the character of a State. There are some Governors in the United States who seem to be in favor of lawlessness and crime. When mob rule, strikes, and riots obtain in any State, then and there the character of the Governor is best seen. When the mob doesn't fear the Governors it doesn't fear the militia and it doesn't fear the police, but when it knows that the Governor of a State will execute the law and maintain order at all cost then it knows that order must be kept and mob rule will not be permitted.

The first characteristic of a model Governor is a pure, upright character. Personally he is a gentleman to the manner born, pure in his personal life, honest in all his personal transactions, clean from head to foot. In fact, a man who is personally corrupt cannot be officially pure. Again, another essential element in the character of a model Governor is courage. A coward is a dead failure anywhere. Courage is essential in the administration of anything that involves the rule of men and the enforcement of law. He must have physical courage that would walk up to the blazing mouth of a cannon without the quiver of a muscle. To this physical courage that knows no fear must be added moral courage—a courage which is willing to stand alone, which is willing to go out of

W. J. NORTHEN.

office covered with ignominy and shame, but not willing to go out with conscience stultified and duty unperformed; a courage that is willing to stand for truth and right, and that makes all sacrifices and does at all cost the thing that ought to be done. I suppose there are a thousand tests and trials of the courage of any human who would faithfully administer the affairs of the State of which he is Governor. Another element in the character of the model Governor is firmness. Not a stubborn man, but a firm man, a man who can say "Yes" and stick to it, who can say "No" and stay by it.

Sometime ago a Governor of one of our Southern States was asked to give audience to a mother in order that she might plead with him for the pardon of her son. The Governor said: "If the mother will come in and sit quietly and talk with me over the matter, I will hear her; but if she weeps or cries, I can't see her. I am a man of sympathy and many tender emotions, and as the executive of this State I am willing to hear what the mother has to say, but I cannot place myself in an attitude for my sympathies to be aroused or my feelings to be touched when justice both to my State and to the criminal should be done." Under this pledge the mother came into his office, and before she had spoken a dozen words she fell on her knees before him and wept and cried. He deliberately got up and walked out of the office, and said: "My sense of duty and right will not allow me to subject myself as Governor of this State to influences like that." A man should protect his firmness, for that quality, like all other qualities, at times needs protection. These are qualities to be considered when calls for clemency come up, and no Governor is in the best attitude to do justice to the law and order of his State when a weeping mother is kneeling before him.

The model Governor is a watchful fellow. He is in a position where he can see, and he ought to see with a vigilant eye. The whole machinery of the State officials ought to pass under his eye, and wherever fraud or rascality or dishonesty shows itself he pounces down upon it like a thousand bricks and rids his State of rascals in office.

A model Governor is everlastingly against mobs and mob violence. Nine times out of every ten the man who is mobbed would

GOV. PATTISON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

surely be convicted and executed by the courts of the State. Mobs never tackle the right man. If a man of influence and money commit a dastardly crime, he is the man who is likely to escape the law and punishment; but when did the mob ever tackle one like that? And still the mob knows that the crime was dastardly, and they also know that his money will defeat justice; and yet the cowardly scoundrels that form the average mob dare not tackle a man bigger than a defenseless negro or some poor white devil that has not a friend in the world.

The Governor of Georgia has spoken out in no unmistakable words against mob violence, and behind his firm, determined words is the consciousness that he has never gone back upon our courts of justice and pardoned a man whom the jury had convicted and our courts sentenced unless the grounds and reasons for such pardoning were such that justice demanded that he should do it. If Georgia had a Governor like Altgeld, of Illinois, I believe I would emigrate in some direction.

The Governor must be an unselfish man. A Governor who had rather be a faithful Governor while he is Governor at the cost of the Senatorial position is the man worthy to be Governor. But he who trades and traffics in political trickery and offices in order that he may be Governor; and then, while he is Governor, trades and traffics in order that he may be something else, is a stench in the nostrils of every good man in his State, and a corrupt, vicious rascal.

The ideal Governor must be a man of sense—common sense. There is no sense like common sense. He must be also a man who knows no man after the flesh. Without fear or favor, let him do his duty; a man who would not swerve an inch to save his own life or the life of his boy.

He who stands with these characteristics as Governor of any State of this Union will go down in history as one politician who upheld the free and glorious institutions of our American Government, and will be an example to others after him worthy of their imitation, and will add a luster to the office which others shall succeed to after he is dead and gone.

GEN. WILLIAM BOOTH.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

DELIVERED AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Text: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Phil. iv. 8.)

ST. PAUL, in the text before us, gives us what we might call concreted Christianity; there is nothing abstract. It is a clear, philosophical statement of what Christianity is. Whatsoever is true, whatsoever is honest, whatsoever is just, whatsoever is pure, whatsoever is lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report—this is Christianity; and he says, if there be any virtue, if there be any right as contradistinguished from wrong; if there be goodness as contradistinguished from badness; if there be virtue as contradistinguished from vice; if there be chastity as in contradistinction to unchastity; if there be truth in contradistinction to falsehood; if there be a right and a wrong, a good and a bad, an up and a down, he says, "Think on these things."

As a man thinks, so he is. The actions of to-day were the thoughts of yesterday If you will tell me what you are thinking about to-day, I will tell you what you will be doing to-morrow The world will never do right until it thinks right; the world will continue to do wrong so long as it thinks wrong; and people are not so much to blame for what they do as they are to blame for the way they think about things. Now, I do not play the rôle of metaphysician, for I am not one; but let's stop a moment here and ask a question: What is a thought? Thought is the result of an impression upon one of the five senses. I see something, it puts me to thinking; I hear something, it puts me to thinking; I touch something, it puts me to thinking; I taste something, it puts me to thinking. Well now, if the very thoughts of sin are evil, and what I hear or touch or taste or see puts me to thinking, then I

need to be careful about what I see and what I hear and what I touch and what I taste. Now, what is an idea? An idea is a developed thought. It is a thought shaped up and matured ready for the tongue, ready for the hand, ready for the foot. In other words, an idea is a correlation and development of thought till it is ready to be spoken and ready to be acted. Now, sometimes a man cannot help his thoughts. Mr. Wesley said we cannot prevent birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair and hatching out their young. Now, I cannot prevent Satan or some unseemly object injecting sinful thoughts in my mind, but I can prevent that thought from developing into an idea ready for my hand, ready for life, ready for action.

St. Paul cautions us at this point and tells us how a man thinks upon these things until these thoughts are developed into ideas. If a man thinks about the right things, he will do right just as naturally as he does wrong if he thinks about the wrong. Now, do you know that a man's nature partakes of the things that he looks at? You may bring a bouquet of flowers, and I can put my mind and eyes on it until my whole nature is saturated with the aroma and beauty of the flowers. I can put my mind and eye upon a corpse and the coffin until directly my whole nature is saturated with the gloom of the grave. We partake of the nature of the thing that we look at, and hence St. Paul was wise when he said: "Think on these things."

Think on "whatsoever things are true." A man can look at truth and think about the truth, fill his soul with the truth, and saturate his mind with the truth until he will be a walking embodiment of the truth. A man can think on the false side, about the false side, and live on that side until he will lie every time his mouth comes open; and a man is truthful, or honest, or a liar just in proportion as he thinks upon the one side or the other. A man is not going to be a thief that never thought about being a thief; a man is never going to be a liar that never thought about telling lies. I despise a liar. At the table one day my youngest boy said to his teacher: "Miss Anna, it is worse to tell a lie than to steal." His mother spoke up and said: "Son, why do you say that?" "Why," he said, "mamma, if I steal anything and I get sorry for it, I can take it back; but if I tell a lie, that is gone from me for

good." You can lock against a thief, but, bless your soul! a liar runs loose; and he is loose for damage and hurt to everything that he touches. I believe that it is possible for men to think about the truth and fill their souls with the truth until they cannot tell a lie if they want to. Did you ever see a man set in to tell a lie just for fun? He just could not get through the lie at all. Have you ever seen a stranger of that sort visiting your town. Of course he does not live here, but a man might drop in some day that was so estranged from falsehood that absolutely he could not tell a lie.

The highest type of a woman is a woman whose integrity is as sacred as her immortality. She would not tell a lie to save her life. I have been a poor sort of a husband to a good wife for twenty-five years, but I pledge you my word, if I had ever caught my wife in a single, downright lie, I never could respect her again. I would stay with the old girl on account of the children, but I couldn't respect her. Folks that will tell a lie to-day will tell one to-morrow, if they get half a chance, and folks that will lie about one thing will lie about another. The day a husband reaches the conclusion that he cannot rely on the word of his wife, then good-bye happiness to that home. There is nothing in this world that can take the place of truthfulness, and when truthfulness breaks down, good-bye confidence and happiness. I have told my boys a hundred times: "Boys, whatever you do, don't you let go your integrity. Die before you will tell a lie. The day you tell a lie, you cut the grit from under your manhood and character."

We begin lying in this country early in life. Children begin to lie before they understand how to do it. The older of two boys came home one day and had torn his coat. His mother asked him how he did it. He said he did it getting over the fence. A few days later she found that they had been going in the creek swimming. She told them that if they went into the water again she would whip them. Not long after the younger boy came home with his shirt wrong side out. His mother said: "You have been in the water again." "No, mamma; I have not." "Well, how came your shirt inside out?" He said: "I did it getting over the fence." He began to lie before he was old enough to know what a lie is or how it sounds. I have frequently seen mothers teach their children to lie. "If you do so again, son, I will whip you." And he does it again, and she

JOHN B. CULPEPPER.

never whips him. "I am your mother, it is no harm for me to lie; but you are my child, and you must not do it." Some old sisters act that way.

Woe be to the mother the day she loses confidence in her daughter! When a daughter has told her mother a lie about something, the mother can't trust her. I was talking with a young lady sometime ago. She said: "My papa and mamma have no confidence in me at all. They just want to keep me under their eye all the time." I said to her: "Did you ever see a cow with a yoke on?" "Yes, sir." "What made them put the yoke on the old cow?" She replied: "To keep her from jumping." "Did you ever see a yoke on a cow that didn't jump?" "No, sir." Whenever you see a mother taking a girl and putting a yoke on her, she jumps. Yokes cost something, and it is some trouble to put them on, and nobody is going to put a yoke on a cow that don't jump. No parent is going to put restraints on a child that don't jump. There are some jumping girls in this town. Mothers have to keep right after them. There are some here who do not wear yokes, but ought to. I tell you, when a mother turns her girl loose in this town with a young buck to attend a german, and they stay out until two o'clock at night, and walk these streets and stop at ice cream parlors, that girl needs a mamma and needs it bad. *She do.* She has no mother. She is an orphan, and she is awfully orphan. It looks as if some mothers don't care. Say, mother, listen: If you will raise your children to be truthful and never tell a lie, you have got vantage ground, the best a mother ever had; for you can trust your children.

Do you know what makes folks tell lies? I was talking before a Sunday school one time and I asked the question: "Do you know what makes boys tell lies?" A little fellow spoke up and said: "To keep from getting a licking." Men tell lies to get out of some dirty things they have done, or to down somebody else higher than they are. The spirit of a liar is the meanest spirit in the world. St. Paul says put your mind and thought on the truth, saturate your whole life with the truth, then you will live the truth and speak the truth just as naturally as you breathe. I wonder how many in this audience have not told a lie since last Christmas. I am not going to ask you to stand up. I don't want to hurt your

feelings. You might get up and tell another lie. I don't know how that would be. How I love to see a fellow that will tell the truth! I honor a man who would die before he would tell his wife a lie.

One of the most interesting men I ever saw was one of the most truthful. He would split a hair a mile long to get at the truth, and he was interesting because he was so truthful. There isn't one person out of a thousand that will tell a thing just like it is, and not give it a little coloring. How many of you ever tell a thing just like you heard it? Some folks can't. I do wish the world was truthful, so you could depend on everything everybody said. Saturate your souls and lives with the truth. Dr. Hawthorne, of Atlanta, preached at our tabernacle in Cartersville, and gave a touching incident in his sermon, and came home with me to dinner. My little six-year-old girl crawled up in his lap and said: "Dr. Hawthorne, when you told so and so, was that the truth or were you just preaching?" Were you telling the truth, or were you just preaching? All preaching ought to be truthful. Every utterance of our lips ought to be truthful. St. Paul gave good advice when he said: "Whatsoever things are true." Love the truth; be truthful; practice the truth.

That old expression we have heard so often, "the plain, naked truth"—do you know where we got that? There is an old legend which goes this way: Truth and Falsehood went in bathing one day, and Falsehood came out first and put on Truth's clothes and ran off with them. And when Truth came out of the water there were no clothes left but Falsehood's clothes, and Truth said, "I will go naked the balance of my life before I will put on these clothes;" and from that day to this Falsehood has been going around with Truth's clothes on and Truth has been going naked; hence we have the expression, "the plain, naked truth." You have to put frills and flounces on falsehood to make it go, but truth can afford to go naked. Falsehood must be well dressed; must have Easter bonnet and embroidered slippers, bangs, frills, and frizzes. A lie won't go by itself. It must be dressed up. Obliged to! If you were to start a lie around town now without its being dressed up, it would not go one hundred feet before the country cousins here would kick it off the sidewalk. You would have to put something on it to

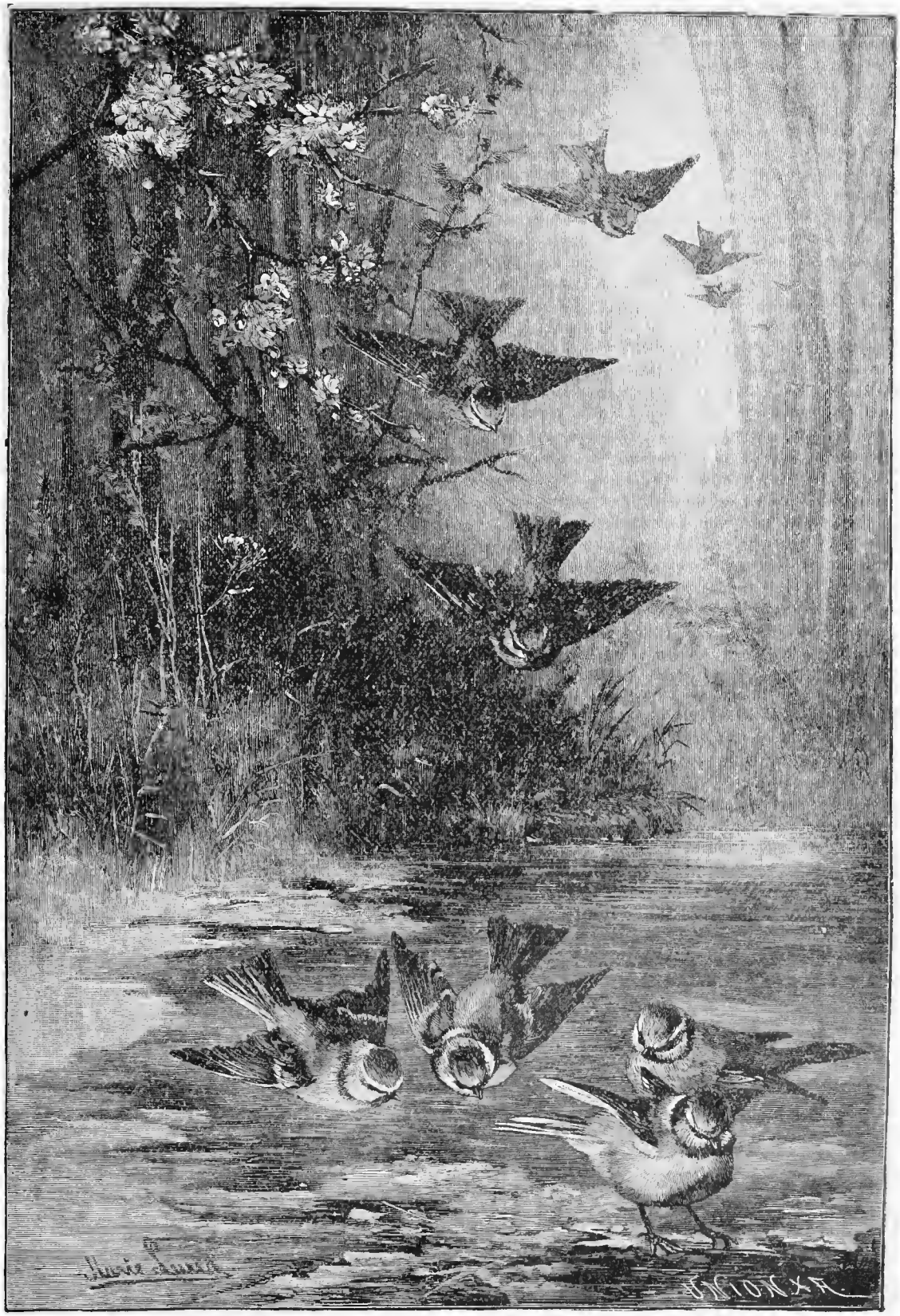
make it go. Now, hear: "Whatsoever things are true"—true to yourself, true to God, true to the truth.

And again, he said: "Whatsoever things are just." You know justice is represented by the scales, the balances; and they are perfectly balanced. This is what we call justice. You hear folks say in this world: "You had better be just before you are generous." I can show you a thousand generous persons where you will show one just one. Anybody that has a heart in him can be generous, but the hardest thing this side of heaven is to be just. Pure, simple justice: "Better be just before you are generous!" That sounds like "Charity begins at home." Lots of people think that is in the Bible, but it is not. It isn't fit to be in a cheap almanac. "Charity begins at home!" Charity doesn't begin at home, unless your wife is a pauper and your children are beggars. Don't you ever say again, "Charity begins at home," unless your wife is a pauper and your little children are pauperers. How often you hear an old stingy fellow say: "Lord knows, charity begins at home." The Lord don't know any such lie. It never began nor it never ended there. It is no charity for a husband to give wife and children dresses and meat and bread. Charity is to do the deeds to outsiders that cost you something; help a suffering family who are nothing in the world to you.

Justice! There is not one man in a hundred who is just toward his wife. He expects more of her, he demands more of her than he will suffer her to do for him. Now, I will tell you how I feel about this, and I want you to get hold of it. I believe that a man and wife are halvers. What little I have saved out of my earnings I have split it half in two, and half of everything I have in the world has been absolutely, in fee simple, deeded to my wife. She has stayed by the stuff and been faithful to me and my home during all these years, and every dollar I have earned in this world or saved in this world, fifty cents of it belongs to her; and the man that has money in the bank and his wife's check can't draw on it as his can, he is a swine full of bristles. There are men sitting here right now, if your cook asked you for five dollars you would give it to her without a word; but if your wife wants five dollars, you growl and want to know what in the world she wants with it. I believe in being good to your cook, but I don't believe in treat-

ing her better than your wife. When I first went to preaching I was better to my cook than I am now. I used to go in the kitchen and hug and kiss her every day, and my wife never said a word—my wife was the cook at that time. You know I liked the cook then. I did as sure as you are born. Never had such a cook since. Good to my cook! There was where I learned to be good to my cook. Folks that treat their cooks like some folks do ought to be made to do their own cooking, and burn their fingers every day. Women that will give a negro three dollars a month for cooking ninety meals and washing the dishes! Sister, if you get to heaven, and they turn you loose there, the angels will look at you so scrutinizingly that you will wish you were not there. No, sister; I would do my own cooking and washing, world without end, before I would swindle a poor negro. I would. I may go to hell, I can't tell; but, so help me God, I am not going there swindling negroes. It is all wrong. I say that if we practice justice we will do right by everybody There is not a woman in this town who would want to cook ninety meals and wash the dishes for three dollars a month. Right is right, and a negro's color is not going to do you any good when you come to the judgment. If I were a negro and were not a Christian, I would try to get the balance of my wages some way. I declare I would; and I am no Yankee either. I was raised right among them. Brother Patillo,* if you preached like I am talking now, would you hurt any old sister's feelings? ["Yes, sir."] Brother Scott* can preach like I am preaching, because they haven't any negroes hired in his settlement. You can say what you please out at your church, can't you, Brother Scott? Everybody's doing their own cooking there. You look like you were doing yours. No, brethren; we little preachers talk the way we please. Brother Thomas*, don't you wish you were a little preacher. ["I am small enough, Brother Jones."] Well, I think so myself. No, brother; I am talking justice, pure and simple. I say to you people today, whatever shall become of you, don't be shut up in hell for want of pure, simple justice to those who are under you. Be true to justice and the right. If you want anybody to do anything for you, pay them for it, or do it yourself. Right is right and justice

* Preachers at Little Rock.



is justice, and I say to you people here to-day, brother, sister, practice the simple rules of justice in all things, saturate your mind and soul with justice, and do justice if the heavens fall.

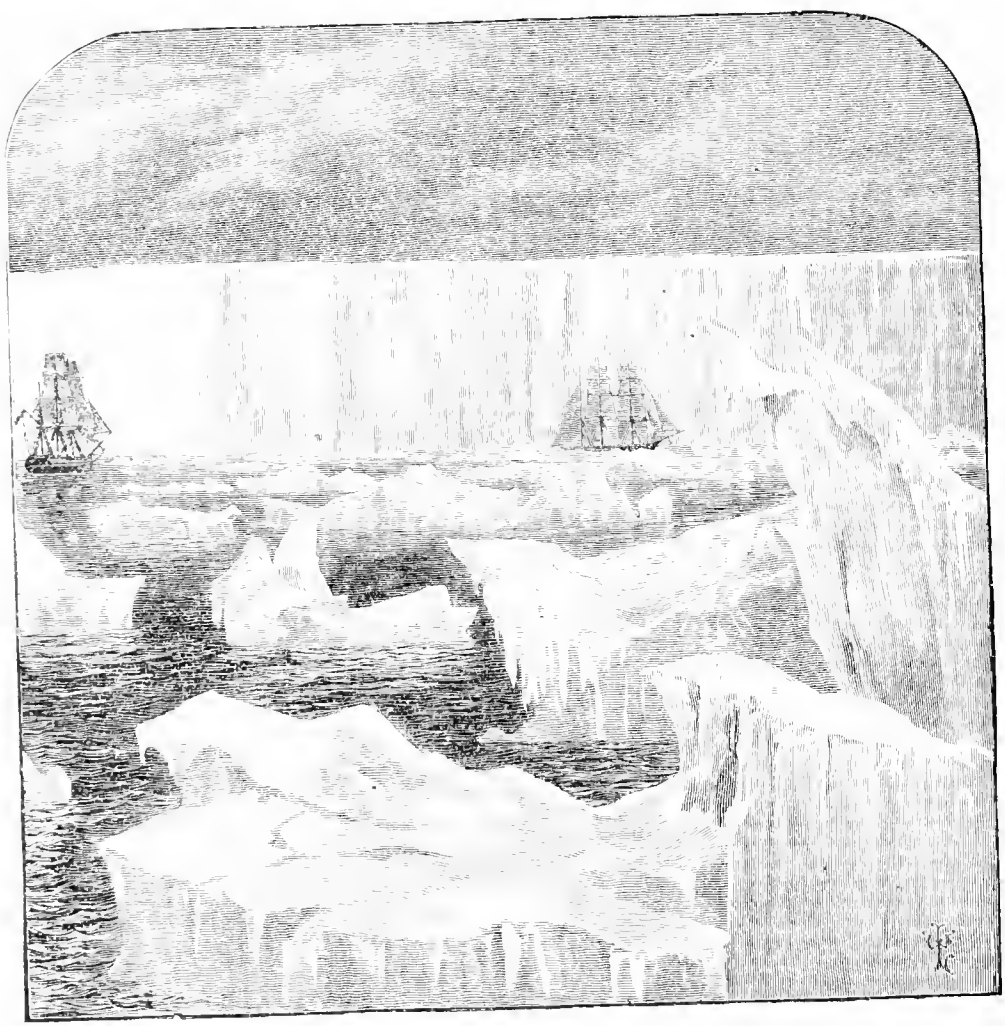
A rich old sister gets into her carriage and rides down town, and passes along by a home where desolation reigns in a poor, sick family, and never looks that way at all. I don't understand that sort of religion or that sort of citizenship. It is more blessed to give than to receive, sister; and if I lived in a nice house, I would rather be you and give something to the poor, than be poor and have to receive it. It is more blessed to be where you can give than to be where you have to receive. Everybody in this world ought to be giving or receiving justice.

Sister, you frequently do an injustice to your children. Two little boys are playing out in the street in front of a home. The little fellow falls down and tears his pants, and then sets up a bawling. "Did it hurt you, Jimmie?" the other one asked. "No," sobbed Jimmie, "but mamma will whip me." A right kind of a mother does not whip a boy for tearing his pants, but whips him about his character. That little fellow didn't fall down and tear his pants purposely. A woman that licks a boy about his clothes don't lick him about his character. Give me a woman that will do justice by her children. But some women are too indulgent. A mother that don't know how to say "No" is not fit to be a mother, and one who says "No" and sticks to it will boss the situation. The children who know that mother means *no*, and know that mother will suffer no argument about the question, will retire from the field. Hold your ground, sister. Things that are right should be made to go.

Just to my wife! There is not one man in a hundred who is just toward his wife. Never gives his wife a dollar. If I were a woman, I could not respect a man like that any more than I could respect an alligator. Not a bit. You let a woman have money, and the old fool will take it to her husband, and then give it all to him. She says, "You dear, sweet thing, you shall never want for anything;" but if God and the Church and heaven want something, she is nothing but a poor widow. See an old fool with his first wife. Just as unjust to her as he can be, stingy and neglectful until she dies; and then the old fool begins to rack around after

another wife, and when he gets her he gives her everything she wants, he never denies her anything. If that fellow don't go to hell, he ought to. That is right. There are many of this sort. A man mean and stingy to his first wife, and then gives his second wife everything in the world she wants! You've got some little old widow in the church. Can't get nothing out of her for charity or the support of the church. A fellow comes along and begins to court her. He don't have to court long, and she marries him, and the first thing you know he has all her money. "Husband, whenever you want anything at all, bless your dear old bones, come to me." You see what I am talking about. I hope that some of you poor preachers that haven't married may be able to take in some of these dear old sisters. You'll be in the swim then. You can get a pair of toothpick shoes, a spiketailed coat, and cinnamon drops for your hair, and you will be the biggest swell in town. Justice! There is no justice in that sort of thing. I don't know what the future has for me, but I never had a dollar of money or a drop of blood that I would not sacrifice for my wife. It is the truth before Almighty God. If she has a want in the world, I don't know what it is. I may some day be an old widower and rack around and play the fool—God forbid!—but no man will ever say I was better to my second wife than I was to my first; I am doing my level best now And I say that justice demands this every day we live. Treat your wife right. Provide for her the very best you can. Give your blood, if need be, to make her happy and then you will know what justice is at home.

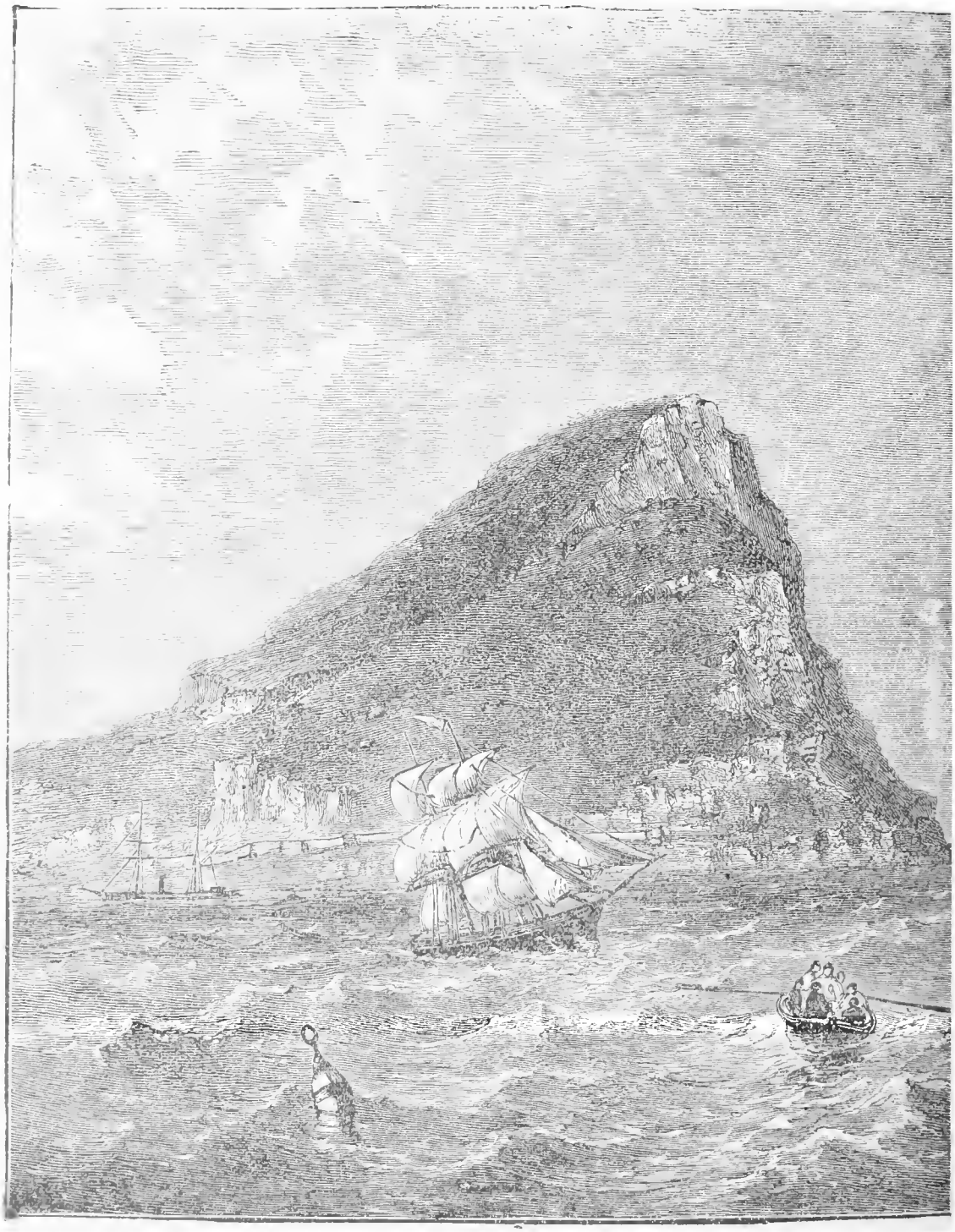
Again, St. Paul said: "Whatsoever things are honest." I love an honest man. A fellow you can rely on in a business way. Some folks think they are honest if they will pay their debts. My, that is the lowest type of honesty It is simply good policy to pay your debts. I mean by an honest man a man that won't say he will do a thing until he knows he can do it, and then won't let anything come up between the promise and its fulfillment. If I say I will do a thing, I will do it and will not let anything come between the promise and its fulfillment. If I say I will do a thing, and don't do it, I will be like Steve, the old negro, who had promised to do some work for a gentleman. A few days after the gentleman met Sarah, Steve's wife, and said: "Aunt Sarah, what's the



matter with Steve? He promised to do some work for me last week; he has not come. What's the matter with Steve." Aunt Sarah replied: "Mars Tom, you must 'scuse Steve; he is dead." It is said an honest man has a patch of hair right in the palm of his hand. Did you ever look at your hand? An honest man going around by himself! Do what you say you will do.

Again, "Whatsoever things are pure." There is something radically wrong about the man or woman that loves smut and uses it in his conversation. Somebody asked me over in St. Louis why it was that women are forming "Women's Progressive Euchre Clubs" and having no men at them at all? I said I didn't know, unless it was because they wanted to say something they didn't want the men to hear. You hear that? Wonder if that is so? Gen. Grant—and I honor the memory of a man like that—was as pure a character as America ever saw He says in his "Memories:" "I never swore an oath in my life." One of his generals walked into his office where several others were, and said: "I have got the best story; I want to tell it. It is a little smutty, but there are no ladies present." Gen. Grant spoke up and said: "There, general, you must not tell anything of that sort. You must not tell anything here that you would not tell in the presence of ladies." "Whatsoever things are pure." I love a man that is as pure as any woman God ever made. There is no reason why every man should not be as pure as his wife. I heard a woman say the other day: "Mrs. So and So is the smuttiest-mouthed woman I ever saw" My! a woman with a smutty mouth! Why it is the most inconceivable thing in the world to me! The idea of a woman being smutty! I never heard of such a thing. She is the smuttiest-mouthed woman in town. Of course there is no woman in Little Rock who is smutty, but I am afraid some woman that is might move here. "Whatsoever things are pure." Smutty mouths mean smutty characters. I have heard colored women say things and use language on the street that was too dirty for a dog to hear, and I said to myself: "There is a bad egg." If you men will be clean in your mouth, you will be pure in your character.

"Whatsoever things are pure," and then "whatsoever things are lovely." A Christian is the very essence of loveliness. When they were preparing Central Park in New York City and laying



off the grounds for a park, the most magnificent spot on Manhattan Island, near the center of the city, the engineers found near the center of the park some of the biggest, roughest, most jagged rocks—great piles of solid stone that looked so ugly and unseemly. The engineer said: "It will cost thousands and thousands of dollars to get those rocks out of the way." One day the engineer's wife was with him near the place, and he said in her presence: "It will cost thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to get rid of those great bowlders." "Husband, don't take them away," his wife said; "just plant honeysuckle and ivy and let them grow and creep over the rocks, and blossom and shed their fragrance, and you will then see that you don't have to move them. They will beautify the park and add loveliness to the place." Christianity comes into a man's life and beautifies it, and smooths off the rough and jagged natures of ours, and if we will plant the vines of honesty and purity and justice about our lives, and let them come up and twine and intertwine themselves all about us, the world will be happier for our presence in it and we will throw sunshine wherever we go. Christianity is the beautifier of manhood and womanhood, and the way for you and me to adorn ourselves with beauty is to practice these Christian graces. "Pretty is as pretty does." I wonder if that is so? Some women are mighty pretty in face and form, but mighty ugly in character and disposition. A fellow went home with a gentleman once, and while they were in the room directly the wife came in and he introduced them, and then in a moment she went out to see about the dinner. The husband said: "My wife is not pretty, but ugly is only skin deep;" and the fellow spoke up and said: "You ought to skin her, then." I have seen some women that ought to be skinned. Ugly in face and ugly in manners. "Whatsoever things are lovely." I like loveliness. And do you know, after all, human nature can be lovely? Why, the biggest rascal in this town has got a lovely side to his character. Maybe his wife loves him. A man may be the biggest kind of a rascal and his daughter love him. The daughter sees something in him that other people don't. Man is many sided, and every one has a lovely side. Turn your lovely side toward others, and they will turn their lovely side toward you. You have seen old sisters visiting together and turn the lovely side of their characters toward one

another. Everything is lovely until directly one of them turns her unlovely side toward the rest, and the fur begins to fly. "Whatsoever things are lovely." Turn your lovely side toward the world and everybody about you, and you will love them and they will love you.

Again, "Whatsoever things are of good report." You know what that means? I will tell you what it means. Standing here, night before last I think it was, a husband and wife came up together. After I dismissed the audience the wife said to me: "Brother Jones, that is my old man. He was converted when you were here before. He was the worst drunkard you ever saw. He acted so bad I could not live with him, but since then he has been as good an old man as a woman ever had; joined the Church, loves God, and lives right." That was a good report on that fellow. That was a splendid report. Sometimes I go into a community where I have been before, and ask about a fellow: "How is so and so?" "Getting on fine. Prays in his family night and morning. He is liberal to his church, standing by his post a most earnest Christian." That is a good report. "How can I start a good report about myself?" You go and do like the other fellow did, and they will start a good report on you. Pray night and morning, live right, serve God. "Whatsoever things are of good report." May the Lord help you!

Listen: Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report; think on these things; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, brethren, give your mind to those things that are ennobling and grand and true. Give up everything that drags character down and ruins immortality Stand by the right things and think on the right things as the apostle exhorted you to do.